

ANIMAL STORIES *for* CHILDREN







ANIMAL STORIES FOR CHILDREN

Collected by TAILER ANDREWS



Illustrated by
MARGUERITE KIRMSE

J·H· SEARS & COMPANY, Inc.
Publishers
NEW YORK



A red-ink illustration of a pond scene. In the upper left, a heron stands in tall grass near a tree with dense foliage. Below it, two swans are on the grassy bank. In the foreground, a swan is in the water, and another is on the right side of the pond. Reeds and lily pads are scattered throughout the water.

SEARS ILLUSTRATED JUVENILES

COPYRIGHT, 1927, BY
J. H. SEARS & CO., INCORPORATED

MANUFACTURED COMPLETE BY THE
KINGSPORT PRESS
KINGSPORT, TENNESSEE
United States of America

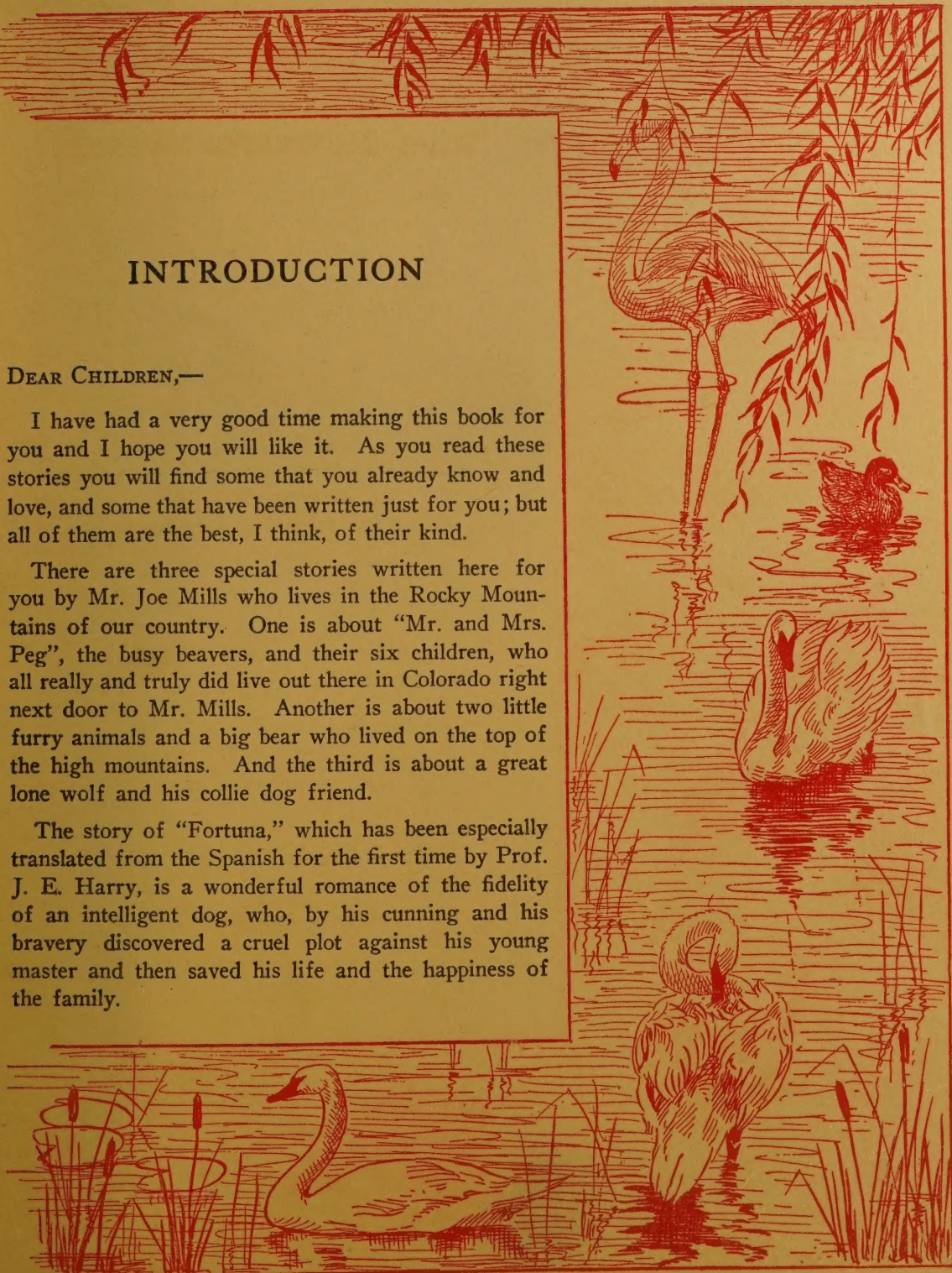
INTRODUCTION

DEAR CHILDREN,—

I have had a very good time making this book for you and I hope you will like it. As you read these stories you will find some that you already know and love, and some that have been written just for you; but all of them are the best, I think, of their kind.

There are three special stories written here for you by Mr. Joe Mills who lives in the Rocky Mountains of our country. One is about "Mr. and Mrs. Peg", the busy beavers, and their six children, who all really and truly did live out there in Colorado right next door to Mr. Mills. Another is about two little furry animals and a big bear who lived on the top of the high mountains. And the third is about a great lone wolf and his collie dog friend.

The story of "Fortuna," which has been especially translated from the Spanish for the first time by Prof. J. E. Harry, is a wonderful romance of the fidelity of an intelligent dog, who, by his cunning and his bravery discovered a cruel plot against his young master and then saved his life and the happiness of the family.

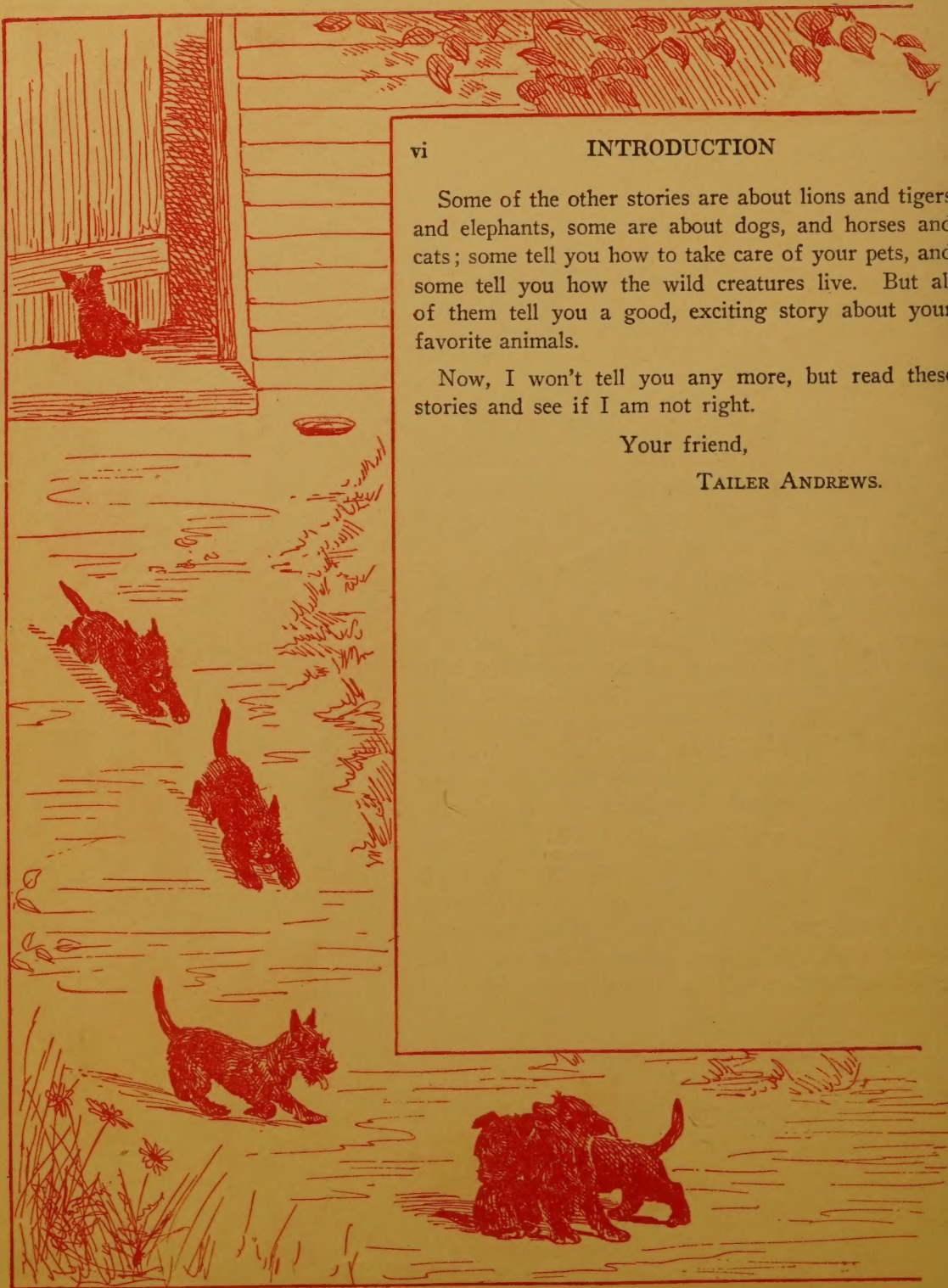


Some of the other stories are about lions and tigers and elephants, some are about dogs, and horses and cats; some tell you how to take care of your pets, and some tell you how the wild creatures live. But all of them tell you a good, exciting story about your favorite animals.

Now, I won't tell you any more, but read these stories and see if I am not right.

Your friend,

TAILER ANDREWS.

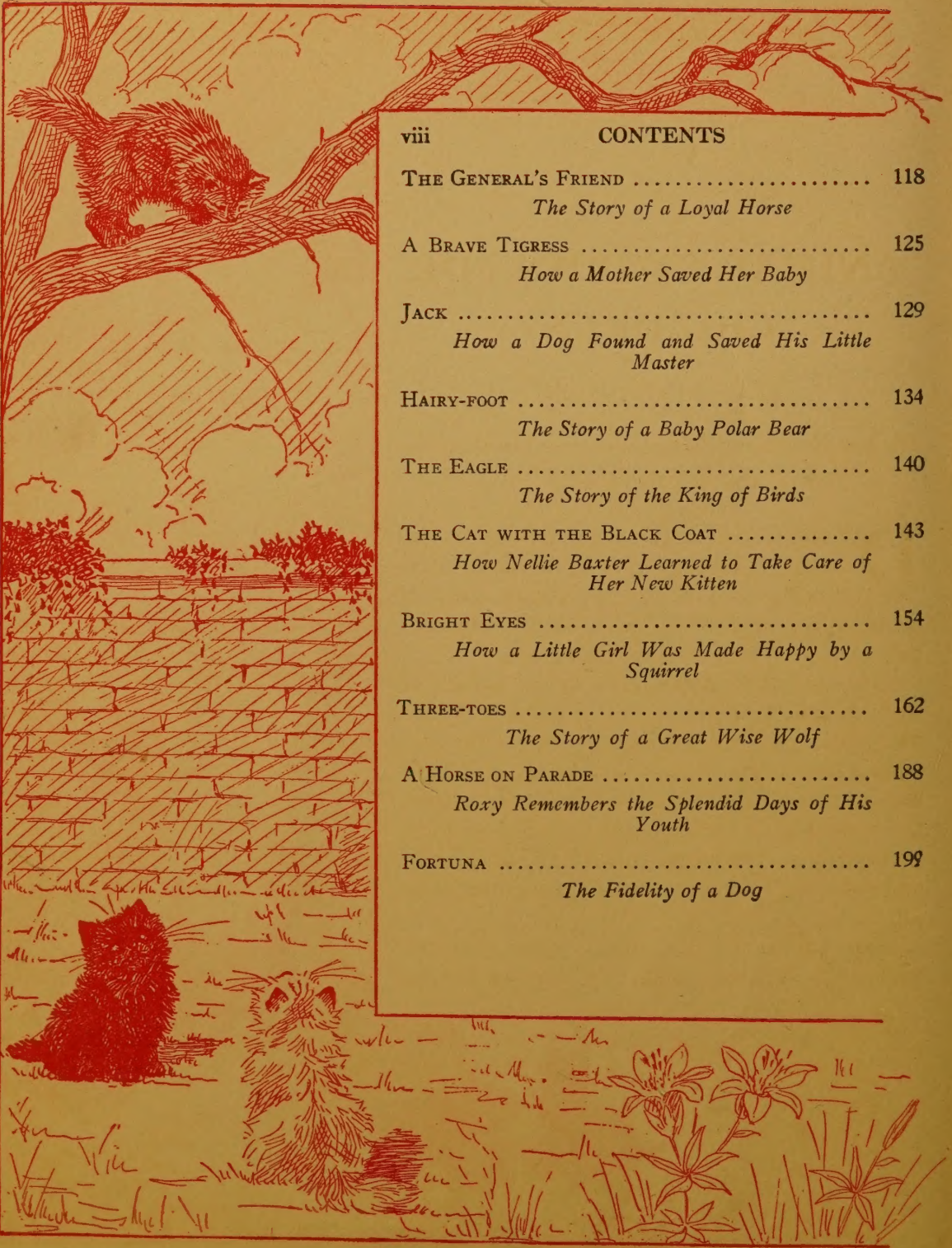


CONTENTS

THE LITTLE HERO	1
<i>How a Dog Saved His Mistress from Being Burned to Death</i>	
THE ELEPHANT	12
<i>Two Stories about the Lord of the Animals</i>	
MR. AND MRS. PEG	18
<i>The Exciting Story of Two Very Busy Beavers</i>	
THE LION WHO WAS AFRAID	35
<i>How an Arab Chased a Lion Out of His Path</i>	
THE WHITE RABBIT	39
<i>This Story Will Tell You That Rabbits Are Not Stupid</i>	
HIGH UP IN THE ROCKIES	51
<i>The Story of the Wise Little Conies and the Wiser Big Bear</i>	
ONLY A DOG	65
<i>The Story of the Faithful Friendship of a Dog for His Master</i>	
"POLLY WANTS A CRACKER"	74
<i>The Story of Two Parrots</i>	
IN THE BAD LANDS	87
<i>Stories of the Grizzly and Black Bears of the West</i>	



THE GENERAL'S FRIEND	118
<i>The Story of a Loyal Horse</i>	
A BRAVE TIGRESS	125
<i>How a Mother Saved Her Baby</i>	
JACK	129
<i>How a Dog Found and Saved His Little Master</i>	
HAIRY-FOOT	134
<i>The Story of a Baby Polar Bear</i>	
THE EAGLE	140
<i>The Story of the King of Birds</i>	
THE CAT WITH THE BLACK COAT	143
<i>How Nellie Baxter Learned to Take Care of Her New Kitten</i>	
BRIGHT EYES	154
<i>How a Little Girl Was Made Happy by a Squirrel</i>	
THREE-TOES	162
<i>The Story of a Great Wise Wolf</i>	
A HORSE ON PARADE	188
<i>Roxy Remembers the Splendid Days of His Youth</i>	
FORTUNA	199
<i>The Fidelity of a Dog</i>	



ANIMAL STORIES FOR CHILDREN

THE LITTLE HERO

How a Dog Saved His Mistress from Being Burned to Death

DURING the early spring, Margaret had been sad and quiet, and the family were worried. She was a delicate child of about nine years, with "Alice in Wonderland" hair and lovely blue eyes which were kind.

One day, while sitting back in the garden of their summer cottage near Long Lake, in Michigan, Margaret and her family heard the soft whimpering of a puppy dog outside the honeysuckle fence. And presently into the garden there came a funny little water spaniel—a mongrel—with his tail wagging. He was so friendly and so lonely looking that no one thought of chasing him out.

Bob Harrison, Margaret's older brother, walked up and spoke kindly, "It must be the dog



our neighbors left when they went home to Chicago. What an ugly little waif he is!"

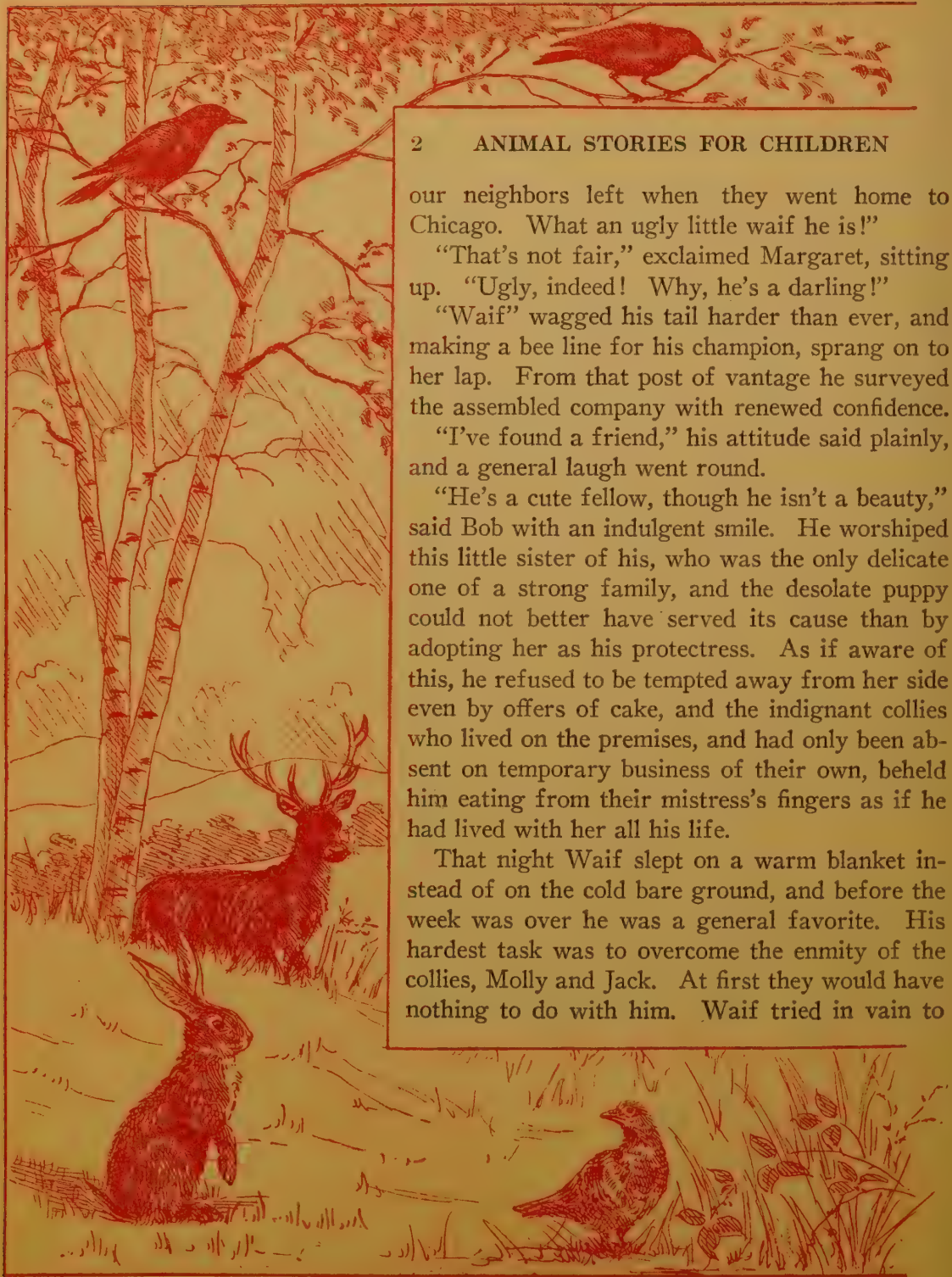
"That's not fair," exclaimed Margaret, sitting up. "Ugly, indeed! Why, he's a darling!"

"Waif" wagged his tail harder than ever, and making a bee line for his champion, sprang on to her lap. From that post of vantage he surveyed the assembled company with renewed confidence.

"I've found a friend," his attitude said plainly, and a general laugh went round.

"He's a cute fellow, though he isn't a beauty," said Bob with an indulgent smile. He worshiped this little sister of his, who was the only delicate one of a strong family, and the desolate puppy could not better have served its cause than by adopting her as his protectress. As if aware of this, he refused to be tempted away from her side even by offers of cake, and the indignant collies who lived on the premises, and had only been absent on temporary business of their own, beheld him eating from their mistress's fingers as if he had lived with her all his life.

That night Waif slept on a warm blanket instead of on the cold bare ground, and before the week was over he was a general favorite. His hardest task was to overcome the enmity of the collies, Molly and Jack. At first they would have nothing to do with him. Waif tried in vain to



romp with them—even Jack, who was still young enough to be playful, stalked away in offended dignity, and feigned an exaggerated interest in the scenery when the newcomer drew near. Waif dropped his tail, while his soft eyes became more beseeching than ever, for he was an affectionate creature, and longed to live at peace with the world.

One day a brilliant idea occurred to him. An admirer on the farm made him a present of a huge calf bone, almost as large as himself. At the cost of much perseverance, he carried it up to the ranch, and finding it impossible to push it between the palings of the kitchen garden in the ordinary way, he first crawled through himself, and then dragged it after him. This done, he approached the offended collies, thrusting the bone before them as a peace-offering.

Molly turned away without a second's hesitation, but Jack lingered; lingered, and was lost. The clear bright air of that Maine spring had made him ravenous with hunger, and the smell of the bone was sweeter to him than the perfume of the sweet briar that hedged the lawn. He sniffed again, and Waif dragged the bone still nearer to him, with the most inviting gesture he could command.

"Take it, Jack," cried Margaret, who was look-





ing on from the veranda, and with a bark of joy Jack made a grab at it. This was a signal for all three dogs to roll over each other in the friendliest fashion, and from henceforth Waif was accepted as one of the family.

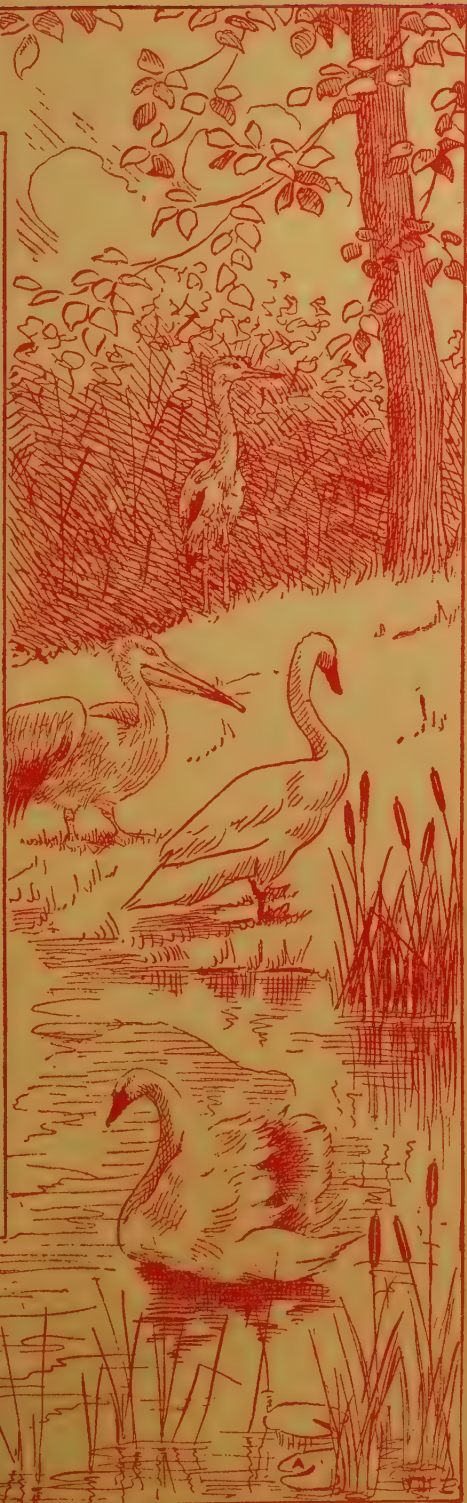
He never forgot, however, that it was Margaret who had first befriended him, and when he found her disinclined to romp, he would sit sedately beside her chair, watching her wistfully while she played with her dolls, and overjoyed if he could find an opportunity of carrying these away. He buried the beautiful Aurelia Grace under a thicket of roses, but Margaret's grief melted his guilty heart, and presently, with an air of the deepest devotion, he brought to his little mistress a limp and sodden bundle of rags. It puzzled him greatly when she did not receive it with the gratitude he felt that he deserved, but in the depths of his doggyish mind he put this down to the fact that human beings were "queer."

Waif showed his dislike as unmistakably as he showed his love. His pet aversion was a Mr. Layton, a solemn-looking planter who had no women folk of his own, and who often strolled round when the day's work was over to have a chat with Bob. The sly, soft twinkle in his deep-set eyes, with the dimple in one lean cheek that

came and went as he talked, quite fascinated Margaret, and his stories were at once her torment and her delight. He liked nothing better than to cap her accounts of Waif's exploits with a reference to a mysterious dog named "Ponto," that he was supposed to have owned himself.

"Yes, that was pretty smart of Waif, I must allow," he would say reflectively, "but it's nothing to what my Ponto did. Did I ever tell you how that dog paid me back in my own coin? 'No?' Well, he and I had both a particular fancy for the same armchair, and as possession is nine points of the law, it was a question which of us got there first. One day when I came back, fairly tired out after a hard day's tramp, I found him in it, fast asleep. I was too dead-beat to want any argument, so I just said 'Rats!' Off he jumped as if he had been shot from a gun. I sat down comfortably, and thought I was in for a nice quiet time.

"Ponto sniffed round me for a bit, kind of sad-like and disappointed; then he went to the window and started barking at such a rate that I made sure he saw an army of tramps stealing round by the back way. Of course I got up to see what was the matter, and then, with a bark that sounded as much like a great hoarse laugh as anything else, he made one bound back to the



chair I had just left. There was not a sign of a tramp to be seen—it was just his way of getting even with me.”

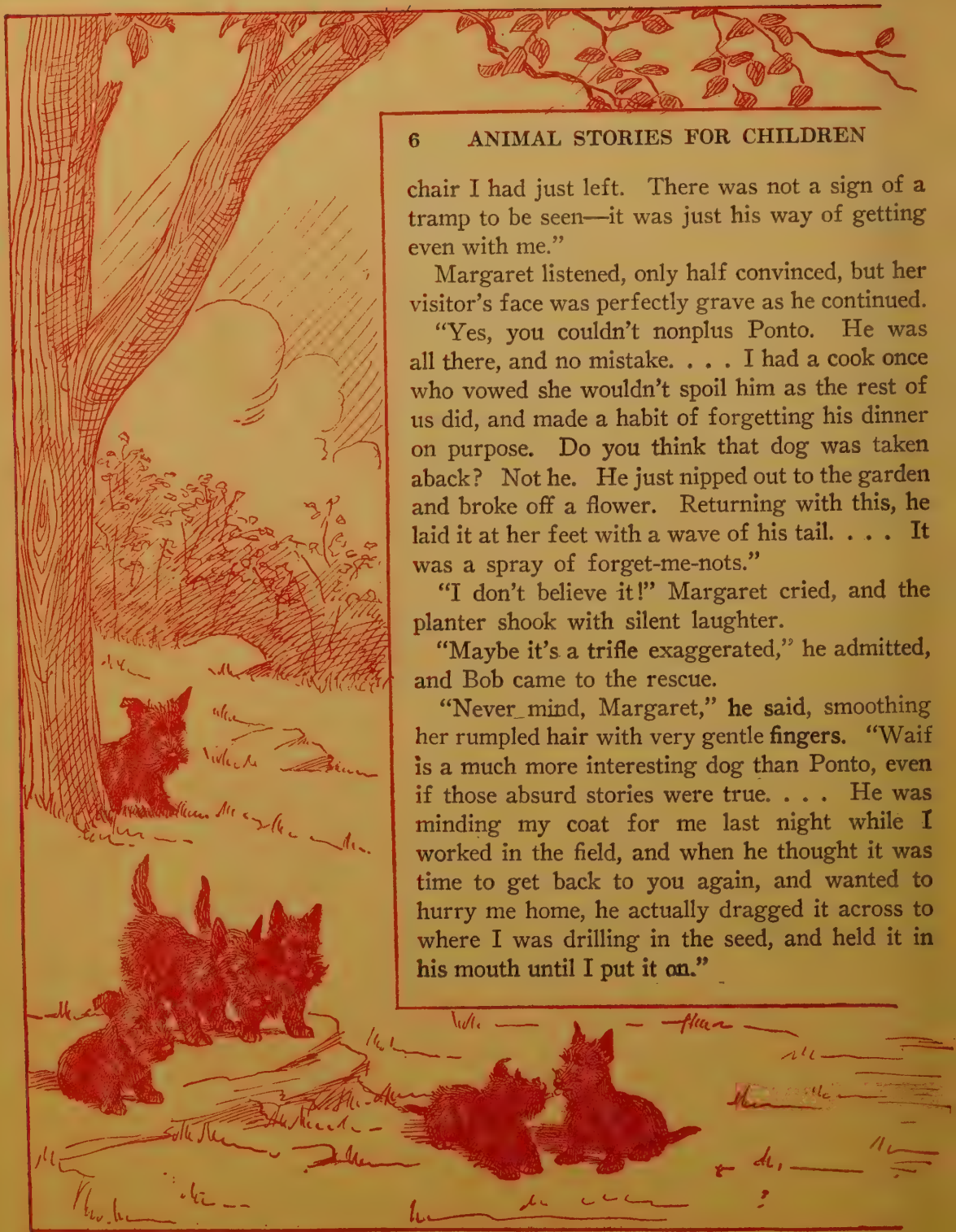
Margaret listened, only half convinced, but her visitor's face was perfectly grave as he continued.

“Yes, you couldn't nonplus Ponto. He was all there, and no mistake. . . . I had a cook once who vowed she wouldn't spoil him as the rest of us did, and made a habit of forgetting his dinner on purpose. Do you think that dog was taken aback? Not he. He just nipped out to the garden and broke off a flower. Returning with this, he laid it at her feet with a wave of his tail. . . . It was a spray of forget-me-nots.”

“I don't believe it!” Margaret cried, and the planter shook with silent laughter.

“Maybe it's a trifle exaggerated,” he admitted, and Bob came to the rescue.

“Never mind, Margaret,” he said, smoothing her rumpled hair with very gentle fingers. “Waif is a much more interesting dog than Ponto, even if those absurd stories were true. . . . He was minding my coat for me last night while I worked in the field, and when he thought it was time to get back to you again, and wanted to hurry me home, he actually dragged it across to where I was drilling in the seed, and held it in his mouth until I put it on.”



"My Ponto," began Mr. Layton impressively, but he was not allowed to continue.

"Margaret's tired," declared her brother, rather annoyed that anyone should tease her, and the little girl gave Waif a tender hug in case his feelings had been hurt.

Margaret was often tired that spring, and the summer found her more languid still. It was unusually hot for that part of the country, and the child grew paler and paler as the weeks went by. The sun blazed down on the rolling plains, and the streams dried up; the rivers sank, and soon it was plain to every colonist that they were in for a season of drought. The wide blue dome above them was unflecked by the faintest cloud, and many sighed for the dull gray skies which would mean rain.

Margaret felt the heat terribly, and had it been possible her brothers would have sent her away from the ranch. Waif was the only companion she cared for now when Bob was absent. She would lie all day with her eyes closed, and her face was like some wee white snowdrop that had blossomed out of season. It was only when she moved her shadowy hands to stroke Waif's head that her old nurse knew she was awake.

Waif never left her unless he was dragged away, and she was uneasy if he were out of her

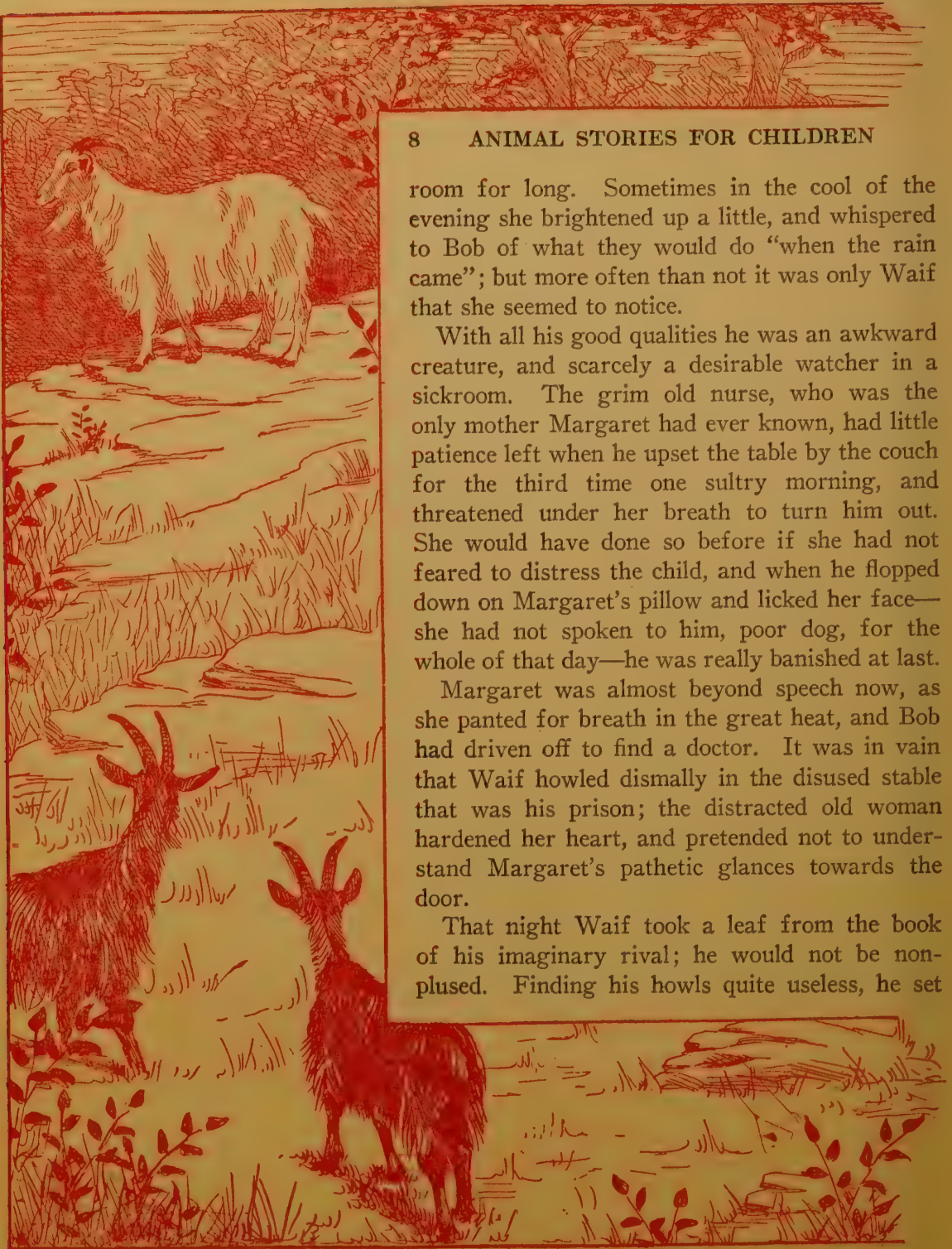


room for long. Sometimes in the cool of the evening she brightened up a little, and whispered to Bob of what they would do "when the rain came"; but more often than not it was only Waif that she seemed to notice.

With all his good qualities he was an awkward creature, and scarcely a desirable watcher in a sickroom. The grim old nurse, who was the only mother Margaret had ever known, had little patience left when he upset the table by the couch for the third time one sultry morning, and threatened under her breath to turn him out. She would have done so before if she had not feared to distress the child, and when he flopped down on Margaret's pillow and licked her face—she had not spoken to him, poor dog, for the whole of that day—he was really banished at last.

Margaret was almost beyond speech now, as she panted for breath in the great heat, and Bob had driven off to find a doctor. It was in vain that Waif howled dismally in the disused stable that was his prison; the distracted old woman hardened her heart, and pretended not to understand Margaret's pathetic glances towards the door.

That night Waif took a leaf from the book of his imaginary rival; he would not be non-plused. Finding his howls quite useless, he set



to work to enlarge a hole that he found in one of the boards of which the stable had been built, and with the aid of a particularly fine set of teeth, and his strong claws, after some hours' work he was once more free. There were neither bolts nor bars to hinder him when he flung himself against the door that led to the veranda; it opened before him readily, and some seconds later he was in Margaret's room.

A shaded lamp stood on the little table he had so often overturned, and the bent figure of the old nurse showed that she had fallen fast asleep. Margaret lifted her heavy lids and smiled at him as he crept in noiselessly beside her, and very soon all three were wrapped in slumber.

It must have been some four hours later, for beyond the tips of the distant hills faint streaks of gold and orange were slanting across the sky when Waif awoke. Not a sound broke the intense stillness; even the night owl had ceased to hoot, and he looked round wondering what had disturbed him. A strange faint odor reached his inquiring nose; from a crack in the boards a thin line of smoke rose waveringly, and Waif realized that something was wrong. Dog as he was, he knew that smoke meant fire.

His first impulse was to awaken Margaret; she only looked at him blankly, and turned her hot



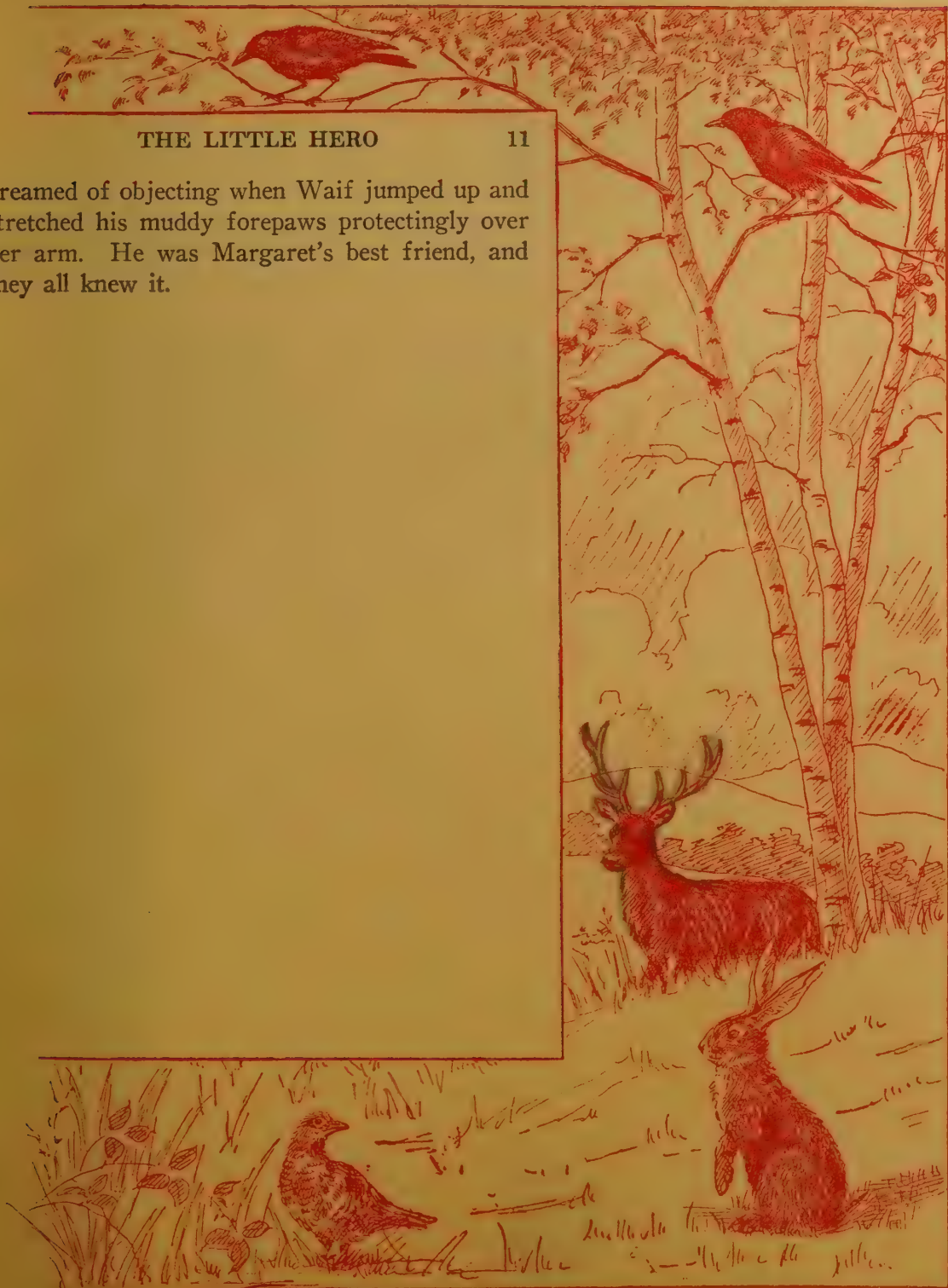
10 ANIMAL STORIES FOR CHILDREN

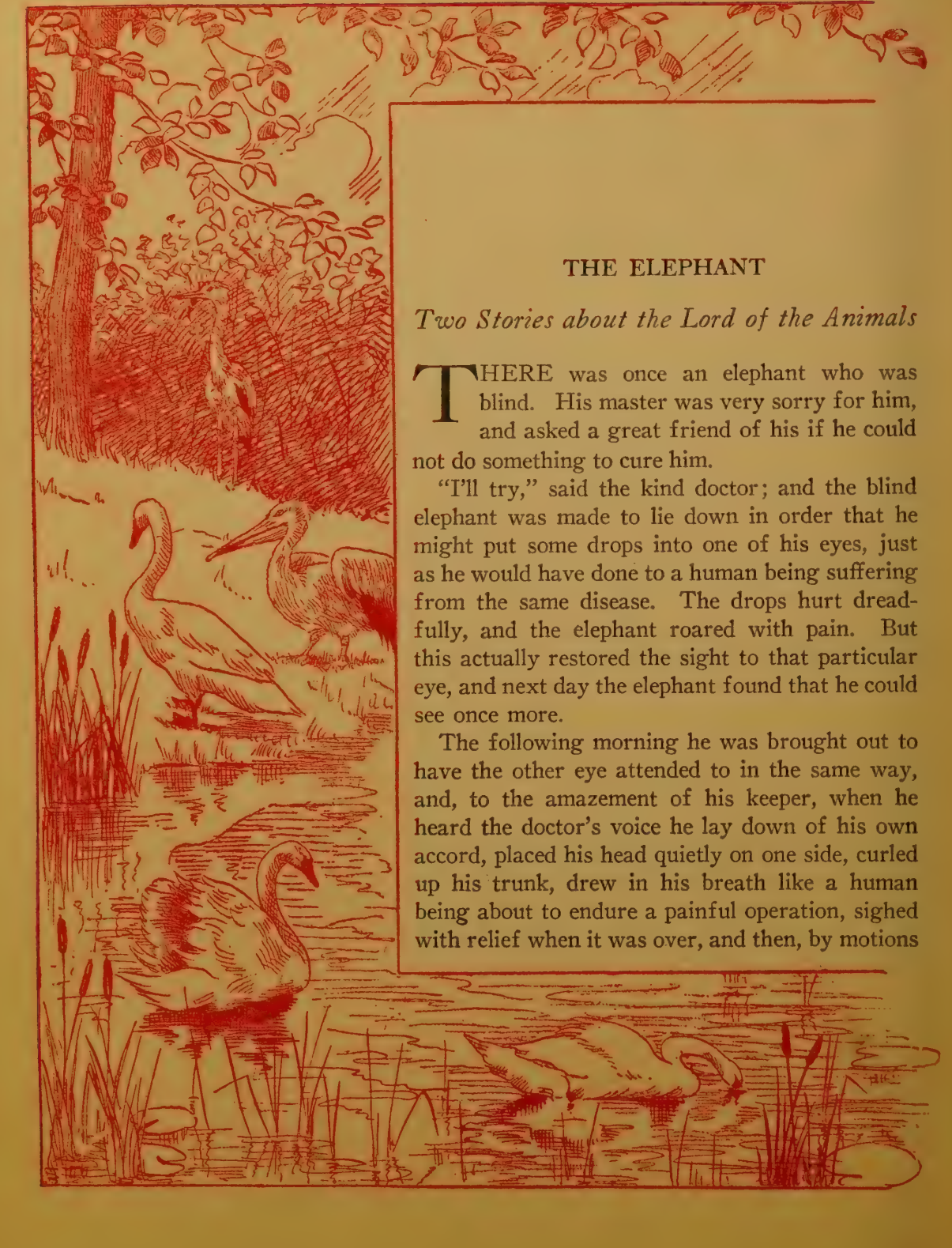
little head to a cooler place on the pillow. Then he flew to the nurse, bounding against her until she started to her feet in angry amazement. Before she could bid him begone, he had dashed down the passage, and round to the boys' quarters on the other side, barking with all his might. The log-built house was a ready prey to the flames which had burst out under the raised flooring of Margaret's room, and when Waif raced back to her again, followed by two of her brothers, the air was dense with smoke. Thanks to the promptitude of his alarm, however, Margaret was carried away to safety in the very nick of time, and though the homestead was burned to the ground, not a life was lost that night.

When Bob came back with a doctor, he found his beloved little sister safely housed with a kindly neighbor. Waif was beside her, and, strange to say, her eyes were bright, and there was a tinge of color in her wasted cheeks. The excitement of the fire seemed to have done her good instead of harm, and from the hour of her rescue she began to mend.

The longed-for rain came down at dawn, and the parched brown plains became once more green and beautiful. Before a week was over Margaret was sitting in the garden, and though she was wearing a new white frock, no one

dreamed of objecting when Waif jumped up and stretched his muddy forepaws protectingly over her arm. He was Margaret's best friend, and they all knew it.





THE ELEPHANT

Two Stories about the Lord of the Animals

THERE was once an elephant who was blind. His master was very sorry for him, and asked a great friend of his if he could not do something to cure him.

"I'll try," said the kind doctor; and the blind elephant was made to lie down in order that he might put some drops into one of his eyes, just as he would have done to a human being suffering from the same disease. The drops hurt dreadfully, and the elephant roared with pain. But this actually restored the sight to that particular eye, and next day the elephant found that he could see once more.

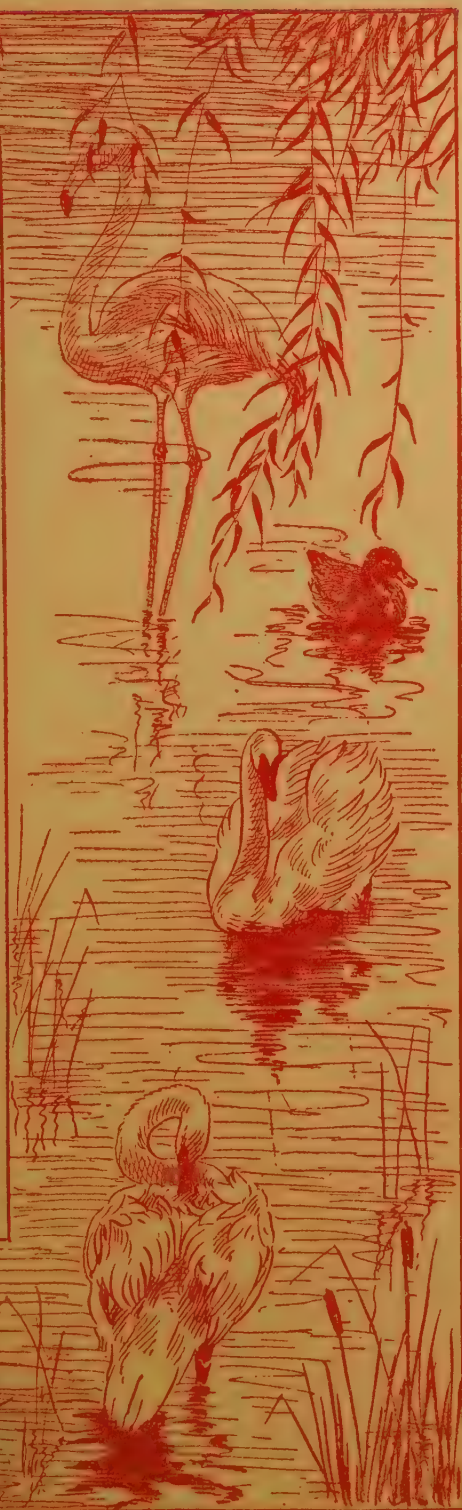
The following morning he was brought out to have the other eye attended to in the same way, and, to the amazement of his keeper, when he heard the doctor's voice he lay down of his own accord, placed his head quietly on one side, curled up his trunk, drew in his breath like a human being about to endure a painful operation, sighed with relief when it was over, and then, by motions

of his trunk and other gestures, gave evident signs of wishing to express his gratitude.

Another story of an elephant's reasoning powers, almost more striking still, is that of a mother-elephant in the last Indian war, who, groaning with sympathy all the while, held her young one down with her trunk, day after day, until he was cured, while the surgeon dressed the deep wound in his head which he had received in action. Elephants were often taken to battle in days gone by. In the Carthaginian wars the Romans were terrified when they first beheld them in battle array; but when they found that they stampeded if lighted torches were waved before their eyes, they were less alarmed.

The African elephant, the only other kind now inhabiting the world, was once also trained for use in war, but now is hunted only for his ivory. His tusks are ever-growing, enormous teeth, each sometimes weighing as much as 300 pounds, and so many African elephants have been killed of late years for the sake of these, that it is feared that if men don't stop hunting them there will soon be none left.

They are rather larger than those of India, while their ears are longer and broader, and their foreheads of quite another shape. Their teeth are also somewhat different, and their trunks look

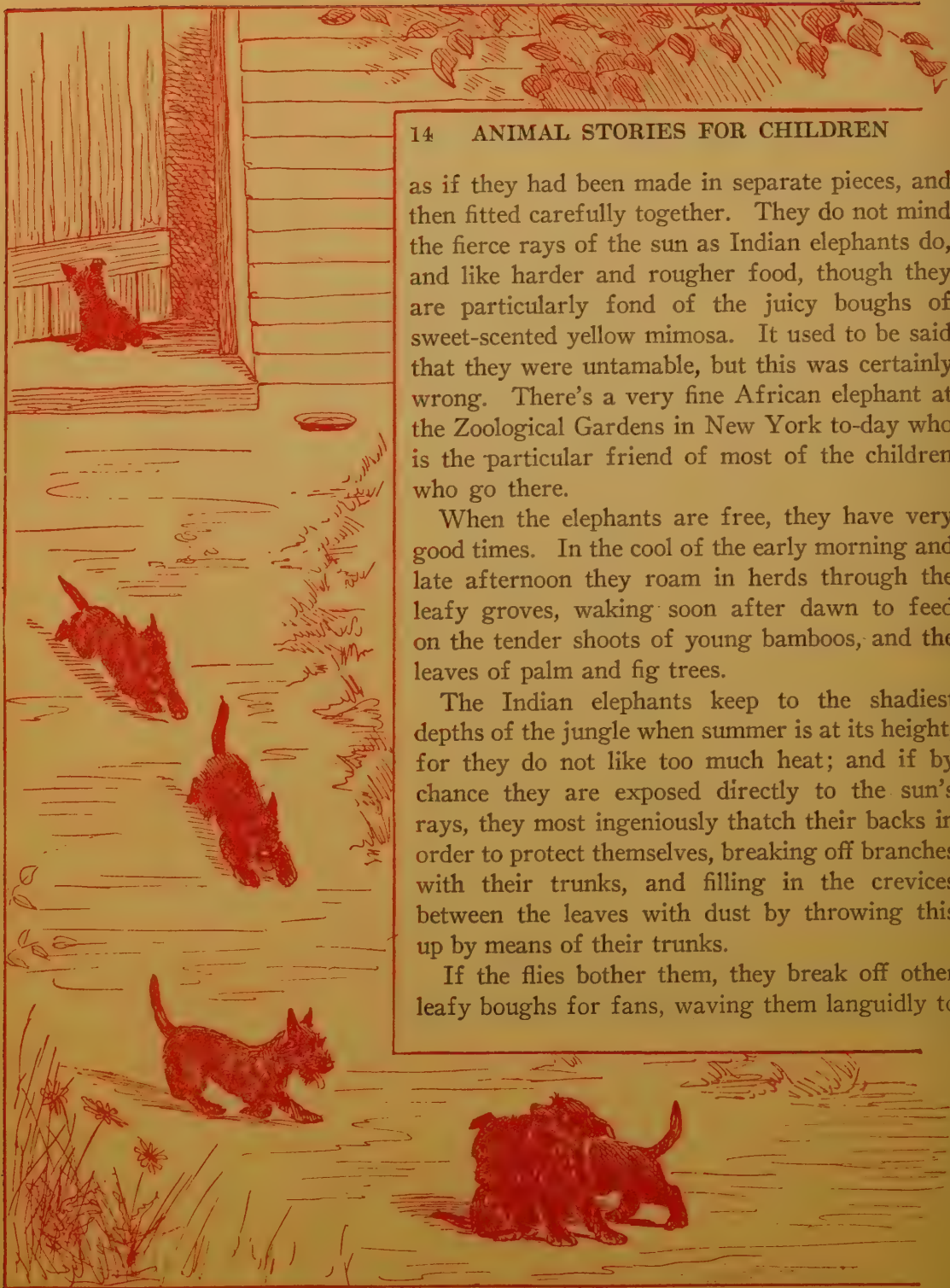


as if they had been made in separate pieces, and then fitted carefully together. They do not mind the fierce rays of the sun as Indian elephants do, and like harder and rougher food, though they are particularly fond of the juicy boughs of sweet-scented yellow mimosa. It used to be said that they were untamable, but this was certainly wrong. There's a very fine African elephant at the Zoological Gardens in New York to-day who is the particular friend of most of the children who go there.

When the elephants are free, they have very good times. In the cool of the early morning and late afternoon they roam in herds through the leafy groves, waking soon after dawn to feed on the tender shoots of young bamboos, and the leaves of palm and fig trees.

The Indian elephants keep to the shadiest depths of the jungle when summer is at its height, for they do not like too much heat; and if by chance they are exposed directly to the sun's rays, they most ingeniously thatch their backs in order to protect themselves, breaking off branches with their trunks, and filling in the crevices between the leaves with dust by throwing this up by means of their trunks.

If the flies bother them, they break off other leafy boughs for fans, waving them languidly to



and fro just as Nancy will wave hers some day when she wears long dresses and plaits her hair.

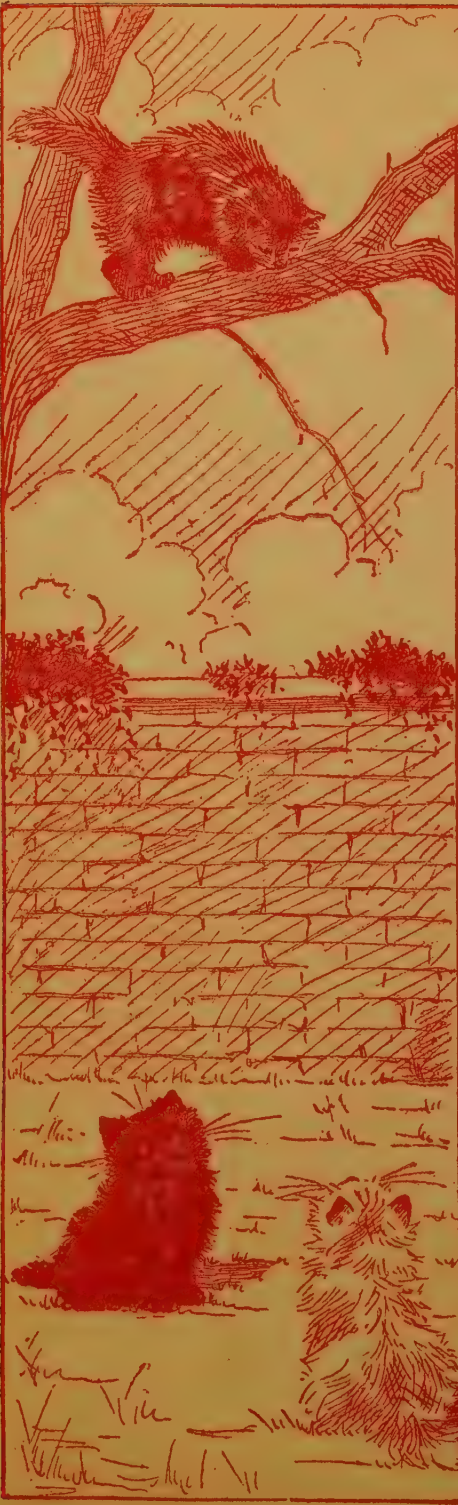
These elephants are splendid swimmers, and bathing is one of their favorite occupations. They like to roll in wet mud, too, when their skins are dry and uncomfortable; and the days pass as quickly with them as they do with us if we're busy.

When all is well, and there seems no need for caution, the mothers and young ones saunter on in front of the herd, which is usually a family party. The males follow leisurely, stopping now and then to grunt or trumpet, or to pluck some specially tempting leaves.

But if they sniff the dreaded tiger, or danger threatens from any other cause, the mothers and babies are bundled behind in no time, and the males take their stand in front to protect them! If driven to bay, an elephant will sometimes charge a tiger, pinning him down on the point of a tusk, and then flinging him thirty feet off! Unless the tiger's back is broken, he will try to stagger to his feet, when another member of the herd will rush at him, and most likely trample him to death.

When the season has been very dry, and there is difficulty in finding food and water, a large herd of elephants often breaks up into several





small ones. But they never go far from each other, and when the rains come, and the plains are green once more, they gather together to take the young ones to feed on the new grass, which seems to spring up like magic.

The mother elephants squeak with pleasure as they watch their babies enjoying themselves. This funny low sound is made through their trunks, an elephant's ordinary cry being either the shrill trumpeting we know so well, or a roar from the throat if hurt or frightened. The calf calls its mother by a queer little rumbling sound, and you may be sure that she comes to it as quickly as she can.

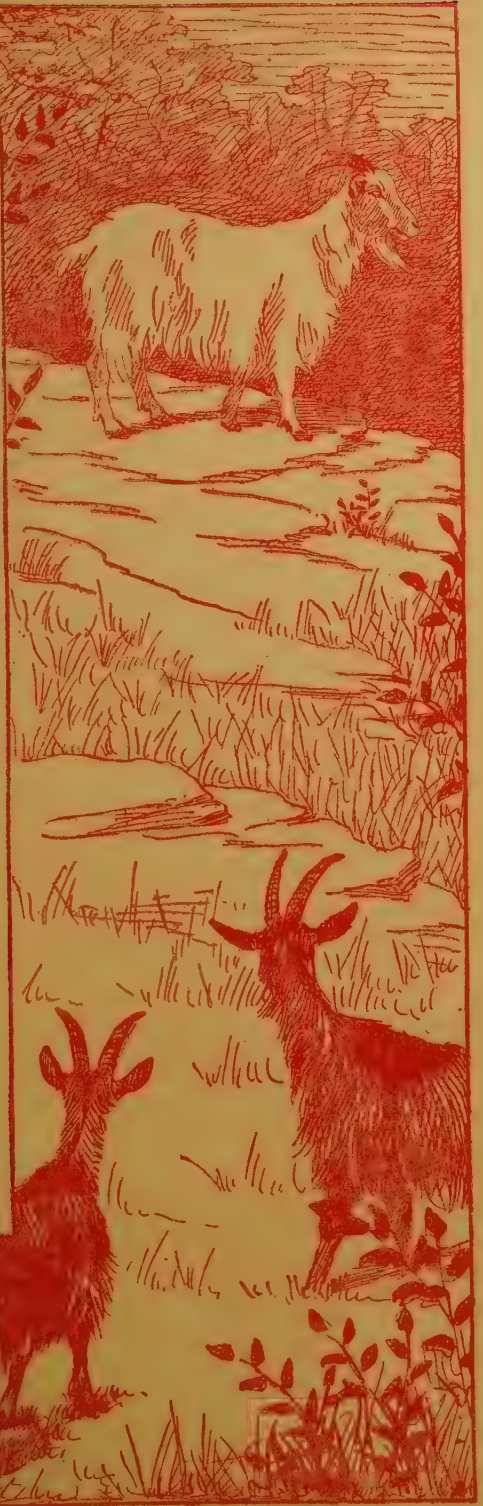
An elephant mother is devoted to her little one. If a deep river has to be forded, she will carry it on her back, or guide it carefully with her trunk, making the fondest little noises to encourage it to go on.

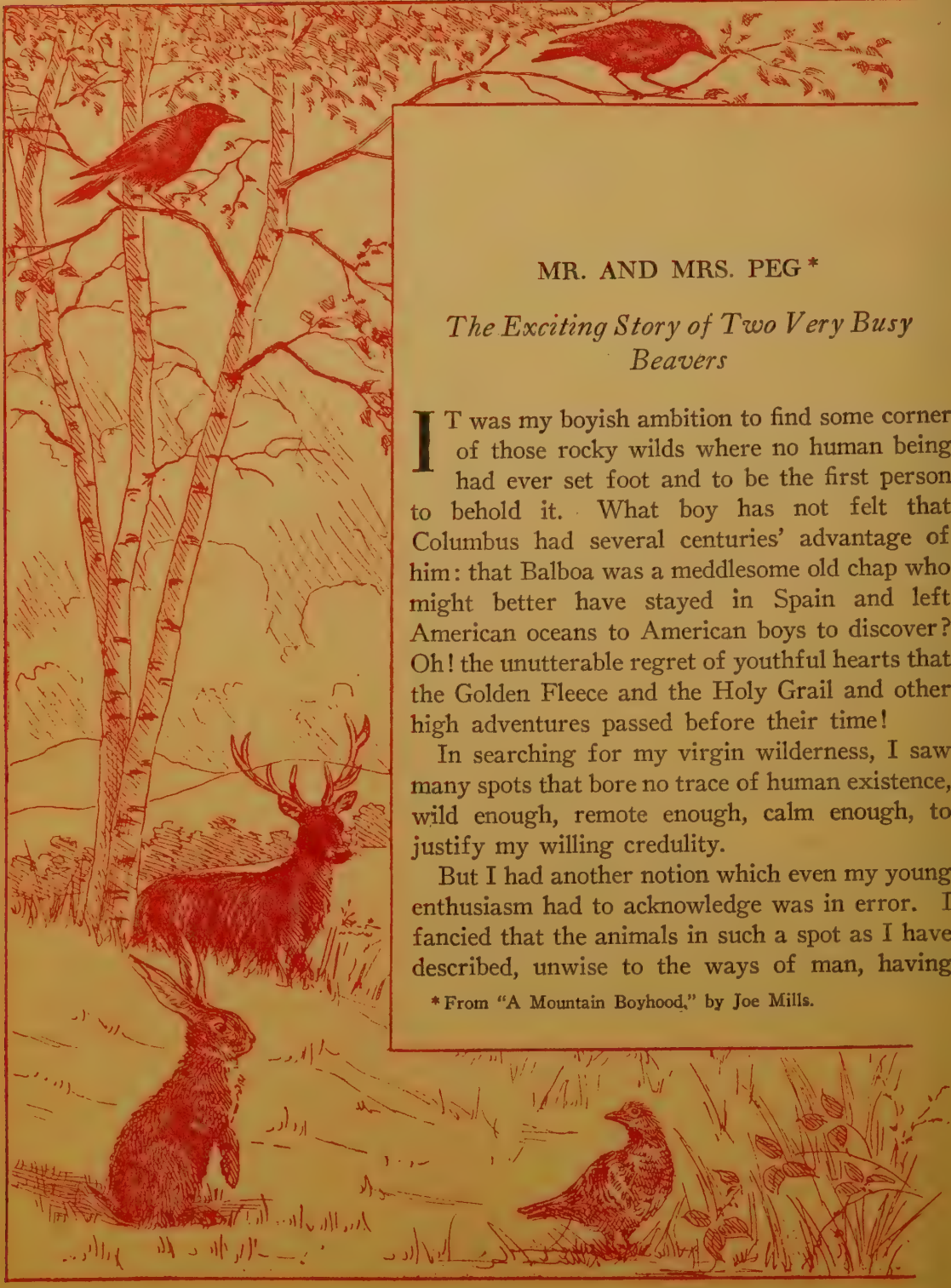
An elephant bears young more slowly than any animal known, and is generally thirty years old before she has her first baby.

Young elephants are seldom born in captivity, but a baby one in one of our menageries weighed 245 lbs., and was the size of a mountain sheep. For six months it fed only on milk; then it began to eat grass just as its mother did, and grew very fond of its keeper.

Elephant life is not always peaceful, even in the wilds. Full-grown males have desperate fights with each other, and sometimes an elephant is turned out of the herd, and never allowed to come back to it again. No other herd will have him, and this is a fearful punishment, for the elephant is extremely sociable. The exile becomes what the Indians call a "rogue"—a dangerous beast whose one object seems to kill and destroy.

The ancients declared that elephants must have two hearts, for they could not understand otherwise how such a gentle creature could become so vicious.





MR. AND MRS. PEG *

*The Exciting Story of Two Very Busy
Beavers*

IT was my boyish ambition to find some corner of those rocky wilds where no human being had ever set foot and to be the first person to behold it. What boy has not felt that Columbus had several centuries' advantage of him: that Balboa was a meddlesome old chap who might better have stayed in Spain and left American oceans to American boys to discover? Oh! the unutterable regret of youthful hearts that the Golden Fleece and the Holy Grail and other high adventures passed before their time!

In searching for my virgin wilderness, I saw many spots that bore no trace of human existence, wild enough, remote enough, calm enough, to justify my willing credulity.

But I had another notion which even my young enthusiasm had to acknowledge was in error. I fancied that the animals in such a spot as I have described, unwise to the ways of man, having

* From "A Mountain Boyhood," by Joe Mills.

had no experience to teach them fear and caution, would be gentle and trusting, and approachable. I was doomed to disappointment. I found that no matter how remote the region, how primeval its forests or how Eden-new its streams, its beasts were furtive, wary, distrustful.

But after all, though these ideas, like many of my other youthful dreams, did not "pan out" in following them up, I found other leads which yielded rich experiences.

When I first came to the mountains, the beavers were extremely wild. Rarely did I glimpse one or even see signs of their activities. True, all along the streams were deserted beaver homes, merely stick frames with most of the mud plaster fallen off, and through the meadows were a succession of dams which might easily have flooded them for miles around. No doubt large colonies had once lived there. Once in a while I found a fallen aspen, with the marks of a beaver's keen chisels upon it. But as for the beaver's renowned industry—it wasn't!

A horde of trappers, some rancher told me, had followed Kit Carson's successful trip into the region in 1840. They visited every stream and strung traps in all the valleys. Beaver fur was taken out by pack-train load. In twenty years the trappers had reaped the richest of the harvest;

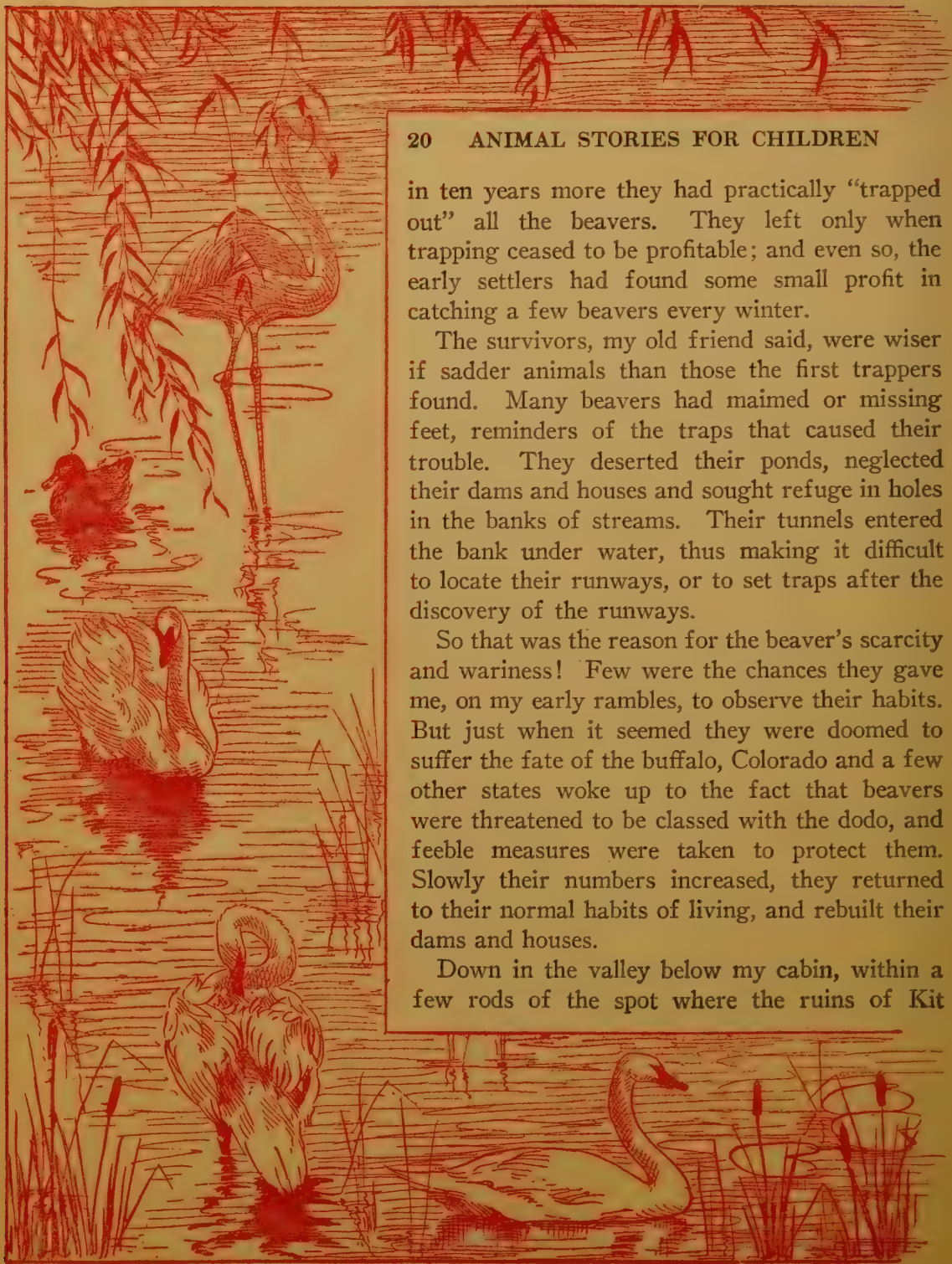


in ten years more they had practically "trapped out" all the beavers. They left only when trapping ceased to be profitable; and even so, the early settlers had found some small profit in catching a few beavers every winter.

The survivors, my old friend said, were wiser if sadder animals than those the first trappers found. Many beavers had maimed or missing feet, reminders of the traps that caused their trouble. They deserted their ponds, neglected their dams and houses and sought refuge in holes in the banks of streams. Their tunnels entered the bank under water, thus making it difficult to locate their runways, or to set traps after the discovery of the runways.

So that was the reason for the beaver's scarcity and wariness! Few were the chances they gave me, on my early rambles, to observe their habits. But just when it seemed they were doomed to suffer the fate of the buffalo, Colorado and a few other states woke up to the fact that beavers were threatened to be classed with the dodo, and feeble measures were taken to protect them. Slowly their numbers increased, they returned to their normal habits of living, and rebuilt their dams and houses.

Down in the valley below my cabin, within a few rods of the spot where the ruins of Kit



Carson's cabin still stand, are two small streams along which I early found numerous traces of beaver. At the confluence of these streams were dams and houses that were not entirely deserted; for occasionally the beavers did some repair work. Since they were within five minutes' walk of my cabin I visited them frequently during all seasons of the year. Five times I saw the beavers return to the old home site, repair the dams and rebuild the houses. Four times I saw them forced to desert their home, once because a fire burned the surrounding trees which were their source of food, the other times to elude trappers.

I discovered that this colony consisted of a trap-maimed old couple and their annual brood. The male had lost a portion of his right hind foot, his mate had only a stump for her left front one. I early dubbed them Mr. and Mrs. Peg, and came to have a real neighborly affection for them. Their infirmities made it easy for me to keep track of them, and to keep up with their social activities. Neighborly interest must be kept alive by the neighbors' doings, you know!

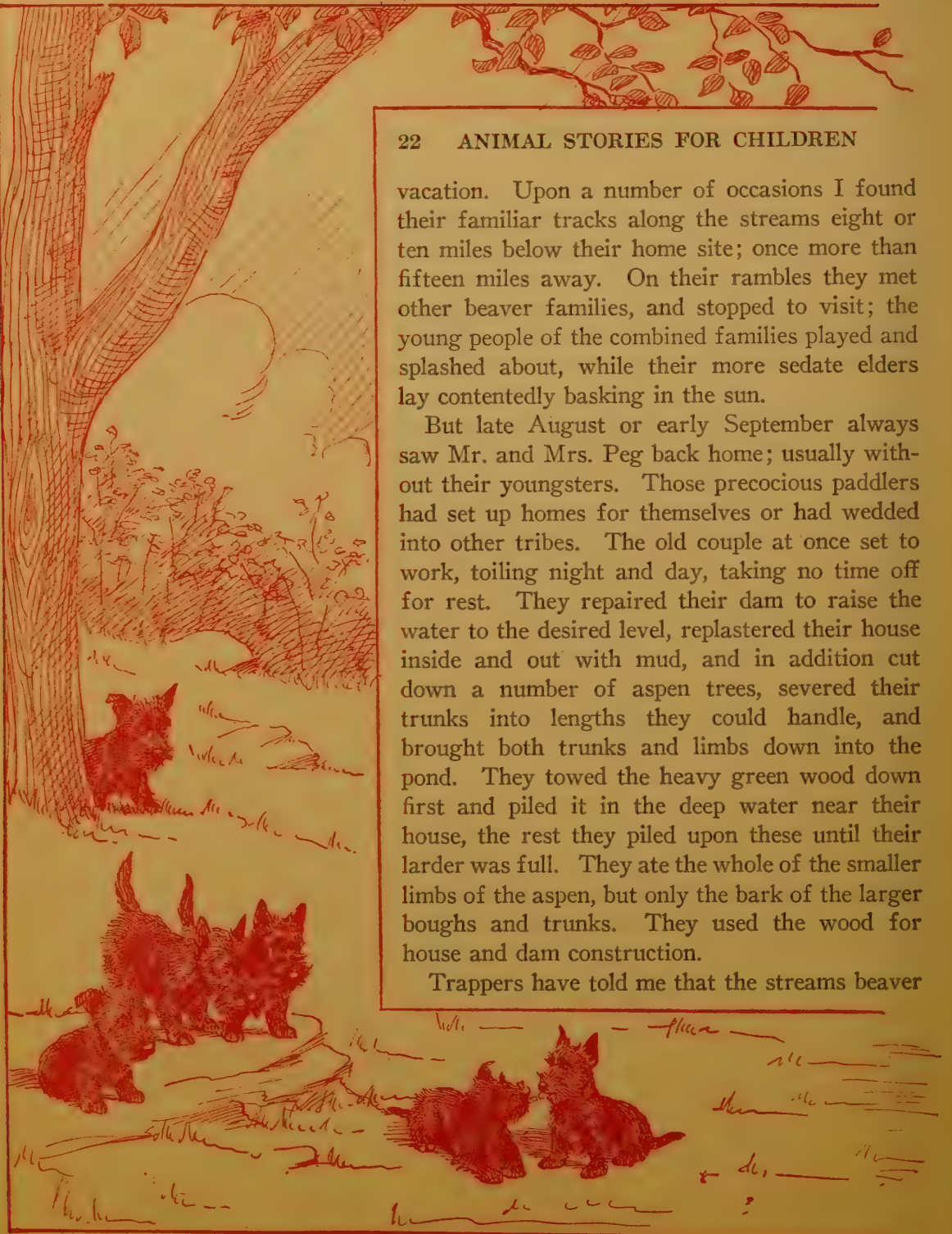
They certainly showed no inclination to become dull from overwork! About the time the ice on their pond began to break up, they would take their youngsters and start upon their summer



vacation. Upon a number of occasions I found their familiar tracks along the streams eight or ten miles below their home site; once more than fifteen miles away. On their rambles they met other beaver families, and stopped to visit; the young people of the combined families played and splashed about, while their more sedate elders lay contentedly basking in the sun.

But late August or early September always saw Mr. and Mrs. Peg back home; usually without their youngsters. Those precocious paddlers had set up homes for themselves or had wedded into other tribes. The old couple at once set to work, toiling night and day, taking no time off for rest. They repaired their dam to raise the water to the desired level, replastered their house inside and out with mud, and in addition cut down a number of aspen trees, severed their trunks into lengths they could handle, and brought both trunks and limbs down into the pond. They towed the heavy green wood down first and piled it in the deep water near their house, the rest they piled upon these until their larder was full. They ate the whole of the smaller limbs of the aspen, but only the bark of the larger boughs and trunks. They used the wood for house and dam construction.

Trappers have told me that the streams beaver



live in are poor fishing places because the furry inhabitants eat the fish. By careful observation, I proved to my own satisfaction at least, that quite the opposite is true. For the deep ponds made by the dams they build are literally spawning pools for the trout, breeding grounds and hatcheries. They are also pools of refuge, to which the fish flee to elude the fisherman, and in their warmer depths the finny tribe "hole up" when the streams are frozen over in winter. I have lain motionless upon a boulder overlooking a beaver-inhabited stream and watched large trout lazing about almost within reach of a pre-occupied paddler, apparently in no alarm over his nearness. Neither paid the other "any mind." I am sure that beavers eat neither fish nor flesh.

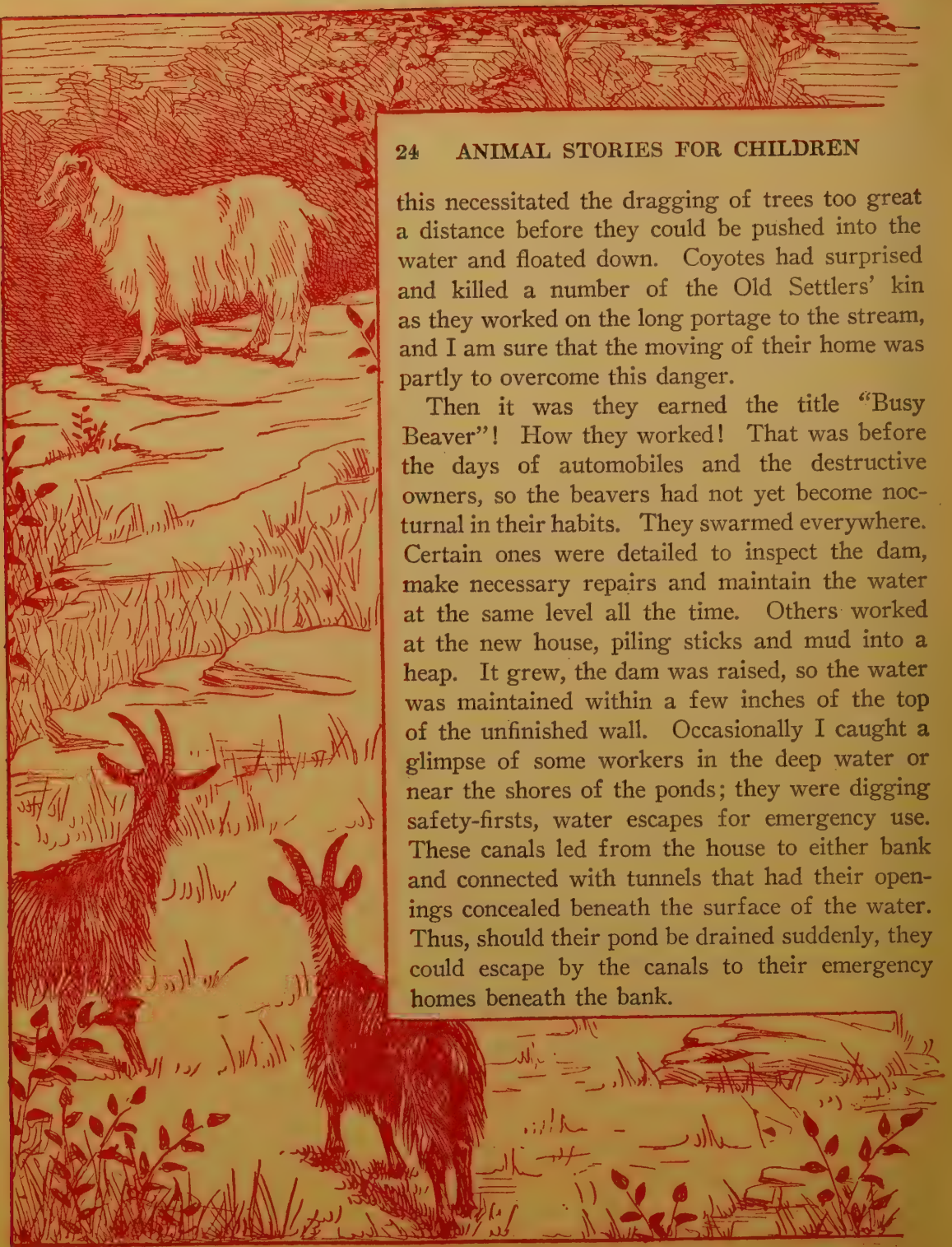
Every fall I watched Mr. and Mrs. Peg at their work in repairing the dams. Their tribe increased as the years passed, and the shielding laws of the state protected them. I called their group the "Old Settlers" colony.

One fall the Old Settlers abandoned their pond and constructed an entirely new dam above it, thus solving a number of problems. Sand and gravel carried down by the swift little stream had settled in the still water of the pool and almost filled it. The ever-increasing family outgrew the old house. All the near-by aspens had been cut;



this necessitated the dragging of trees too great a distance before they could be pushed into the water and floated down. Coyotes had surprised and killed a number of the Old Settlers' kin as they worked on the long portage to the stream, and I am sure that the moving of their home was partly to overcome this danger.

Then it was they earned the title "Busy Beaver"! How they worked! That was before the days of automobiles and the destructive owners, so the beavers had not yet become nocturnal in their habits. They swarmed everywhere. Certain ones were detailed to inspect the dam, make necessary repairs and maintain the water at the same level all the time. Others worked at the new house, piling sticks and mud into a heap. It grew, the dam was raised, so the water was maintained within a few inches of the top of the unfinished wall. Occasionally I caught a glimpse of some workers in the deep water or near the shores of the ponds; they were digging safety-firsts, water escapes for emergency use. These canals led from the house to either bank and connected with tunnels that had their openings concealed beneath the surface of the water. Thus, should their pond be drained suddenly, they could escape by the canals to their emergency homes beneath the bank.



Other beavers worked in the aspen grove, felling trees and cutting them into lengths that could be pushed or pulled or rolled to the bank and floated down the stream. Their work was impeded by the jamming of the logs in a narrow rocky neck down which they had to be skidded into the water.

Then the engineers decided upon the construction of a canal around the rocky falls. They started digging at a point upstream, beyond the troublesome neck, swung outward, away from the water to the fringe of aspens, then back again to the stream below the rocks. In all the canal was two hundred feet long, about two feet wide and averaged fifteen inches deep. For a time all other work was suspended, and night and day the whole population toiled on the canal. Apparently each beaver had his own section to dig, and each went about his work in his own way. With tooth and claw they worked. Often they cut slides or runways down the sides of the canal giving them roads up which they carried their loose dirt.

For thirty-seven nights they toiled in the dry ditch, then turned water in, and completed the work of deepening the canal. This transportation system saved them much labor and delay, and provided a safe route to and from the grove,

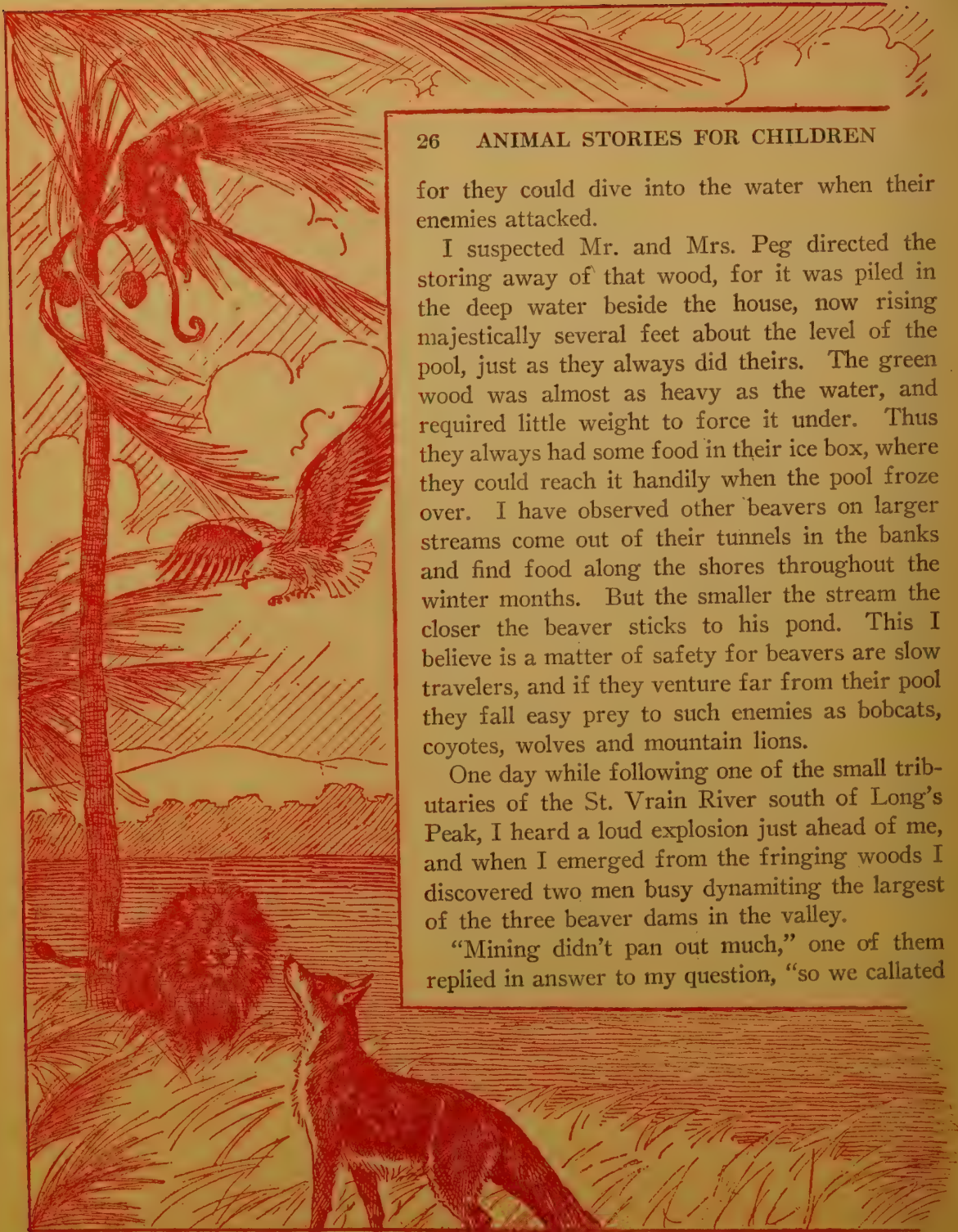


for they could dive into the water when their enemies attacked.

I suspected Mr. and Mrs. Peg directed the storing away of that wood, for it was piled in the deep water beside the house, now rising majestically several feet about the level of the pool, just as they always did theirs. The green wood was almost as heavy as the water, and required little weight to force it under. Thus they always had some food in their ice box, where they could reach it handily when the pool froze over. I have observed other beavers on larger streams come out of their tunnels in the banks and find food along the shores throughout the winter months. But the smaller the stream the closer the beaver sticks to his pond. This I believe is a matter of safety for beavers are slow travelers, and if they venture far from their pool they fall easy prey to such enemies as bobcats, coyotes, wolves and mountain lions.

One day while following one of the small tributaries of the St. Vrain River south of Long's Peak, I heard a loud explosion just ahead of me, and when I emerged from the fringing woods I discovered two men busy dynamiting the largest of the three beaver dams in the valley.

"Mining didn't pan out much," one of them replied in answer to my question, "so we callated



we'd take sum beaver fur to tide us over the winter."

They were prospectors, out of grub, up against starving or getting a job in the foothills town below, until with their golden promises, they could again talk some sympathetic listener out of a grub stake. Not content with obtaining beaver by the usual but slower method of trapping, they had decided to blow up the dam, drain the pond and shoot the animals as they sought to escape. Their rifles lay ready to their hands.

For hours I lingered, to see what luck they would have. They set off three heavy charges before the dam was shattered. When the water was nearly drained out—it took but a few minutes—they grabbed their guns. Not a beaver did any of us see.

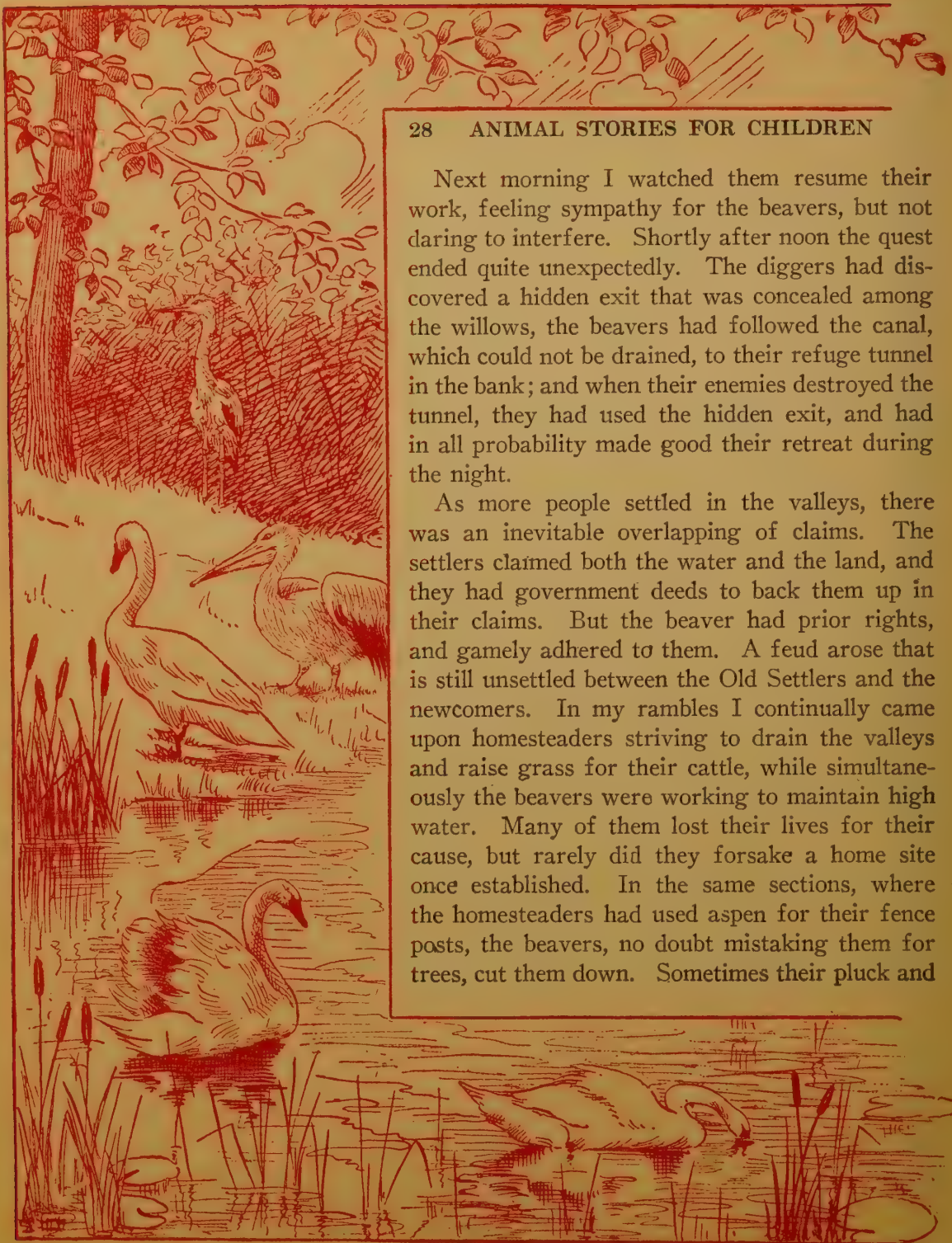
They then set a charge of powder against the house and blew a gaping hole in its side—but there was nobody home! Evidently all had escaped by the canal in the bottom of the pond to the tunnel beneath the bank.

The men would not admit defeat, but set about to dig the beavers out of the bank. Darkness saw their task unfinished so they camped for the night at the entrance of the tunnel; they piled heavy stones at its mouth hoping to trap the animals within.



Next morning I watched them resume their work, feeling sympathy for the beavers, but not daring to interfere. Shortly after noon the quest ended quite unexpectedly. The diggers had discovered a hidden exit that was concealed among the willows, the beavers had followed the canal, which could not be drained, to their refuge tunnel in the bank; and when their enemies destroyed the tunnel, they had used the hidden exit, and had in all probability made good their retreat during the night.

As more people settled in the valleys, there was an inevitable overlapping of claims. The settlers claimed both the water and the land, and they had government deeds to back them up in their claims. But the beaver had prior rights, and gamely adhered to them. A feud arose that is still unsettled between the Old Settlers and the newcomers. In my rambles I continually came upon homesteaders striving to drain the valleys and raise grass for their cattle, while simultaneously the beavers were working to maintain high water. Many of them lost their lives for their cause, but rarely did they forsake a home site once established. In the same sections, where the homesteaders had used aspen for their fence posts, the beavers, no doubt mistaking them for trees, cut them down. Sometimes their pluck and



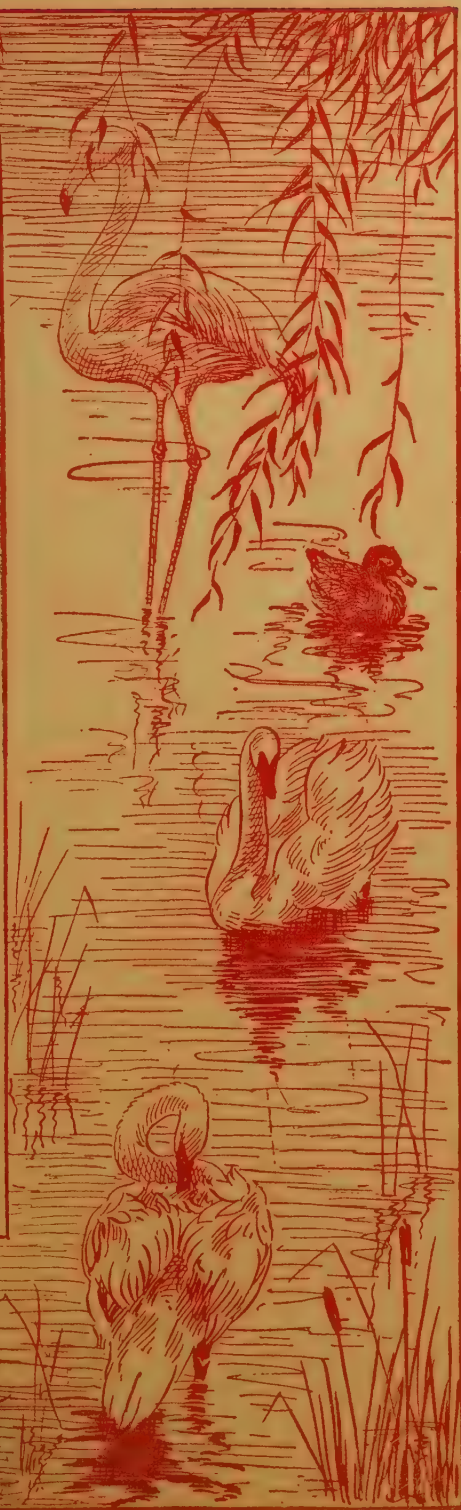
persistence won them the admiration of their enemies. In most cases they won out.

One day, far up near the headwaters of the Cache la Poudre River in Colorado, I came upon a rancher trying to drain a number of beaver ponds to secure water for irrigation; it was a very dry season and water was scarce. During the day he tore gaps in the dams, during the night the beavers repaired the breaks. When after opening the dams the rancher hurried down to his fields to regulate the flow of water, the beavers, even in the daytime, would swarm forth and plug up the holes.

Finally in desperation, the man set traps in the gaps he had opened in the dams. He caught a few beavers and decided that his troubles were over. But the survivors met the emergency. They floated material down from above and wedged it into the breaks, without going near the traps.

At this stage of the struggle an old prospector came down from the higher mountains, driving his burros ahead of him. Hearing of the rancher's predicament, he suggested his own panacea for all troubles, dynamite. Enthusiastically, the rancher accepted his proposal. Soon the dams were in ruins.

A mile below where the dams had been de-



stroyed an irrigation ditch tapped the river and carried a full head to the green fields. I saw the rancher standing in the middle of the field, water flowing all about him. He looked upstream and chuckled, then leaned triumphantly on his shovel handle. For a long time, he leaned thus, lost in dreams of prosperity.

Suddenly he awoke and hurried along his supply ditch. Barely a trickle was coming down it. The beavers had dammed the intake.

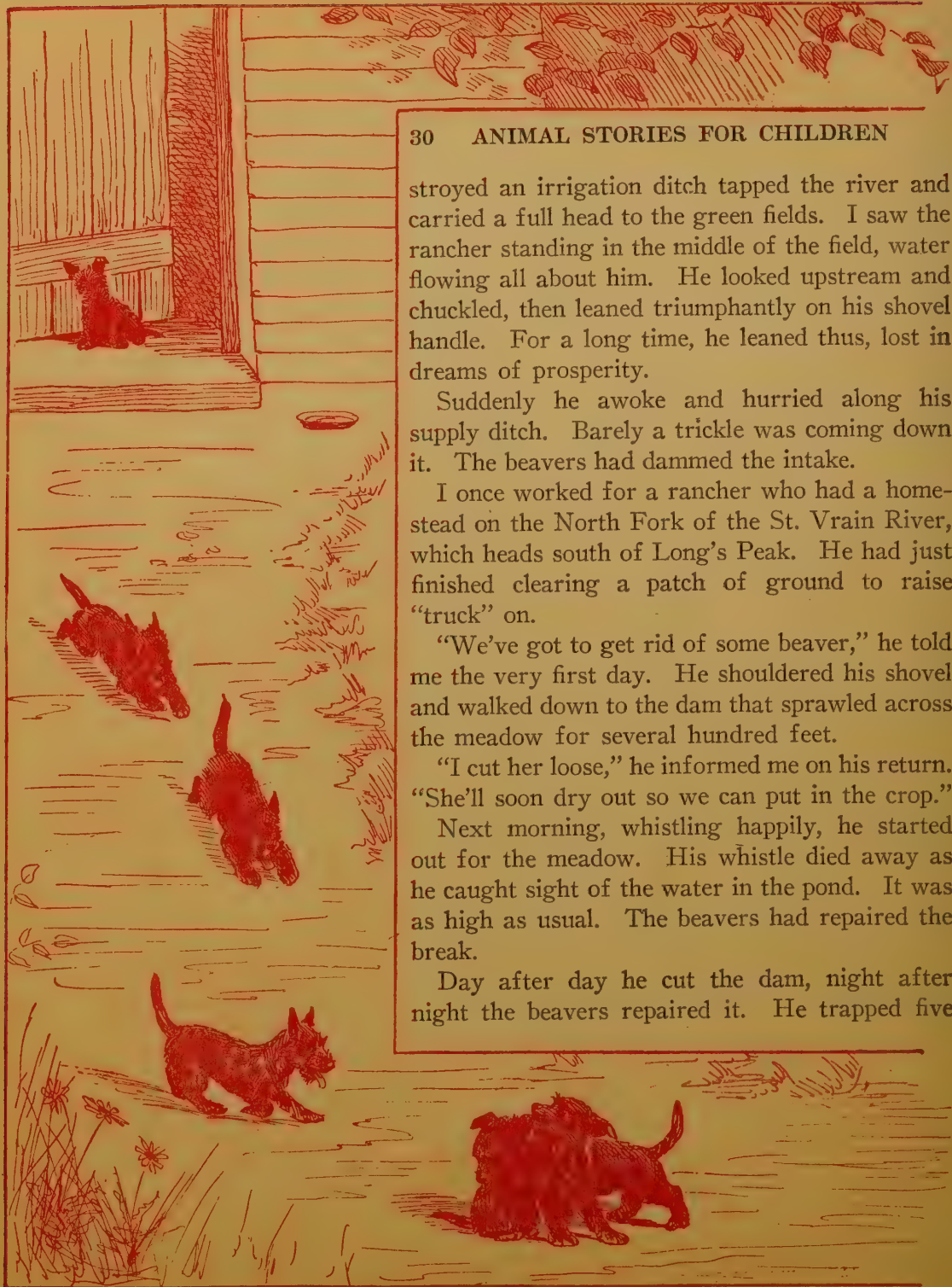
I once worked for a rancher who had a homestead on the North Fork of the St. Vrain River, which heads south of Long's Peak. He had just finished clearing a patch of ground to raise "truck" on.

"We've got to get rid of some beaver," he told me the very first day. He shouldered his shovel and walked down to the dam that sprawled across the meadow for several hundred feet.

"I cut her loose," he informed me on his return. "She'll soon dry out so we can put in the crop."

Next morning, whistling happily, he started out for the meadow. His whistle died away as he caught sight of the water in the pond. It was as high as usual. The beavers had repaired the break.

Day after day he cut the dam, night after night the beavers repaired it. He trapped five

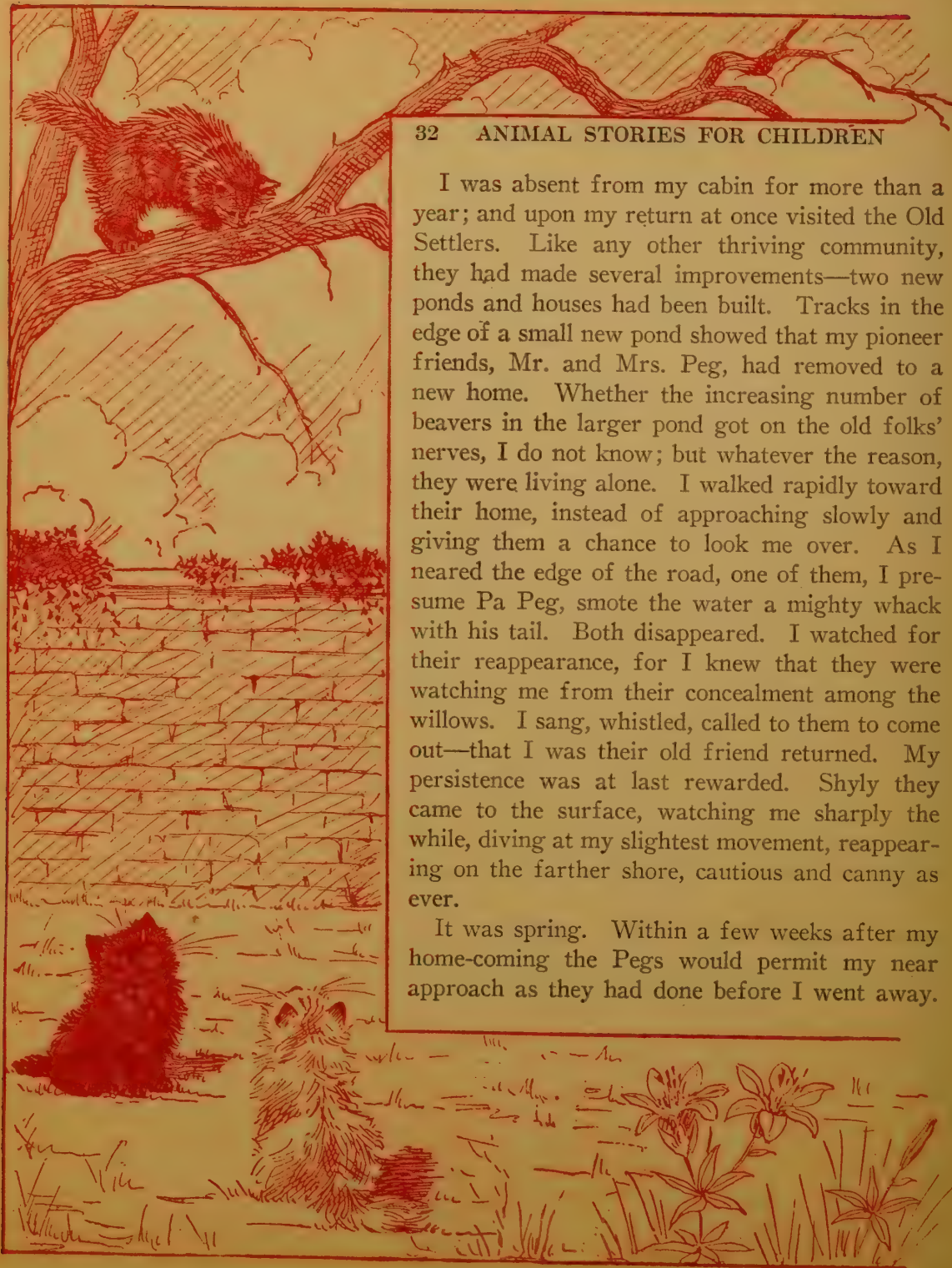


of them before they became "trap-wise." After that they either turned the traps over or covered them with mud. After trying a number of ruses to frighten them away, the man hung a lighted lantern in the break he had opened in the dam. The next morning his whistle piped, merrily, the break was still open. But his joy was short-lived, for on the following night the beavers constructed a new section of dam above the break, curving it like a horseshoe.

"Hope they appreciated my givin' 'em light to work by," he laughed; and gave up the contest.

Beavers seem to possess sagacity in varying degrees. The old animals are wise according to their years; the stupid and lazy die young. They adapt themselves quickly to changed conditions; they outwit their enemies by sheer cunning, never in physical combat; rarely do they defend themselves—and not once have I known one to take the offensive side of a fray. Watching them waddling along, one wonders how they accomplish their great engineering feats in so short a time. Of course, they can move more rapidly in water than on land, but I suspect it's "everlasting teamwork" that accounts for their achievements. They are prolific and, unlike the bees, drones are unknown to them. Coöperative industry—there lies the secret.





I was absent from my cabin for more than a year; and upon my return at once visited the Old Settlers. Like any other thriving community, they had made several improvements—two new ponds and houses had been built. Tracks in the edge of a small new pond showed that my pioneer friends, Mr. and Mrs. Peg, had removed to a new home. Whether the increasing number of beavers in the larger pond got on the old folks' nerves, I do not know; but whatever the reason, they were living alone. I walked rapidly toward their home, instead of approaching slowly and giving them a chance to look me over. As I neared the edge of the road, one of them, I presume Pa Peg, smote the water a mighty whack with his tail. Both disappeared. I watched for their reappearance, for I knew that they were watching me from their concealment among the willows. I sang, whistled, called to them to come out—that I was their old friend returned. My persistence was at last rewarded. Shyly they came to the surface, watching me sharply the while, diving at my slightest movement, reappearing on the farther shore, cautious and canny as ever.

It was spring. Within a few weeks after my home-coming the Pegs would permit my near approach as they had done before I went away.

Though they worked mostly at night, they did venture out in daytime. If they were working at separate tasks, the first to discover me would thump the ground or give the water a resounding whack.

One morning Daddy Peg was missing from the pond. Downstream I picked up his tracks and discovered that he was hastening away from home. As it was springtime, I was not concerned lest he was deserting his faithful wife. It was his habit to leave home when Mrs. Peg was "expecting." I knew he'd come waddling back in a few weeks to give the babies their daily plunge.

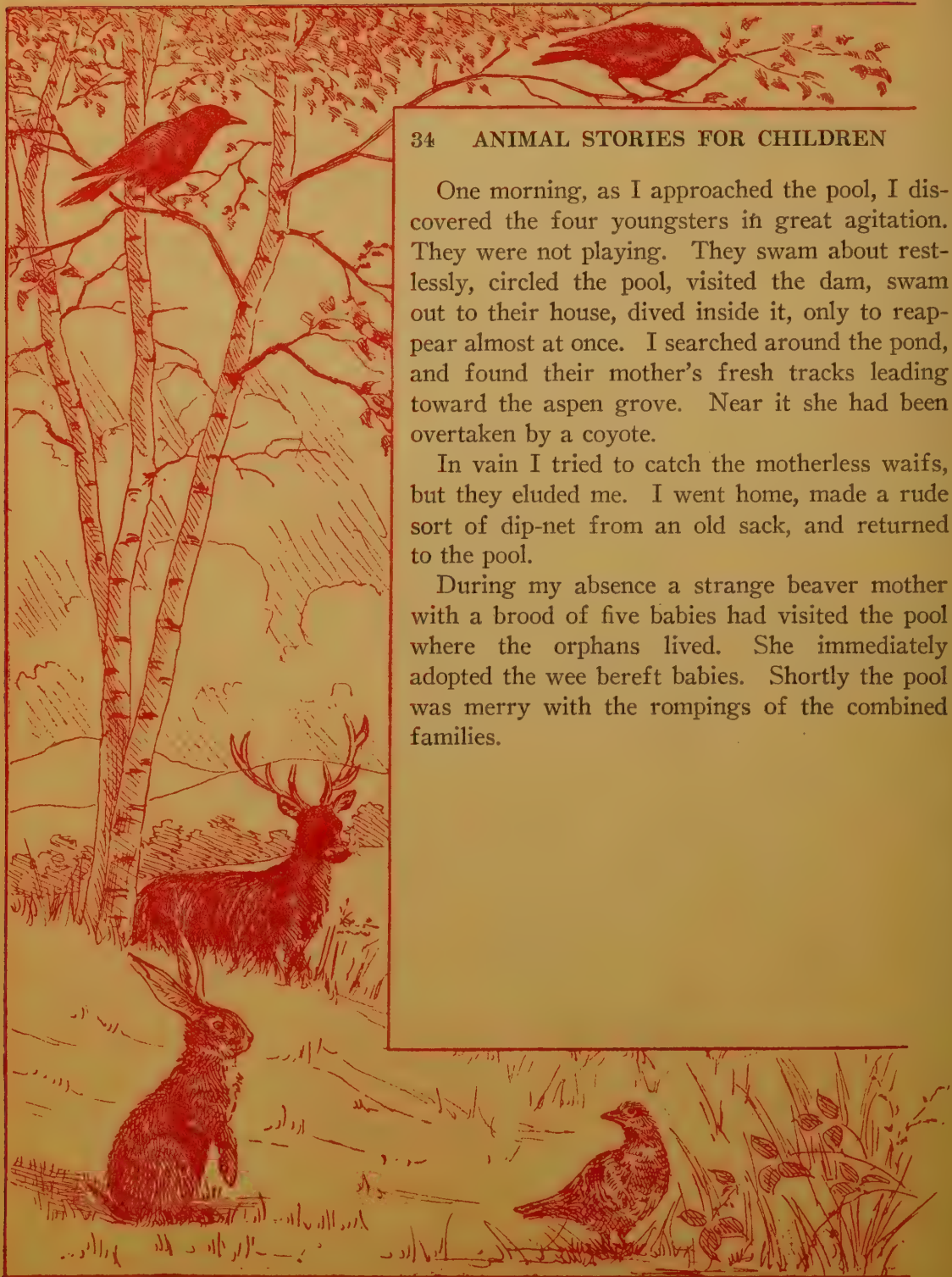
Sure enough, Mrs. Peg came forth with four midgets in fur; a happy, romping family that splashed about the pool for hours at a time. Like all their kin, they had been born with their eyes open and were much "perter" than other animal infants. They swam, and ate, and took the trail at once. If Mrs. Peg showed fear of anything, the youngsters took quick alarm, and forever afterward shunned the object. Of me, Mrs. Peg took little notice, merely giving me the right of way if I intruded on one of her trails, or stopping work to watch me curiously whenever I came near. The beaver babies accepted me as a friend, permitted me to sit or stand near them as they played.



One morning, as I approached the pool, I discovered the four youngsters in great agitation. They were not playing. They swam about restlessly, circled the pool, visited the dam, swam out to their house, dived inside it, only to reappear almost at once. I searched around the pond, and found their mother's fresh tracks leading toward the aspen grove. Near it she had been overtaken by a coyote.

In vain I tried to catch the motherless waifs, but they eluded me. I went home, made a rude sort of dip-net from an old sack, and returned to the pool.

During my absence a strange beaver mother with a brood of five babies had visited the pool where the orphans lived. She immediately adopted the wee bereft babies. Shortly the pool was merry with the rompings of the combined families.



THE LION WHO WAS AFRAID

How an Arab Chased a Lion Out of His Path

HIGH up on the side of a rugged mountain an Arab had pitched his tent, and here he dwelt in peace and safety with his wife and little ones. He was a herdsman, and had need to be very watchful as he tended his flocks, since many enemies prowled near; but, as he would have told you, "Allah befriended him," and all that he did prospered.

At last it happened that he had to go on a journey to a far country; and his wife and children were full of fear lest he might not return to them. But all went well with him on his travels, and he was nearly home again before he found himself in peril.

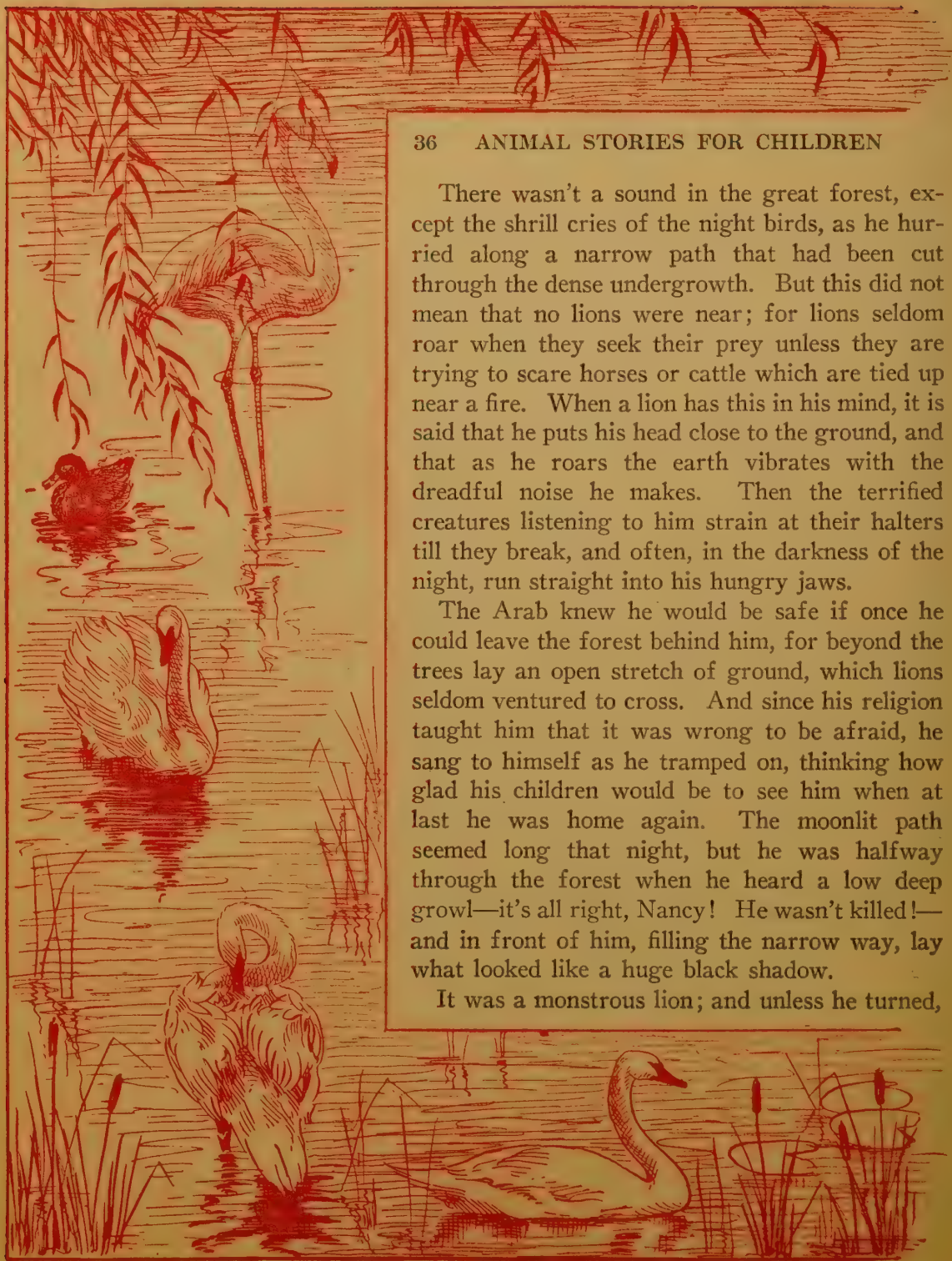
The last stage of his journey took longer than he thought, and dusk was falling as he reached the forest which lay between him and his home. It was the lurking place, he knew, of many lions, who, when twilight came, left their lairs to prowl through the shades in search of food.



There wasn't a sound in the great forest, except the shrill cries of the night birds, as he hurried along a narrow path that had been cut through the dense undergrowth. But this did not mean that no lions were near; for lions seldom roar when they seek their prey unless they are trying to scare horses or cattle which are tied up near a fire. When a lion has this in his mind, it is said that he puts his head close to the ground, and that as he roars the earth vibrates with the dreadful noise he makes. Then the terrified creatures listening to him strain at their halters till they break, and often, in the darkness of the night, run straight into his hungry jaws.

The Arab knew he would be safe if once he could leave the forest behind him, for beyond the trees lay an open stretch of ground, which lions seldom ventured to cross. And since his religion taught him that it was wrong to be afraid, he sang to himself as he tramped on, thinking how glad his children would be to see him when at last he was home again. The moonlit path seemed long that night, but he was halfway through the forest when he heard a low deep growl—it's all right, Nancy! He wasn't killed!—and in front of him, filling the narrow way, lay what looked like a huge black shadow.

It was a monstrous lion; and unless he turned,



when the creature would surely spring upon him at once, he must face him and drive him out of his way! There was only a second for him to decide what he would do, but he was a brave man.

"How now?" he cried in ringing tones, as he walked straight up to his enemy. "Get out of my way, you ungainly beast! How dare you lie in my path?"

The lion was so surprised at this that he backed a few paces, and then lay down again. The Arab grew bolder still.

"Be off!" he cried as he reached him once more, "or I shall smite you with my stick!"

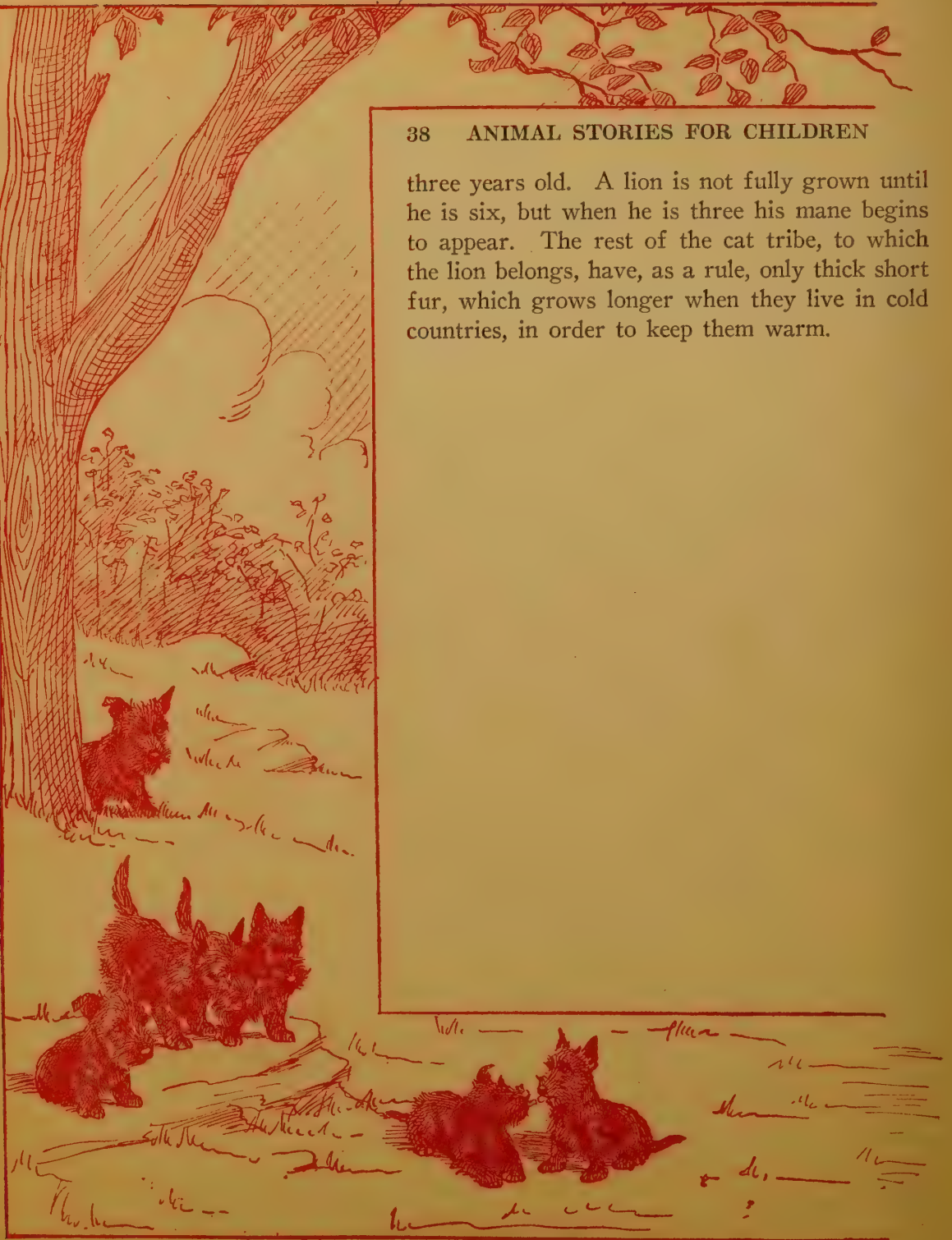
He brandished it as he spoke about the lion's nose, and the great animal, who could have slain him almost as readily as a cat does a mouse, slunk off abashed, mightily afraid of this puny creature who did not fear him.

He got home quite safe. And so, no doubt, did the lion. I expect his little ones were delighted to see him too, for lions are very good parents. Instead of going off by themselves when their cubs are born, as many wild fathers do, lions stay with their mates, and share with them the labor of bringing their little ones food. When these are big enough, they train them to hunt, and the cubs share their dens until they are



38 ANIMAL STORIES FOR CHILDREN

three years old. A lion is not fully grown until he is six, but when he is three his mane begins to appear. The rest of the cat tribe, to which the lion belongs, have, as a rule, only thick short fur, which grows longer when they live in cold countries, in order to keep them warm.



THE WHITE RABBIT

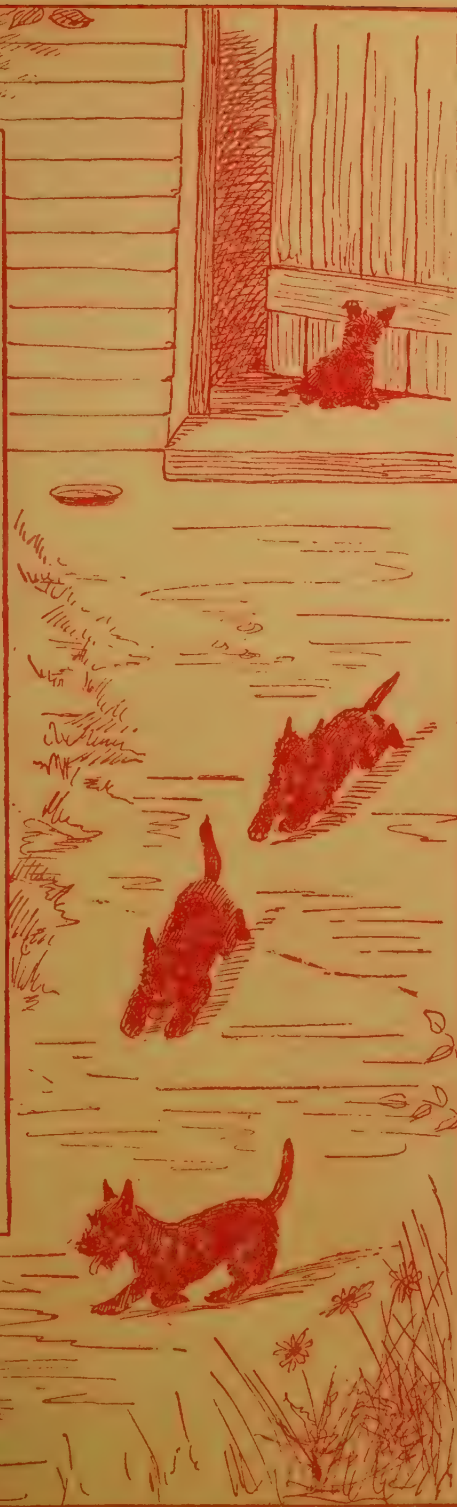
*This Story Will Tell You That Rabbits
Are Not Stupid*

AT last they had chosen the pet that they wanted. Uncle Harry's automobile drove up one day with a box with holes in it. As soon as Jimmy lifted the lid of the box he saw crouched in the corner a nice white rabbit.

"And now," Jimmy cried, "we will keep him in the box until we can make a hutch for him."

The hutch Jimmy built, with Harry Farr to help him, was quite a splendid affair; it had plenty of room for Peter and a companion, when the time came for him to have one. It was placed in the warmest corner of the yard, where it would be sheltered from the wind, and blocks of wood raised it well off the ground so that it might not be damp.

A bundle of fresh hay made Peter a cozy bed, and the floor was sprinkled thickly with sawdust. Fine ashes or sand would do as well, said Farr. The great thing was to keep the hutch clean and dry. It must be cleaned out every morning.



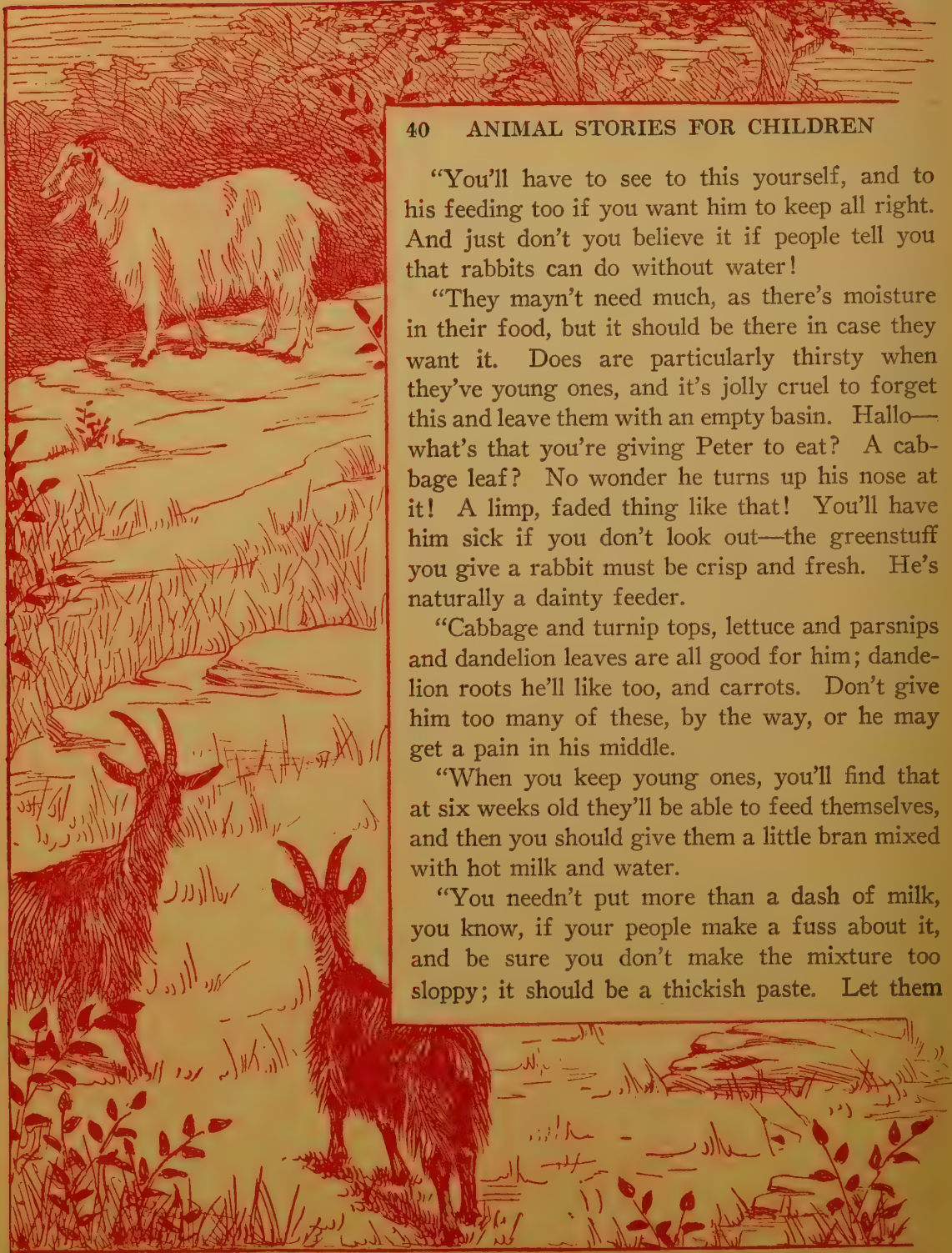
"You'll have to see to this yourself, and to his feeding too if you want him to keep all right. And just don't you believe it if people tell you that rabbits can do without water!

"They mayn't need much, as there's moisture in their food, but it should be there in case they want it. Does are particularly thirsty when they've young ones, and it's jolly cruel to forget this and leave them with an empty basin. Hallo—what's that you're giving Peter to eat? A cabbage leaf? No wonder he turns up his nose at it! A limp, faded thing like that! You'll have him sick if you don't look out—the greenstuff you give a rabbit must be crisp and fresh. He's naturally a dainty feeder.

"Cabbage and turnip tops, lettuce and parsnips and dandelion leaves are all good for him; dandelion roots he'll like too, and carrots. Don't give him too many of these, by the way, or he may get a pain in his middle.

"When you keep young ones, you'll find that at six weeks old they'll be able to feed themselves, and then you should give them a little bran mixed with hot milk and water.

"You needn't put more than a dash of milk, you know, if your people make a fuss about it, and be sure you don't make the mixture too sloppy; it should be a thickish paste. Let them



have this three times a day, and fresh vegetables now and then.

"At six months old—Peter's about that now—a rabbit's food should be more dry than moist, remember. A little oatmeal is good for him; Smith Major mixes this with tea-leaves, and says that his rabbits are very fond of it. When greenstuff is scarce give him steamed or baked potatoes, and cabbage-stumps, grass, and clover."

Jimmy listened politely. Most of this he'd heard already, but once you started Farr talking you had to let him go on. He had lots to say of the different kinds of rabbit from which Jimmy might choose when he added to his stock, though he quite agreed with Uncle Neil that Angoras were hard to beat.

There were Belgian hares, he said, which had nothing to do with hares, though they looked rather like them, and jolly little Dutch rabbits—black-and-white or blue-and-white—and Himalayans, also black-and-white, but quite differently marked from the Dutch ones. Himalayans, he added, had pink eyes and black ears, and black noses and feet and tails. Like the Dutch ones, they were "hardy little beggars," but had to be kept out of draughts.

"I keep Flemish Giants myself," he continued, sampling an apple he had shaken from a tree.



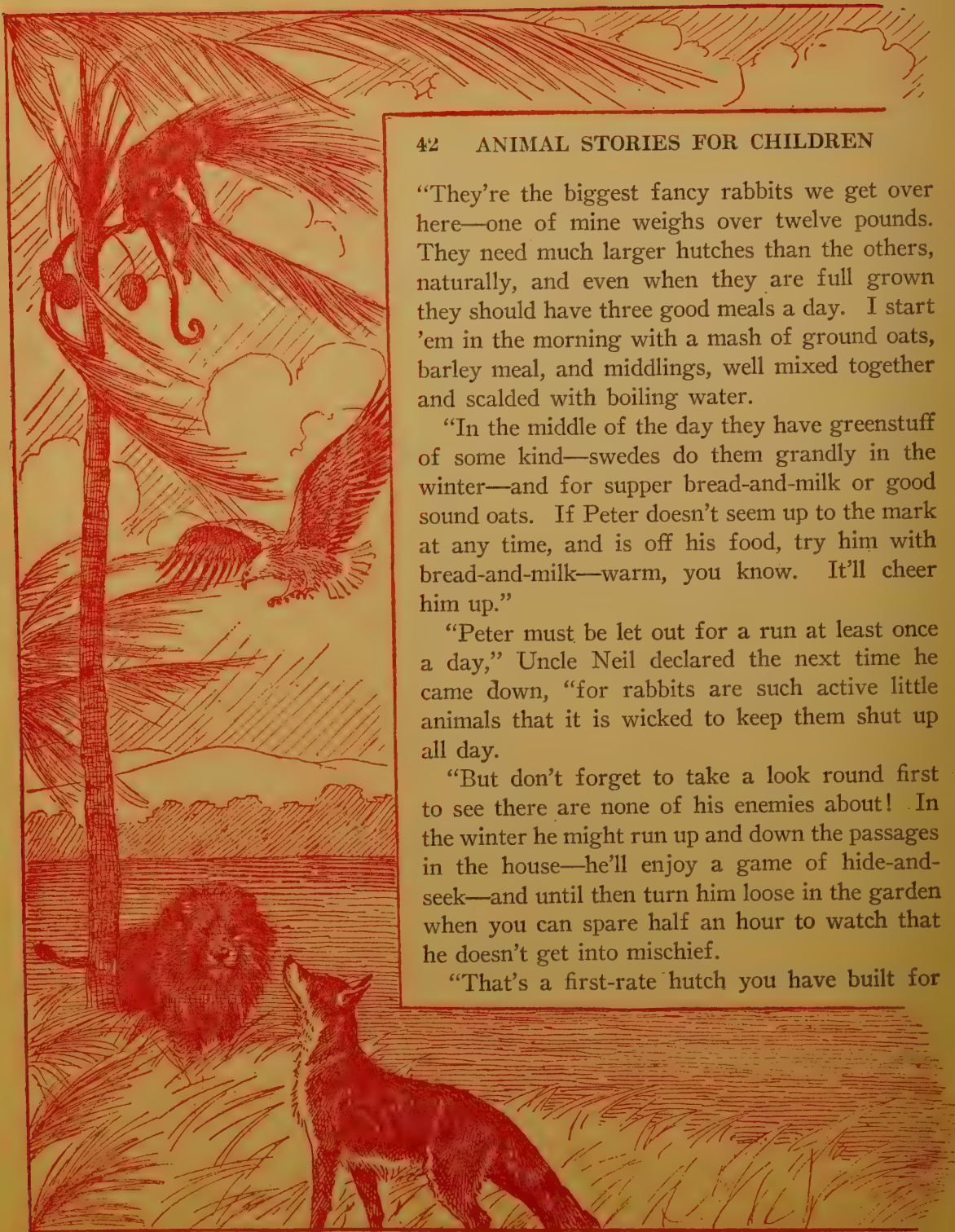
"They're the biggest fancy rabbits we get over here—one of mine weighs over twelve pounds. They need much larger hutches than the others, naturally, and even when they are full grown they should have three good meals a day. I start 'em in the morning with a mash of ground oats, barley meal, and middlings, well mixed together and scalded with boiling water.

"In the middle of the day they have greenstuff of some kind—swedes do them grandly in the winter—and for supper bread-and-milk or good sound oats. If Peter doesn't seem up to the mark at any time, and is off his food, try him with bread-and-milk—warm, you know. It'll cheer him up."

"Peter must be let out for a run at least once a day," Uncle Neil declared the next time he came down, "for rabbits are such active little animals that it is wicked to keep them shut up all day.

"But don't forget to take a look round first to see there are none of his enemies about! In the winter he might run up and down the passages in the house—he'll enjoy a game of hide-and-seek—and until then turn him loose in the garden when you can spare half an hour to watch that he doesn't get into mischief.

"That's a first-rate hutch you have built for



him, but the door doesn't seem as secure as it should be. You'd better take a look at it."

"I will," said Jimmy; but he never did. It went right out of his head.

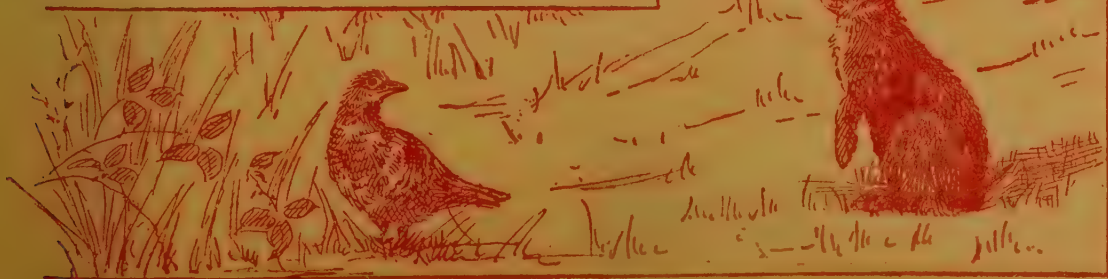
It seemed to him that every day Peter grew more interesting. He had such pretty little ways, and even Nancy allowed he was handsome as he sat in the sunshine nibbling a cabbage leaf a week or two after his arrival. The long hairs of his coat glistened like fine spun silk, and his eyes gleamed like lustrous gems when Jimmy offered him a carrot.

"But rabbits *are* stupid," she remarked, when not even by a lettuce from her very own garden would he be cajoled into standing on his hind legs.

"They're *not*," said Jimmy. "You're stupid yourself, or you wouldn't say such a thing."

"Am I, indeed?" cried the indignant Nancy. "You're the rudest—" But before she could say any more, their cousin Nona came; and somehow nobody liked to say cross things when she was there.

Peter left the remains of Nancy's lettuce to flop across the lawn and sniff at Nona's ankles, which was his way of welcoming her. She was carrying a basket filled with blackberries, and Jimmy's mouth watered at the sight.



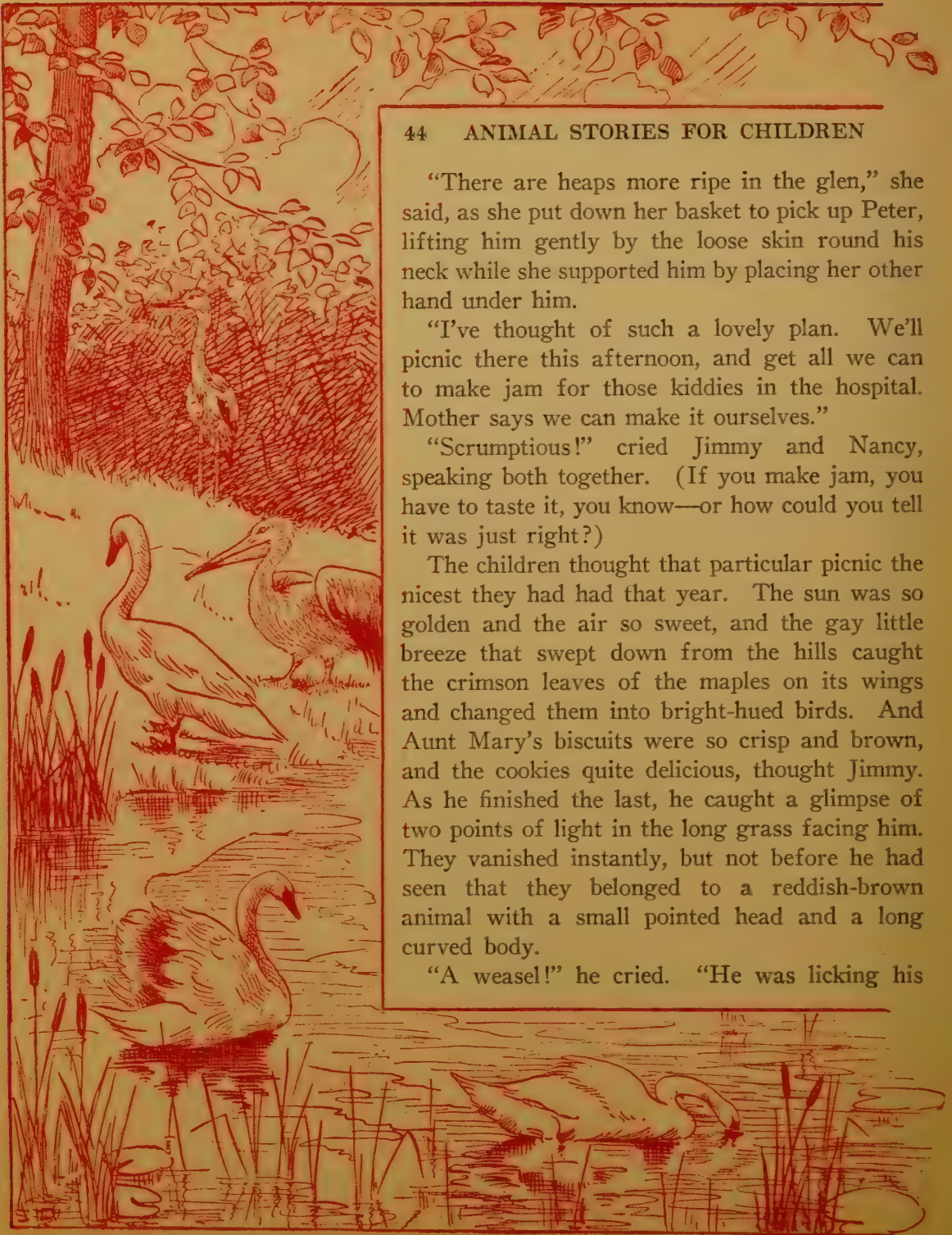
"There are heaps more ripe in the glen," she said, as she put down her basket to pick up Peter, lifting him gently by the loose skin round his neck while she supported him by placing her other hand under him.

"I've thought of such a lovely plan. We'll picnic there this afternoon, and get all we can to make jam for those kiddies in the hospital. Mother says we can make it ourselves."

"Scrumptious!" cried Jimmy and Nancy, speaking both together. (If you make jam, you have to taste it, you know—or how could you tell it was just right?)

The children thought that particular picnic the nicest they had had that year. The sun was so golden and the air so sweet, and the gay little breeze that swept down from the hills caught the crimson leaves of the maples on its wings and changed them into bright-hued birds. And Aunt Mary's biscuits were so crisp and brown, and the cookies quite delicious, thought Jimmy. As he finished the last, he caught a glimpse of two points of light in the long grass facing him. They vanished instantly, but not before he had seen that they belonged to a reddish-brown animal with a small pointed head and a long curved body.

"A weasel!" he cried. "He was licking his



lips. I believe he's been down a rabbit hole!"

"Oh, I hope not!" sighed Nona. "I do wish the wood-folk would not kill each other! Rabbits don't, of course, nor do the gentle hares, but stoats and weasels are just dreadful."

"I'm glad Peter has such a safe hutch to sleep in," said Jimmy.

It was very warm still in the golden sunshine, though the mornings and evenings were cold. Jimmy had finished the cakes now, and it didn't seem nearly so hard as usual to stay still. Indeed, his eyes were almost closed when Nona whispered: "There they are! *Hssh-sssh!* Aren't they *darlings!*"

Three little furry things had popped out their heads to see if the trespassers in their glen had disappeared. Nona and Jimmy did not move, and Nancy was by this time fast asleep, her head pillowed on Nona's lap.

"All safe!" the wee bunnies signaled mysteriously, and out came several more. After a minute or two they began to play, jumping over each other among the clumps of bracken and racing from tree to tree.

When the littlest one tumbled head over heels, Jimmy couldn't resist a small chuckle. At the sound of this the baby rabbits vanished as quickly



46. ANIMAL STORIES FOR CHILDREN

as the weasel had done. They felt safe in the fastness of their burrow.

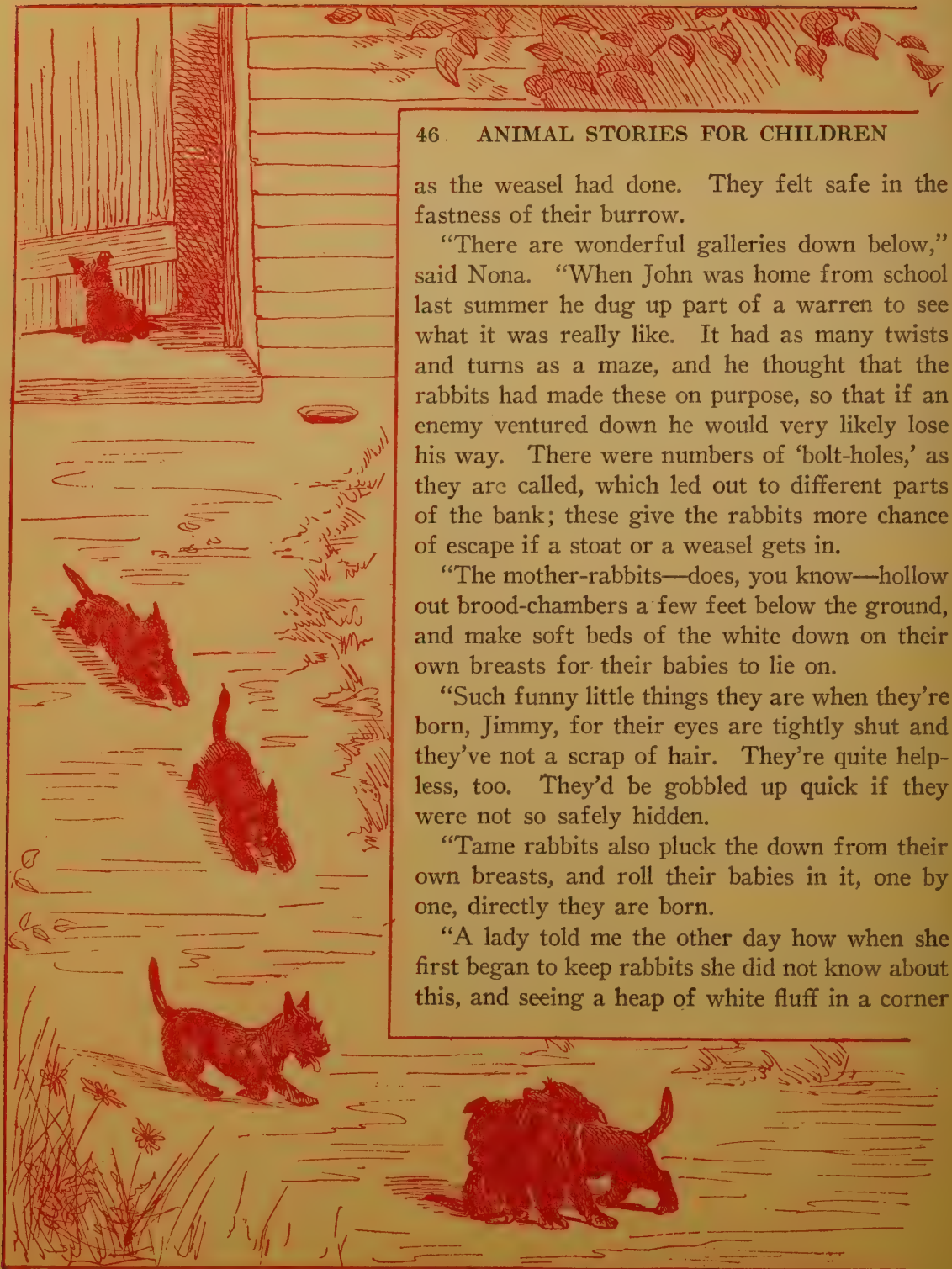
"There are wonderful galleries down below," said Nona. "When John was home from school last summer he dug up part of a warren to see what it was really like. It had as many twists and turns as a maze, and he thought that the rabbits had made these on purpose, so that if an enemy ventured down he would very likely lose his way. There were numbers of 'bolt-holes,' as they are called, which led out to different parts of the bank; these give the rabbits more chance of escape if a stoat or a weasel gets in.

"The mother-rabbits—does, you know—hollow out brood-chambers a few feet below the ground, and make soft beds of the white down on their own breasts for their babies to lie on.

"Such funny little things they are when they're born, Jimmy, for their eyes are tightly shut and they've not a scrap of hair. They're quite helpless, too. They'd be gobbled up quick if they were not so safely hidden.

"Tame rabbits also pluck the down from their own breasts, and roll their babies in it, one by one, directly they are born.

"A lady told me the other day how when she first began to keep rabbits she did not know about this, and seeing a heap of white fluff in a corner



of the hutch, thought the doe's babies had come in the night, and that she had eaten them! So she cleared away the 'fluff'; and the poor little mother-rabbit had to strip her breast quite bare to get more down—for, whatever happened, those young ones of hers were not going to be bare and cold!

"Baby rabbits must be left entirely to their mother for the first few weeks. Their father should be kept in a separate hutch, for he might interfere with them; and one should not go near too often while they are very young lest their mother should kill them. She is very jealous and does not like them to be handled."

"Nona," Nancy said, "don't *you* think rabbits stupid? I wanted Jimmy to have a dog, but he wouldn't because of Peter."

Jimmy flushed. Even yet a lump came in his throat when he thought of the dear old shaggy head that had so often rested on his knee. Nona patted his shoulder.

"I should feel just the same," she said to Nancy. "And rabbits are *not* stupid—no animals are, and there's just as much difference between those of the same kind as there is between children. Some are always brighter than others."

"Of course," she went on as they strolled down the glen, "you mustn't expect tame rabbits



like Peter, who never have to think where to hunt for food, or how to hide from hawks and stoats and weasels, to be as bright as those wild ones we've been watching, who are always on the lookout.

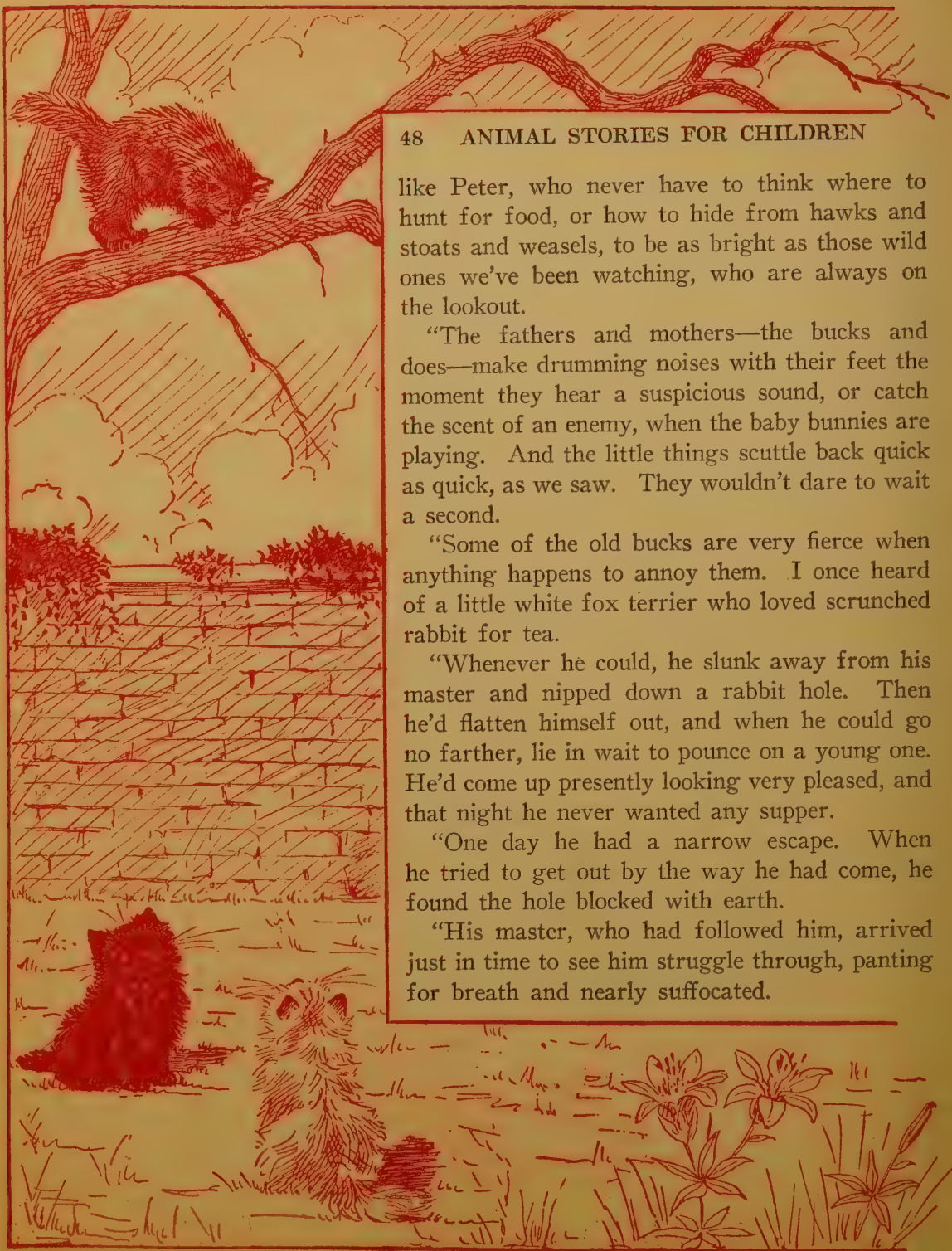
"The fathers and mothers—the bucks and does—make drumming noises with their feet the moment they hear a suspicious sound, or catch the scent of an enemy, when the baby bunnies are playing. And the little things scuttle back quick as quick, as we saw. They wouldn't dare to wait a second.

"Some of the old bucks are very fierce when anything happens to annoy them. I once heard of a little white fox terrier who loved scrunched rabbit for tea.

"Whenever he could, he slunk away from his master and nipped down a rabbit hole. Then he'd flatten himself out, and when he could go no farther, lie in wait to pounce on a young one. He'd come up presently looking very pleased, and that night he never wanted any supper.

"One day he had a narrow escape. When he tried to get out by the way he had come, he found the hole blocked with earth.

"His master, who had followed him, arrived just in time to see him struggle through, panting for breath and nearly suffocated.



"The old bucks, he thought, must have dug him in, since the tunnels in that warren had very firm walls, which were not likely to have fallen. The bucks could easily have done this by leaving the warren through one of their bolt-holes, and then working at the hole from the outside. Of course, this is only guesswork, but I shouldn't be a bit surprised if it were true."

Jimmy hurried to the garden when they got back to take Peter a tuft of meadow-grass, which Nona said he would be sure to like. The hutch was empty. The unfastened door showed how Peter had made his escape.

"He's sure to be somewhere in the garden," Nona comforted. "He's too fond of you to run away." But she was obliged to go home before they'd found him, and Jimmy was in despair.

Nancy helped him to hunt every inch of the ground, calling "Peter! Peter! Peter!" as eagerly as he as they peeped under every bush. It began to grow dark. Jimmy thought of the fox whose trail the hounds had lost last week, and his voice was quite husky as he said: "Nancy, could he have gone into the wood?"

"I shouldn't wonder," Nancy began, when something pushed open the door of the toolshed. It was Peter, who had spent a happy afternoon. He had eaten the heart of a fine cabbage the



50 ANIMAL STORIES FOR CHILDREN

gardener had cut for his own Sunday dinner and left on the top of his coat.

That night Peter's hutch was fastened up with a very strong piece of string, and Jimmy was down early next morning to mend the latch before he went to school.

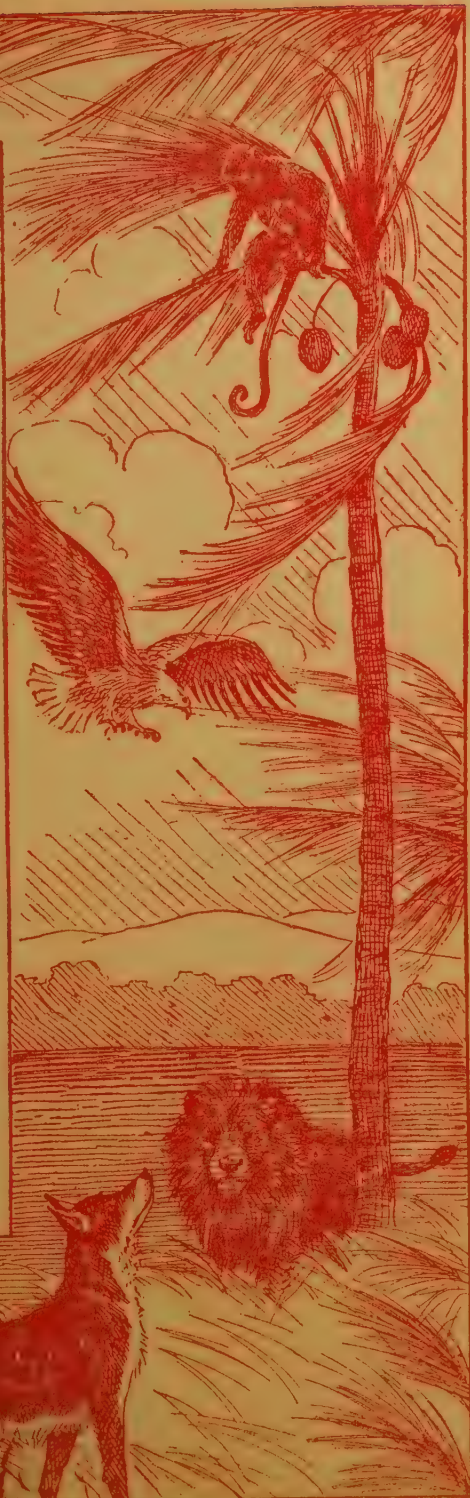
HIGH UP IN THE ROCKIES *

The Story of the Wise Little Conies and the Wiser Big Bear

UPON my first climb to the top of Long's Peak in the Rockies alone, I halted above timberline and stared about in amazement at the wide stretches of rock-strewn slopes. From a distance these had appeared no larger than a back yard, but a close-up revealed they were miles across; and instead of being barren, were a series of hanging gardens, one above another, each of different shape and size, and all green with grass and with a hundred different kinds of wild flowers waving in the sunshine. I counted more than fifty varieties, none of which I knew, and still they seemed endless.

Usually I wandered off the trail to follow birds or animals. In the arctic-like zone above were birds entirely strange to me, and animals that never came down to the valley of the ranch. It was not long before I discovered that nearly all

*From "A Mountain Boyhood," by Joe Mills.



birds and animals live at a certain zone of altitude, rarely straying above or below it.

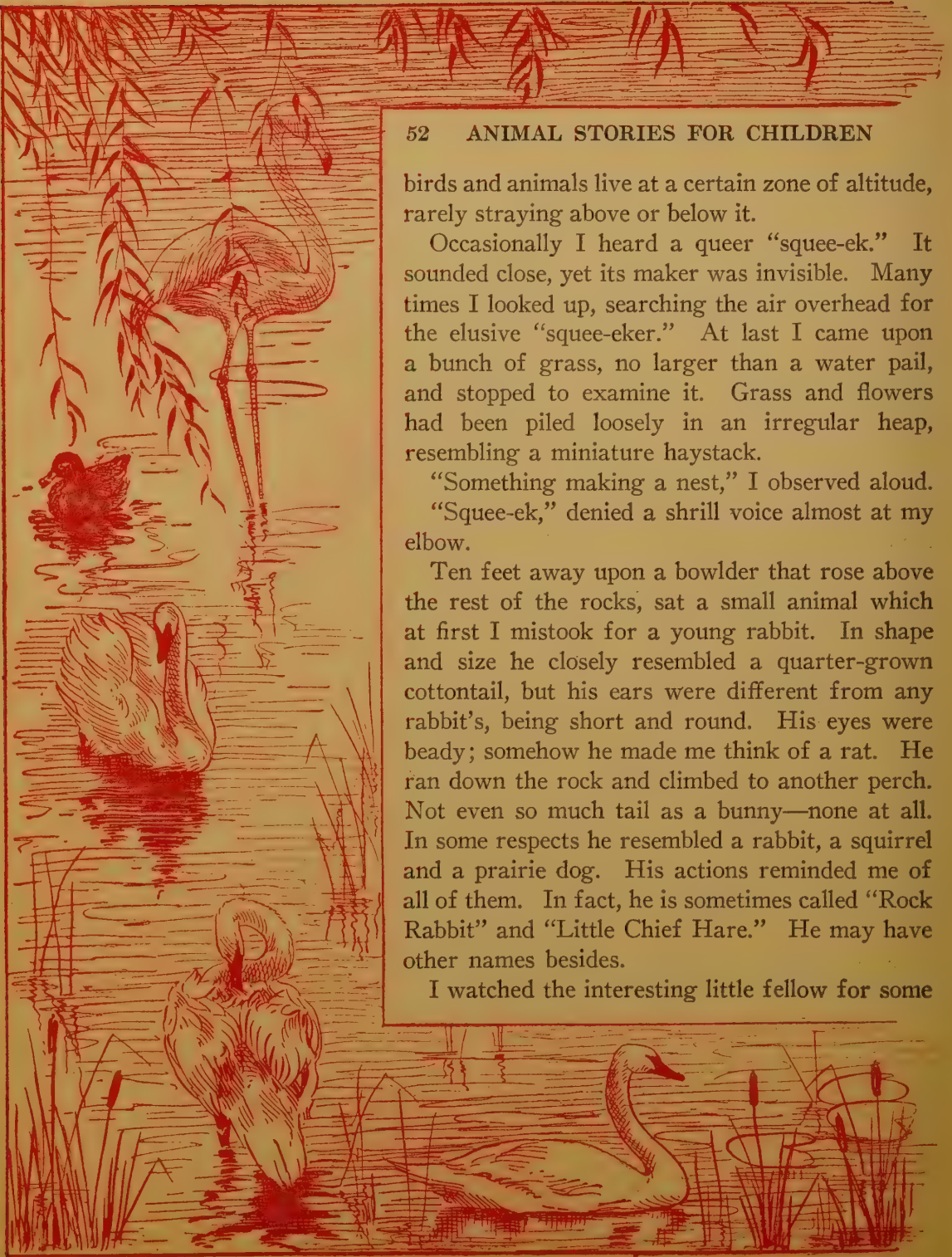
Occasionally I heard a queer "squee-ek." It sounded close, yet its maker was invisible. Many times I looked up, searching the air overhead for the elusive "squee-eker." At last I came upon a bunch of grass, no larger than a water pail, and stopped to examine it. Grass and flowers had been piled loosely in an irregular heap, resembling a miniature haystack.

"Something making a nest," I observed aloud.

"Squee-ek," denied a shrill voice almost at my elbow.

Ten feet away upon a boulder that rose above the rest of the rocks, sat a small animal which at first I mistook for a young rabbit. In shape and size he closely resembled a quarter-grown cottontail, but his ears were different from any rabbit's, being short and round. His eyes were beady; somehow he made me think of a rat. He ran down the rock and climbed to another perch. Not even so much tail as a bunny—none at all. In some respects he resembled a rabbit, a squirrel and a prairie dog. His actions reminded me of all of them. In fact, he is sometimes called "Rock Rabbit" and "Little Chief Hare." He may have other names besides.

I watched the interesting little fellow for some



time and later found his actions characteristic of his tribe. He literally makes hay while the summer shines. He is the only harvester I ever saw who works on the run. He dashed at top speed, without stopping for breath, bit off a mouthful of grass and again ran pell-mell for his growing stack. He scampered down its side, then leaped from an adjacent rock to its top, laden with his bundle of hay. Evidently he found the Alpine summer short and felt it necessary to step lively. Altitude, that convenient scapegoat of tenderfeet, did not seem to affect his wind or his endurance. He stacked his harvest in one corner of the field from which he cut it. He cut flowers along with the grass. Perhaps he used them for flavor as grandmother put rose-geranium leaves in her crab-apple jelly. The haycock he built was about the size of a bucket—I have since seen them as large as bushel baskets. His tiny fields lay between boulders; some of them were but a few inches square, others a foot, several a yard, perhaps.

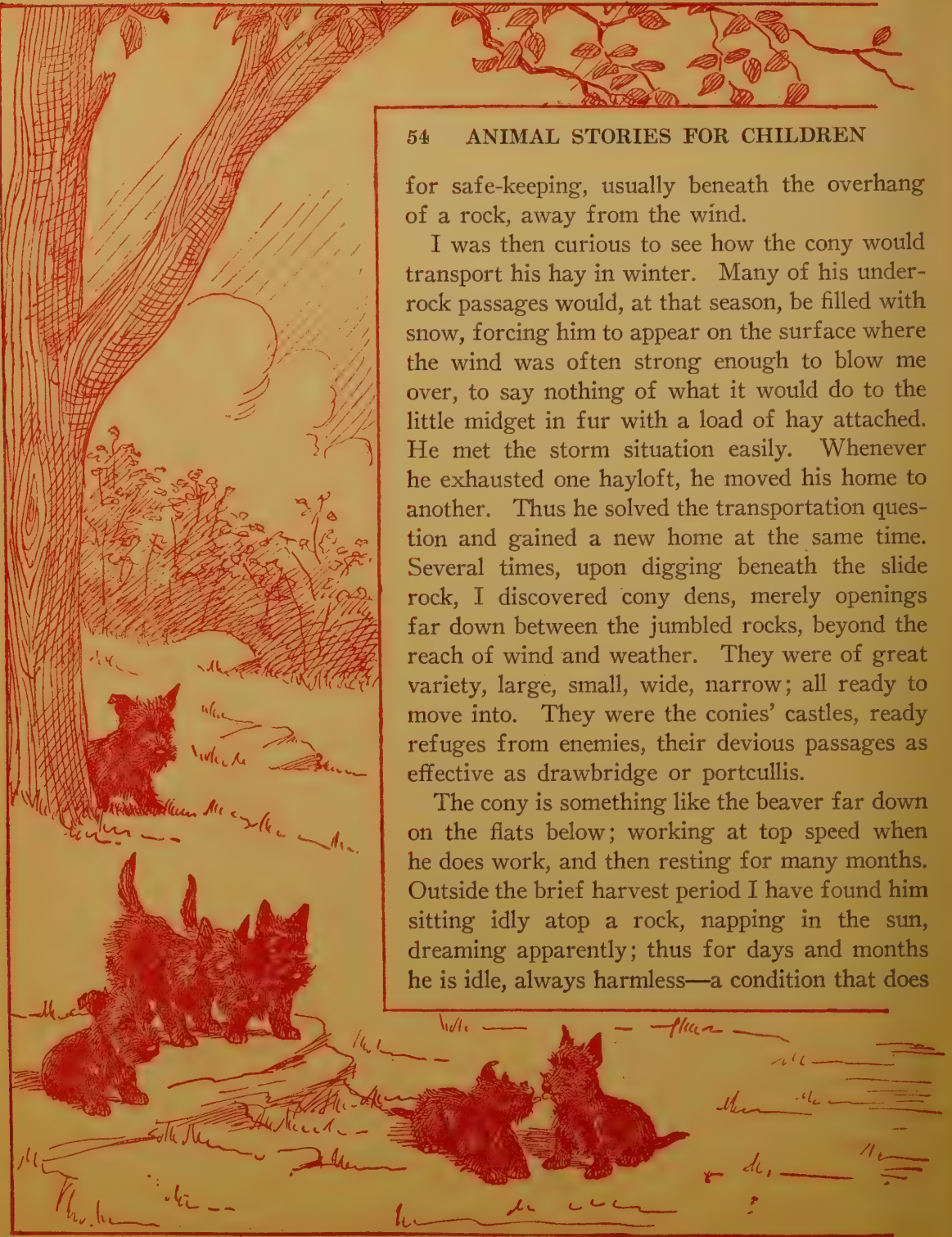
I was interested to learn if the little haycocks were blown away by the timberline gales, so returned later, not really expecting to find them. Nor were they in the same location, but their owners, not the wind, had moved them. Evidently, as soon as the hay was cured, it was stored



for safe-keeping, usually beneath the overhang of a rock, away from the wind.

I was then curious to see how the cony would transport his hay in winter. Many of his under-rock passages would, at that season, be filled with snow, forcing him to appear on the surface where the wind was often strong enough to blow me over, to say nothing of what it would do to the little midget in fur with a load of hay attached. He met the storm situation easily. Whenever he exhausted one hayloft, he moved his home to another. Thus he solved the transportation question and gained a new home at the same time. Several times, upon digging beneath the slide rock, I discovered cony dens, merely openings far down between the jumbled rocks, beyond the reach of wind and weather. They were of great variety, large, small, wide, narrow; all ready to move into. They were the conies' castles, ready refuges from enemies, their devious passages as effective as drawbridge or portcullis.

The cony is something like the beaver far down on the flats below; working at top speed when he does work, and then resting for many months. Outside the brief harvest period I have found him sitting idly atop a rock, napping in the sun, dreaming apparently; thus for days and months he is idle, always harmless—a condition that does



not apply to human beings under similar circumstances. He is energetic, ambitious, courageous, and acrobatic. He is the scout of the mountain top, always alert and friendly.

The altitude zone of the cony I found to be between eleven and thirteen thousand feet. He and the bighorn, ptarmigan, weasels and foxes are mountain-top dwellers throughout the year. Marmots hibernate during the long Alpine winters. But the cony I have seen on sunny days in January; his welcome "squee-ek," piercing the roar of the wind, has greeted me on the lonely storm-swept heights when not another living thing was in sight.

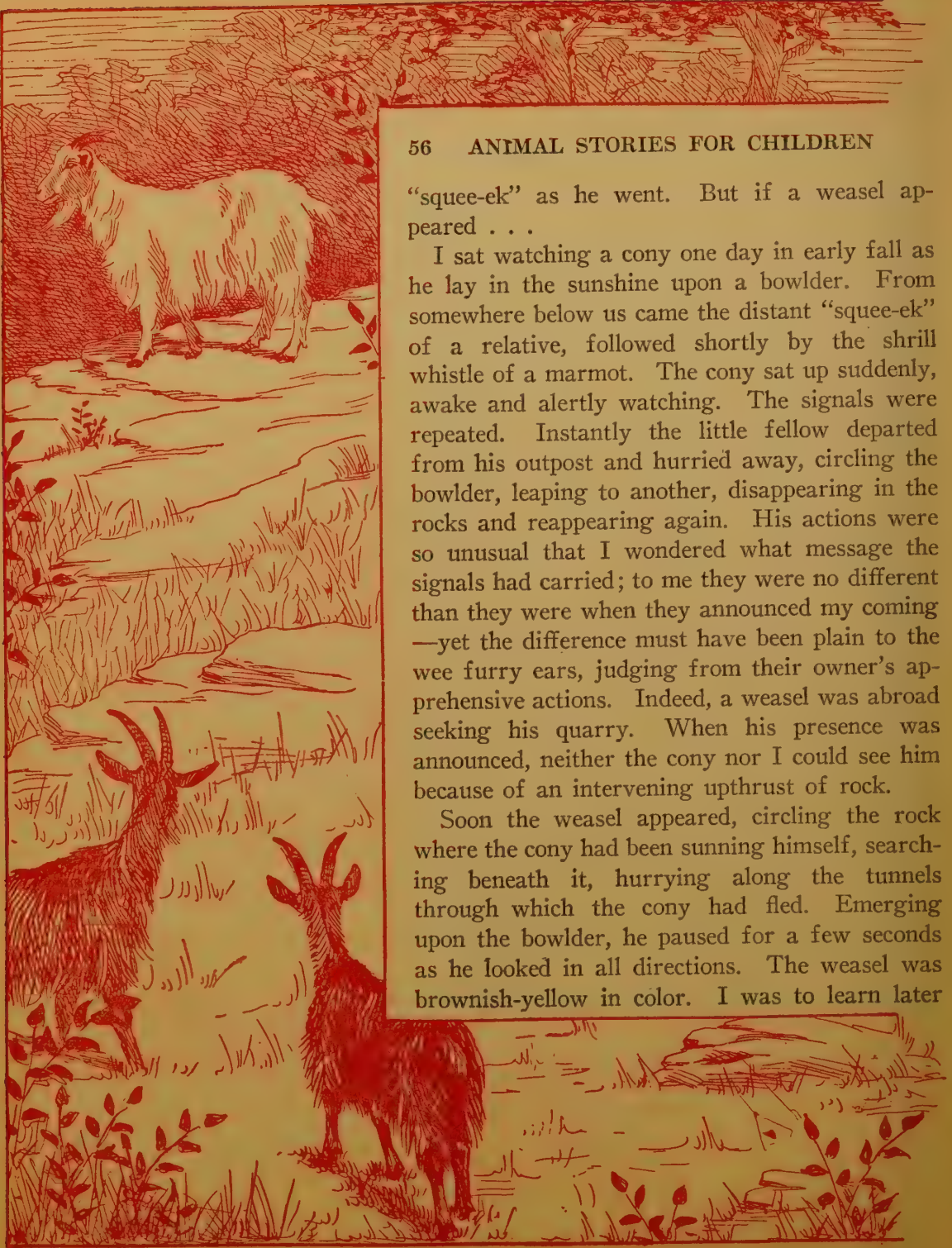
But in spite of his living in the out-of-the-way world the cony has enemies for whom he is always watching. In summer there are hawks and eagles, foxes and coyotes. In winter his feathered foes depart, but the foxes remain, as do the weasels. Sitting motionless in the midst of jumbled rocks I have faded into the boulder fields, and thus have been able to watch the cony and his enemies. Usually his "squee-ek" announced the appearance of a foe before I discovered it. Then, if the enemy was a bird or a beast, he merely hugged the rock, watching alertly until he was discovered, then flipped out of sight to the safety of rocky retreat, giving a defiant



"squee-ek" as he went. But if a weasel appeared . . .

I sat watching a cony one day in early fall as he lay in the sunshine upon a boulder. From somewhere below us came the distant "squee-ek" of a relative, followed shortly by the shrill whistle of a marmot. The cony sat up suddenly, awake and alertly watching. The signals were repeated. Instantly the little fellow departed from his outpost and hurried away, circling the boulder, leaping to another, disappearing in the rocks and reappearing again. His actions were so unusual that I wondered what message the signals had carried; to me they were no different than they were when they announced my coming—yet the difference must have been plain to the wee furry ears, judging from their owner's apprehensive actions. Indeed, a weasel was abroad seeking his quarry. When his presence was announced, neither the cony nor I could see him because of an intervening upthrust of rock.

Soon the weasel appeared, circling the rock where the cony had been sunning himself, searching beneath it, hurrying along the tunnels through which the cony had fled. Emerging upon the boulder, he paused for a few seconds as he looked in all directions. The weasel was brownish-yellow in color. I was to learn later



that he changed to pure white in winter.

I sprang to my feet and pursued him, shouting as I ran, throwing rocks and attempting to scare him off. Losing track of both pursuer and pursued, I stopped for breath. Suddenly, from almost beneath my feet, the agile villain reappeared, staring at me with bright, bold eyes, advancing toward me as though to attack. He was no coward; with amazing agility he dodged a rock I threw at him, turning a back spring and landing at my feet. For a moment we glared at each other, then he made off as though utterly unconscious of my presence.

I watched the long slender body disappear among the rocks in the opposite direction to that taken by the cony, standing for a moment to regain my breath and recover from my surprise.

Suddenly there was a shrill whistle behind me. I jumped and whirled about. Twenty feet away a marmot stood erect atop a rock, eying me inquiringly, watching every movement. He had whistled his signal about me, whether good or bad news I could not detect, but from the distance came other whistles in reply. He was the cony's ally, broadcasting information about the skirmish taking place before his eyes; but whether he was attempting to interfere and divert my attention, I could not make out. Certainly,

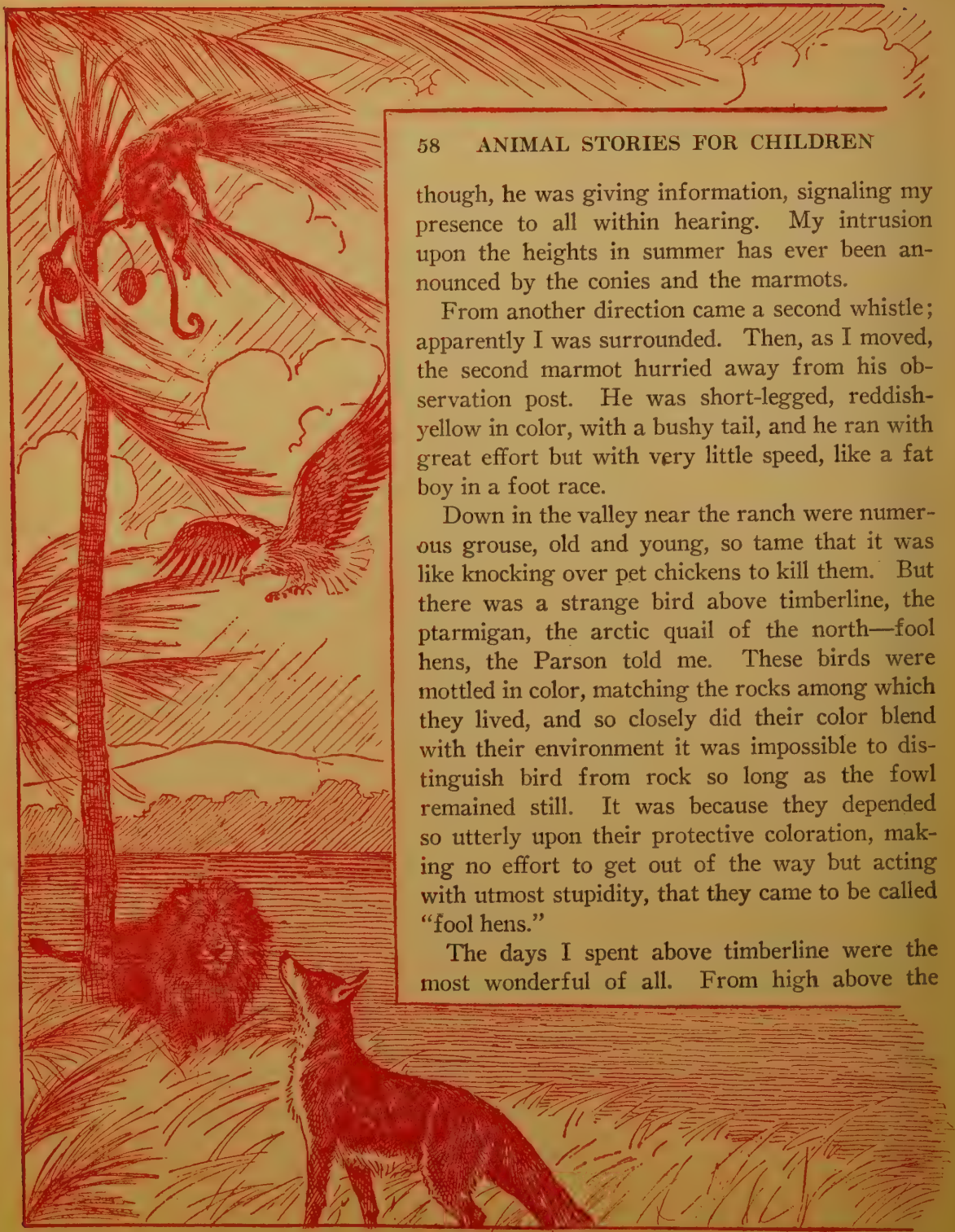


though, he was giving information, signaling my presence to all within hearing. My intrusion upon the heights in summer has ever been announced by the conies and the marmots.

From another direction came a second whistle; apparently I was surrounded. Then, as I moved, the second marmot hurried away from his observation post. He was short-legged, reddish-yellow in color, with a bushy tail, and he ran with great effort but with very little speed, like a fat boy in a foot race.

Down in the valley near the ranch were numerous grouse, old and young, so tame that it was like knocking over pet chickens to kill them. But there was a strange bird above timberline, the ptarmigan, the arctic quail of the north—fool hens, the Parson told me. These birds were mottled in color, matching the rocks among which they lived, and so closely did their color blend with their environment it was impossible to distinguish bird from rock so long as the fowl remained still. It was because they depended so utterly upon their protective coloration, making no effort to get out of the way but acting with utmost stupidity, that they came to be called "fool hens."

The days I spent above timberline were the most wonderful of all. From high above the



world I could see tier upon tier of distant, snow-capped mountains—ghost ranges—and southward, at the horizon, loomed Pike's Peak a hundred airline miles away, a giant pyramid above the foothills, standing sentinel over the vast, flat plains that reached to its foot.

As weeks passed and my interest in the wild things increased, I began to wish for a cabin of my own, a home or a den to which I could retreat and spend the time as I desired. Wherever I rambled I was alert for a location for my little house. I was not yet old enough to take up a homestead and claim land for myself.

Climbing to the summits of various promontories I planned the sort of cabin I would like to build there; I'd have a dog, and a horse too, and a camera—I began to doubt whether I'd want my rifle, for as I developed my acquaintance with the animals I found myself less eager to shoot them.

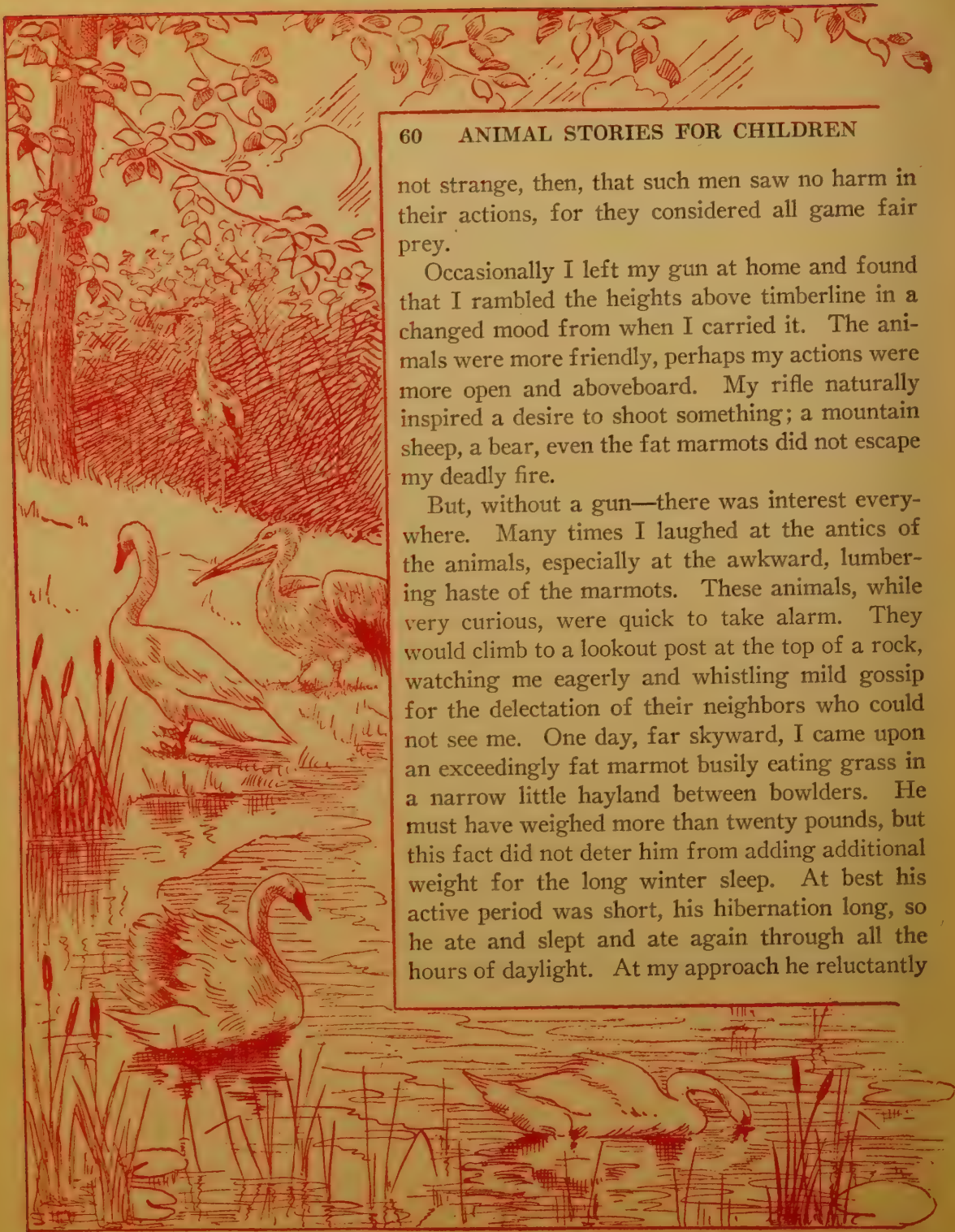
Hunting and trapping was the habit of everyone I knew; even back in Kansas the boys and men had gone shooting at every opportunity; and the few men I encountered upon the trails in the Rockies were for the most part real trappers and hunters, following the trade for a living. They gave no thought to the cruelty of their traps or the suffering their operations occasioned. It is



not strange, then, that such men saw no harm in their actions, for they considered all game fair prey.

Occasionally I left my gun at home and found that I rambled the heights above timberline in a changed mood from when I carried it. The animals were more friendly, perhaps my actions were more open and aboveboard. My rifle naturally inspired a desire to shoot something; a mountain sheep, a bear, even the fat marmots did not escape my deadly fire.

But, without a gun—there was interest everywhere. Many times I laughed at the antics of the animals, especially at the awkward, lumbering haste of the marmots. These animals, while very curious, were quick to take alarm. They would climb to a lookout post at the top of a rock, watching me eagerly and whistling mild gossip for the delectation of their neighbors who could not see me. One day, far skyward, I came upon an exceedingly fat marmot busily eating grass in a narrow little hayland between boulders. He must have weighed more than twenty pounds, but this fact did not deter him from adding additional weight for the long winter sleep. At best his active period was short, his hibernation long, so he ate and slept and ate again through all the hours of daylight. At my approach he reluctantly



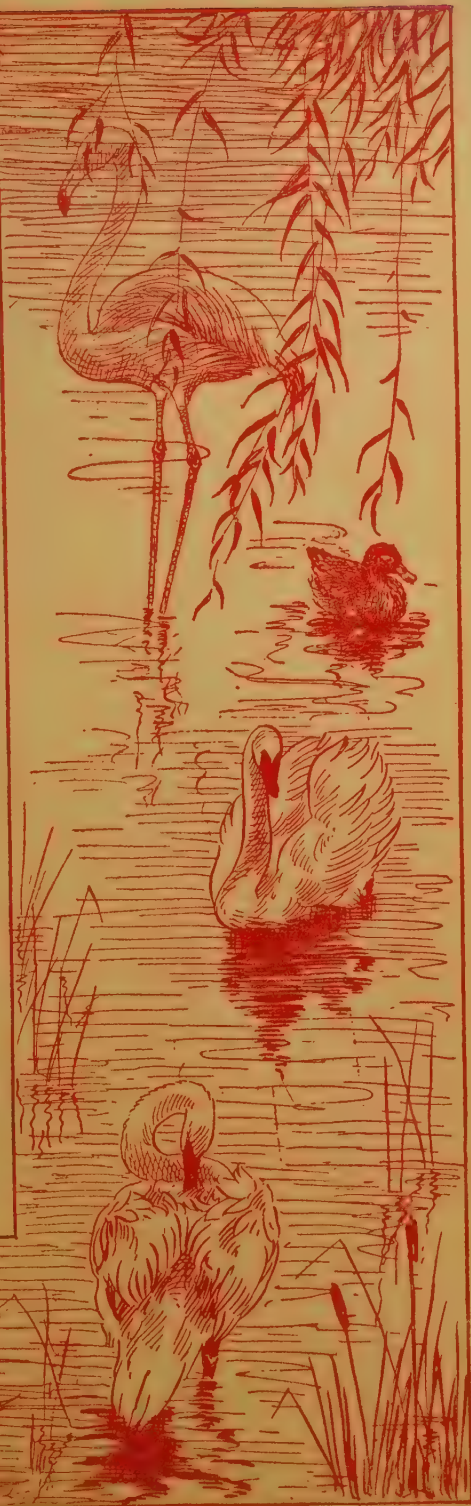
left off eating, crept up a rock and whistled mildly as though merely curious. For a time I amused him by advancing, retreating, and circling his rock.

Suddenly I dropped out of sight behind a boulder. Instantly his whistle carried a note of warning. So long as I remained in sight I was merely a curiosity, but the instant I dropped from sight, I became a suspicious character. Again he broadcasted sharp warning to all within hearing. From near and far came answering marmot shrillings, and from near by a cony "squeeked" his quick alarm.

My reappearance reassured the marmot. He whistled again, and I thought I distinguished a note of disgust or of disappointment.

This marmot lived on the south slope of the big moraine that shoulders against Lady Washington, neighboring peak to the giant mountain, Long's Peak. Sometimes I found the roly-poly fellow saving hay by eating it, or asleep in the sun on an exposed rock. Often he ventured down into the cañon at the foot of the moraine to investigate the grass that grew down there.

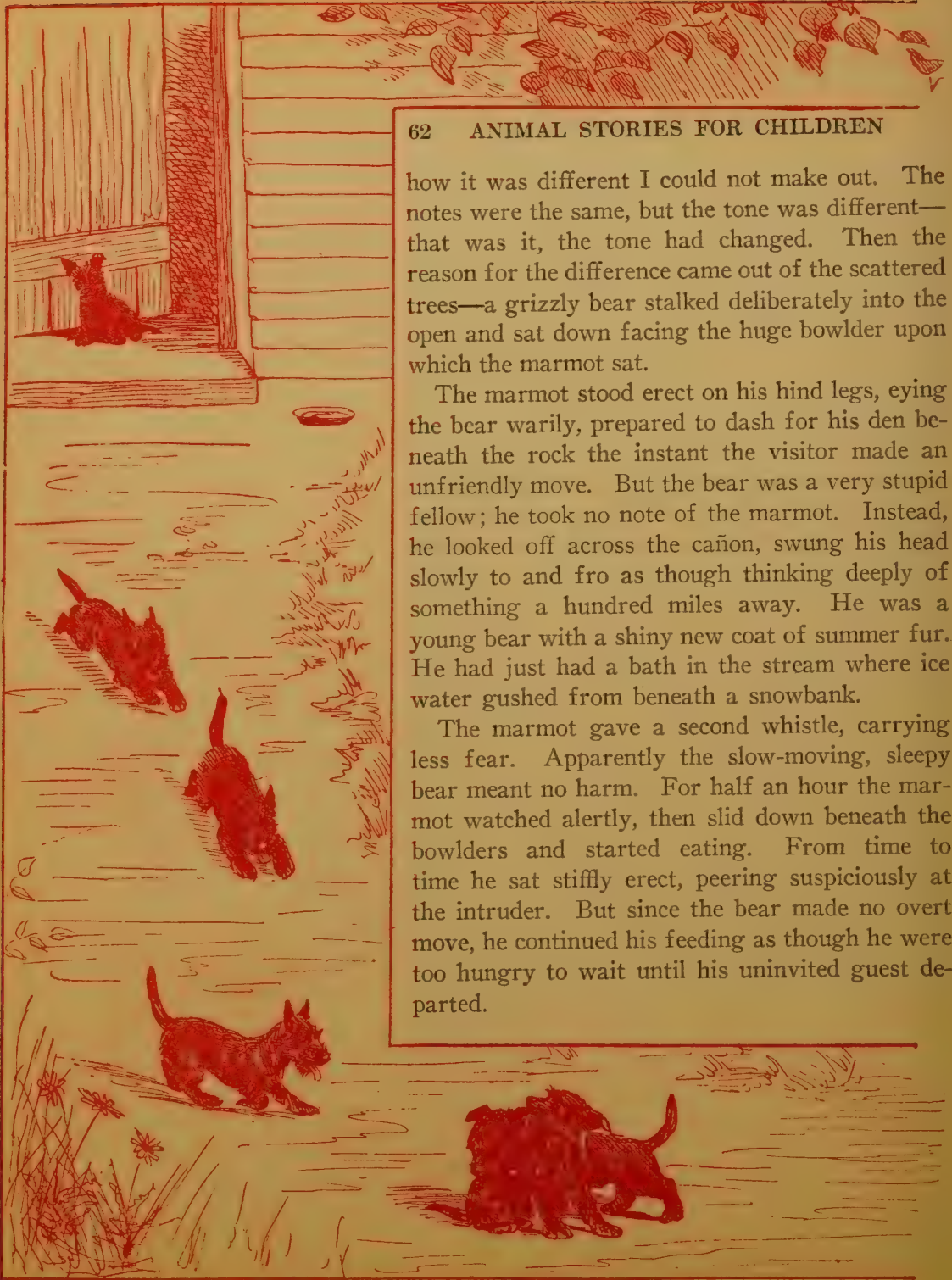
One day as I sat atop the big moraine, I heard his shrill whistle from the edge of the trees in the cañon below. It was somehow different from any signal I had heard him give before, but just



how it was different I could not make out. The notes were the same, but the tone was different—that was it, the tone had changed. Then the reason for the difference came out of the scattered trees—a grizzly bear stalked deliberately into the open and sat down facing the huge boulder upon which the marmot sat.

The marmot stood erect on his hind legs, eying the bear warily, prepared to dash for his den beneath the rock the instant the visitor made an unfriendly move. But the bear was a very stupid fellow; he took no note of the marmot. Instead, he looked off across the cañon, swung his head slowly to and fro as though thinking deeply of something a hundred miles away. He was a young bear with a shiny new coat of summer fur. He had just had a bath in the stream where ice water gushed from beneath a snowbank.

The marmot gave a second whistle, carrying less fear. Apparently the slow-moving, sleepy bear meant no harm. For half an hour the marmot watched alertly, then slid down beneath the boulders and started eating. From time to time he sat stiffly erect, peering suspiciously at the intruder. But since the bear made no overt move, he continued his feeding as though he were too hungry to wait until his uninvited guest departed.



At length the bear rolled over on his back with all four feet in the air. The marmot surveyed the performance for a few seconds, then went on feeding, gradually grazing out beyond the shelter of the rock beneath which he had his den. The bear "paid him no mind," apparently asleep in the sunshine. Slowly the marmot fed away from the rock, the farther he ventured the more luxuriant his feast, for the grass was eaten off short around his dooryard. For an hour I watched every move of that silent drama, trying to guess the outcome, wondering if the bear were really asleep. All at once the little gourmand whistled reassuringly: "All right, it's a friend."

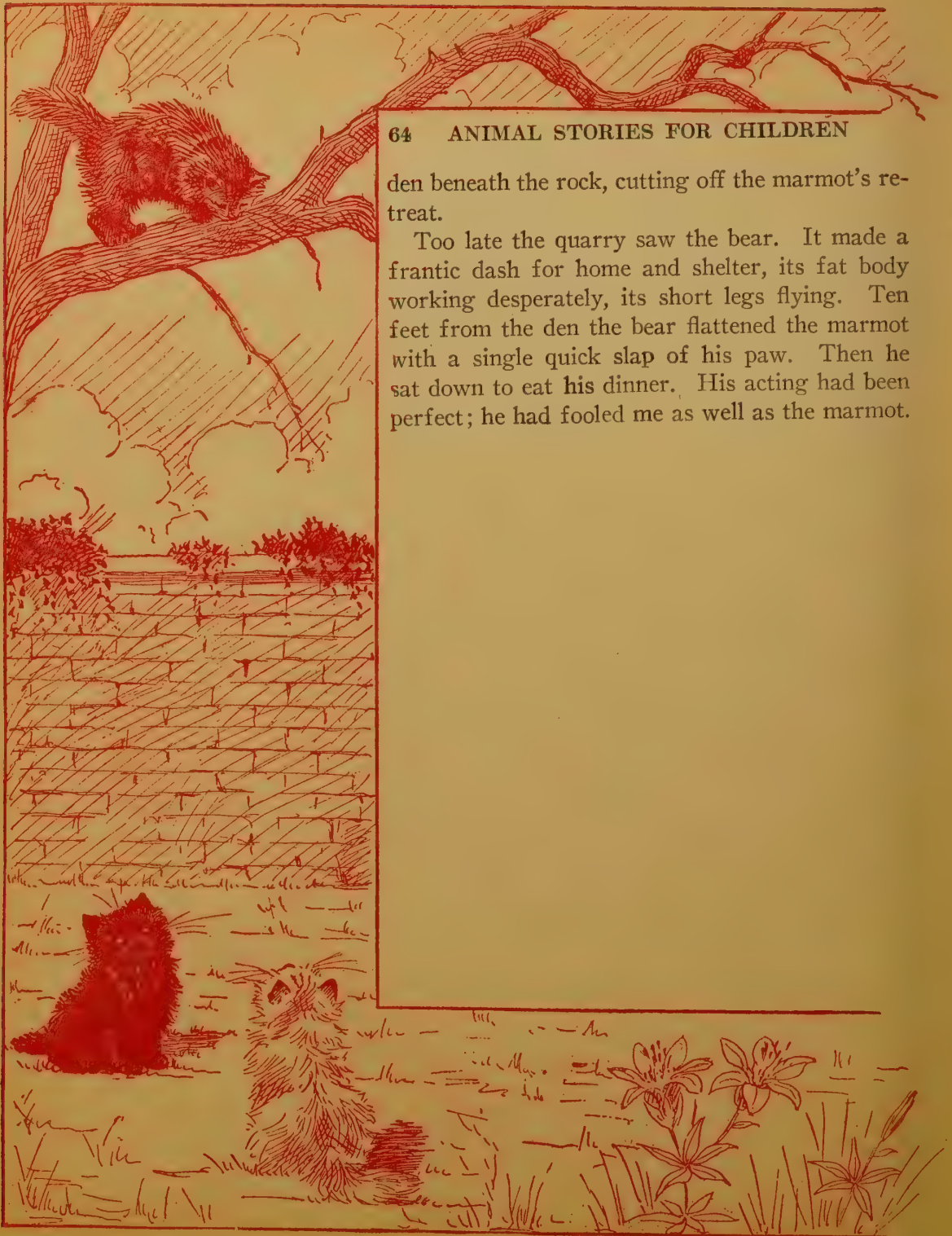
The marmot was not more surprised than myself at what happened next. The bear lay perhaps a hundred feet from the marmot's home, and the marmot had fed perhaps forty feet from it—a distance he could quickly cover if the visitor showed unfriendly symptoms.

But there were no symptoms. It was all over so quickly that I was left dazed and breathless. There was a small boulder about four feet high in the midst of a tiny hayfield where the marmot fed. The unsuspecting whistler fed into the little field, passed behind the rock, and was out of sight for just a second. At that instant the bear came to life, leaped to his feet and dashed toward the



den beneath the rock, cutting off the marmot's retreat.

Too late the quarry saw the bear. It made a frantic dash for home and shelter, its fat body working desperately, its short legs flying. Ten feet from the den the bear flattened the marmot with a single quick slap of his paw. Then he sat down to eat his dinner. His acting had been perfect; he had fooled me as well as the marmot.



ONLY A DOG

The Story of the Faithful Friendship of a Dog for His Master

THE waters of the Santa Barbara Channel sparkled in the blazing sunshine. An occasional ship slipped by silently in the distance, leaving a trail of dark smoke on the horizon. From his soft resting place in the grass on the top of the cliffs of one of the Channel Islands, young Howard Morton could see the faint white line of the Santa Barbara Beaches, almost thirty miles away. And as he looked across, he thought of his home.

Then he turned and whispered softly into the ears of the rough-haired collie lying at his feet: "Some day, Ranger, we'll be home."

The pair had been rounding up a few of the straggling sheep that grazed over the hills of the island. The dog was panting and as he looked up, his eyes seemed to say:

"Couldn't you rest a bit? It's a piping hot day, though the summer's young, and I've been

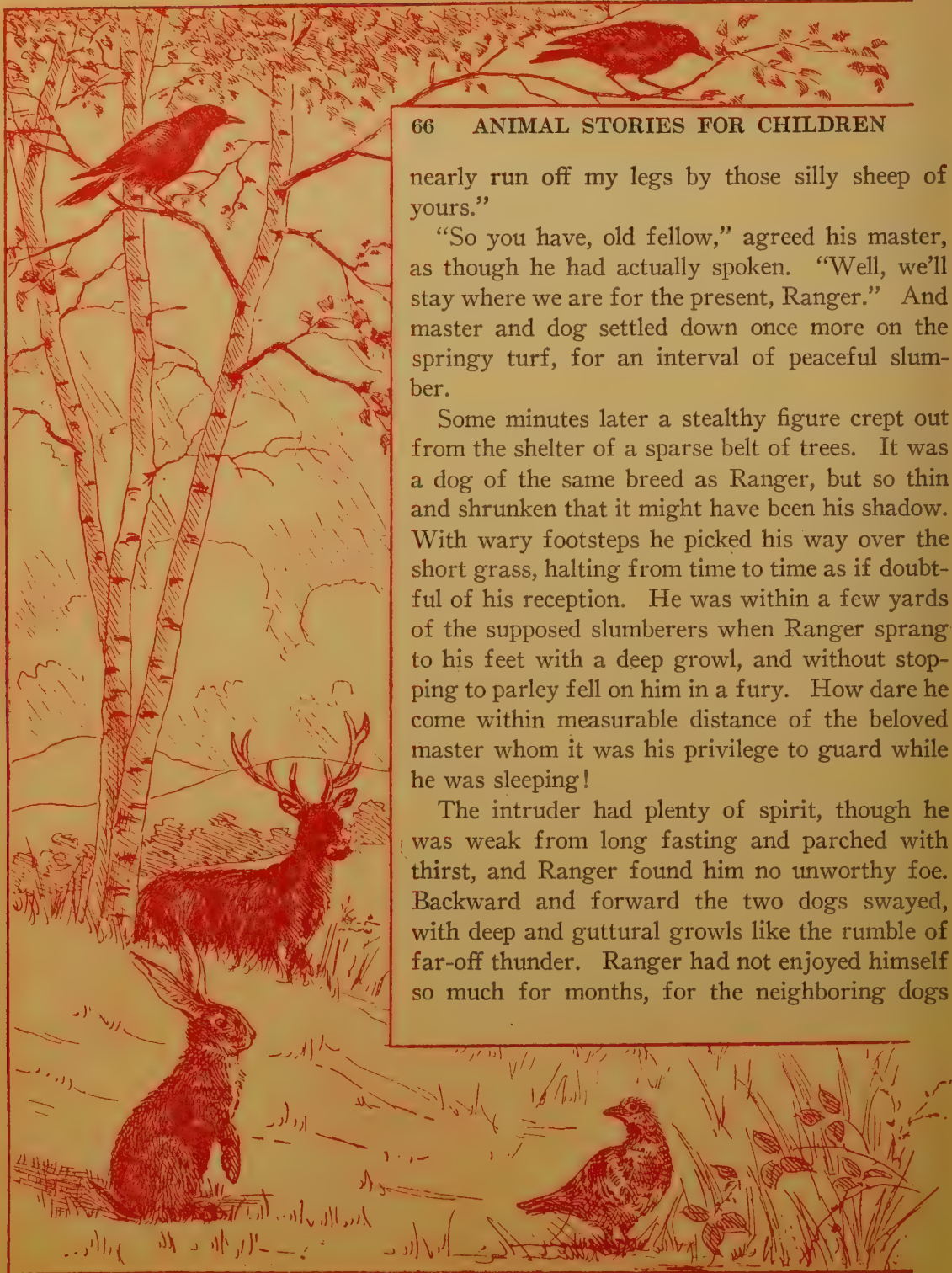


nearly run off my legs by those silly sheep of yours."

"So you have, old fellow," agreed his master, as though he had actually spoken. "Well, we'll stay where we are for the present, Ranger." And master and dog settled down once more on the springy turf, for an interval of peaceful slumber.

Some minutes later a stealthy figure crept out from the shelter of a sparse belt of trees. It was a dog of the same breed as Ranger, but so thin and shrunk that it might have been his shadow. With wary footsteps he picked his way over the short grass, halting from time to time as if doubtful of his reception. He was within a few yards of the supposed slumberers when Ranger sprang to his feet with a deep growl, and without stopping to parley fell on him in a fury. How dare he come within measurable distance of the beloved master whom it was his privilege to guard while he was sleeping!

The intruder had plenty of spirit, though he was weak from long fasting and parched with thirst, and Ranger found him no unworthy foe. Backward and forward the two dogs swayed, with deep and guttural growls like the rumble of far-off thunder. Ranger had not enjoyed himself so much for months, for the neighboring dogs

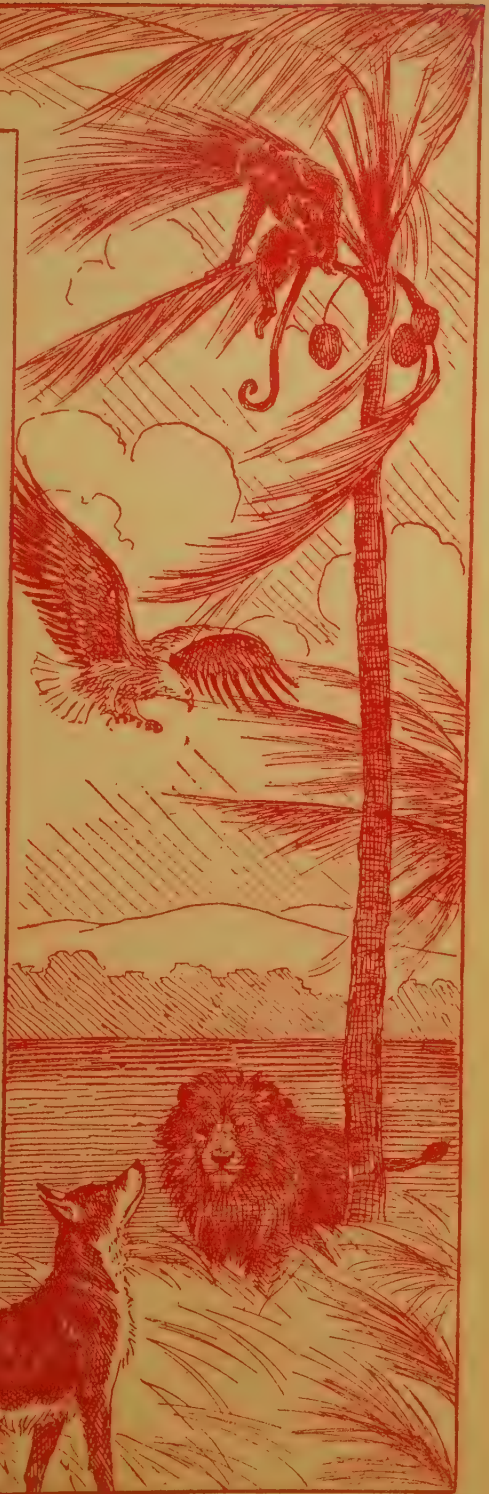


gave him a wide berth so far as fighting was concerned.

Howard Morton was dreaming of a football game in Berkeley. He had left home as a boy of fourteen to join his cousin, Ralph Morton, on the ranch, and in idle moments his thoughts still turned to the glorious scrimmages in which he had taken a foremost part.

Now he was living the last one over again, and as the savage dogs scrambled across him in their blind rage, he felt once more the pain of his battered face and broken ankle.

"Hallo! Hallo! what's up?" he cried, suddenly conscious that in no football game had he ever heard such sounds as those which now disturbed the noontide peace. Ranger's superior strength had triumphed by this time, and, tossing the stranger's limp body away from him as if it had been a rag, he apologized to his master with cringing head and down-drooped tail for the indignity he had unwittingly put upon him by using his sleeping form as a field of battle. Howard pushed him aside and strode over to the torn and bleeding intruder, who lay, panting helplessly, just where he had been thrown. He had been minus one ear when the fight began, and was now a sorry sight, while Ranger himself had by no means come off scatheless.

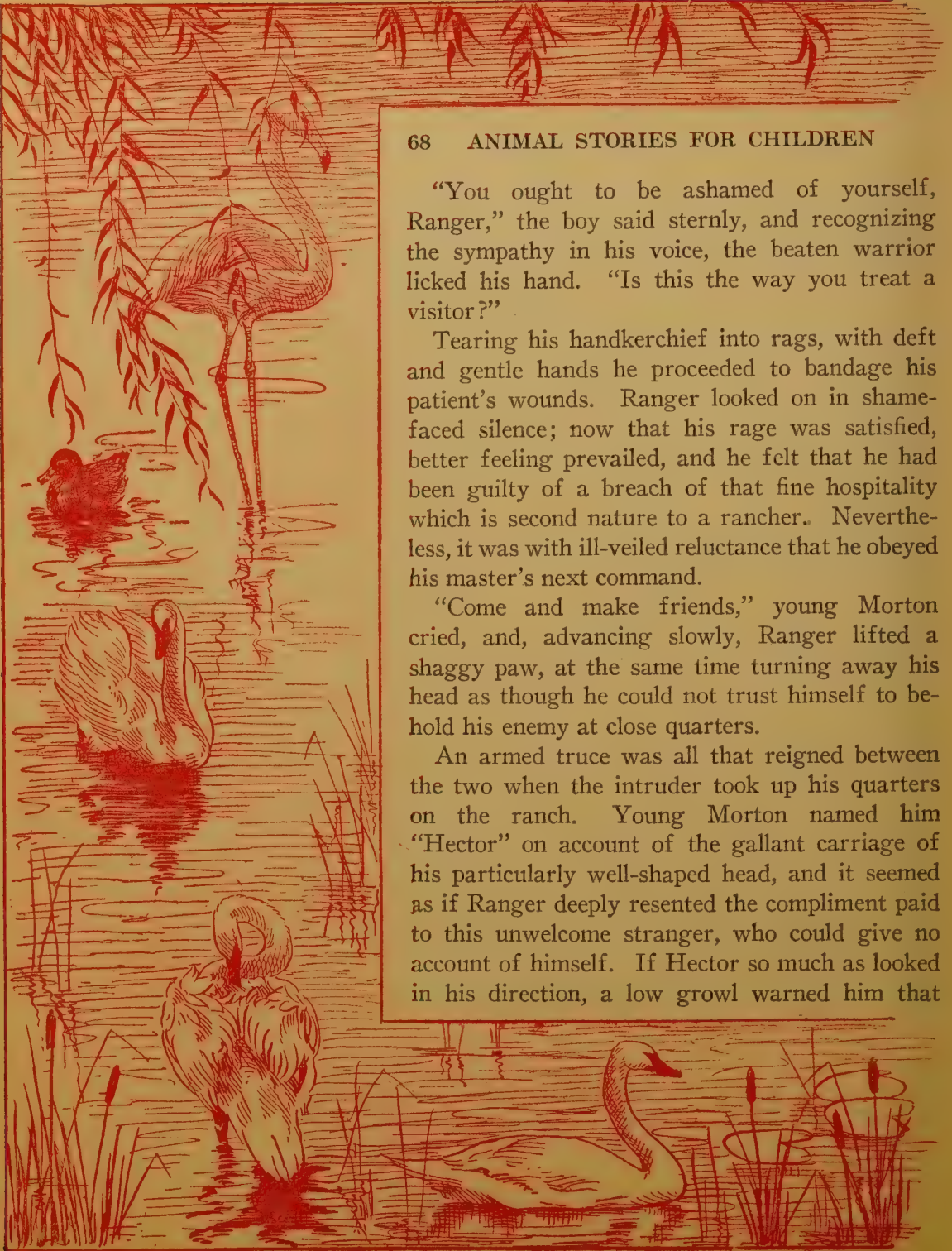


"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Ranger," the boy said sternly, and recognizing the sympathy in his voice, the beaten warrior licked his hand. "Is this the way you treat a visitor?"

Tearing his handkerchief into rags, with deft and gentle hands he proceeded to bandage his patient's wounds. Ranger looked on in shame-faced silence; now that his rage was satisfied, better feeling prevailed, and he felt that he had been guilty of a breach of that fine hospitality which is second nature to a rancher. Nevertheless, it was with ill-veiled reluctance that he obeyed his master's next command.

"Come and make friends," young Morton cried, and, advancing slowly, Ranger lifted a shaggy paw, at the same time turning away his head as though he could not trust himself to behold his enemy at close quarters.

An armed truce was all that reigned between the two when the intruder took up his quarters on the ranch. Young Morton named him "Hector" on account of the gallant carriage of his particularly well-shaped head, and it seemed as if Ranger deeply resented the compliment paid to this unwelcome stranger, who could give no account of himself. If Hector so much as looked in his direction, a low growl warned him that

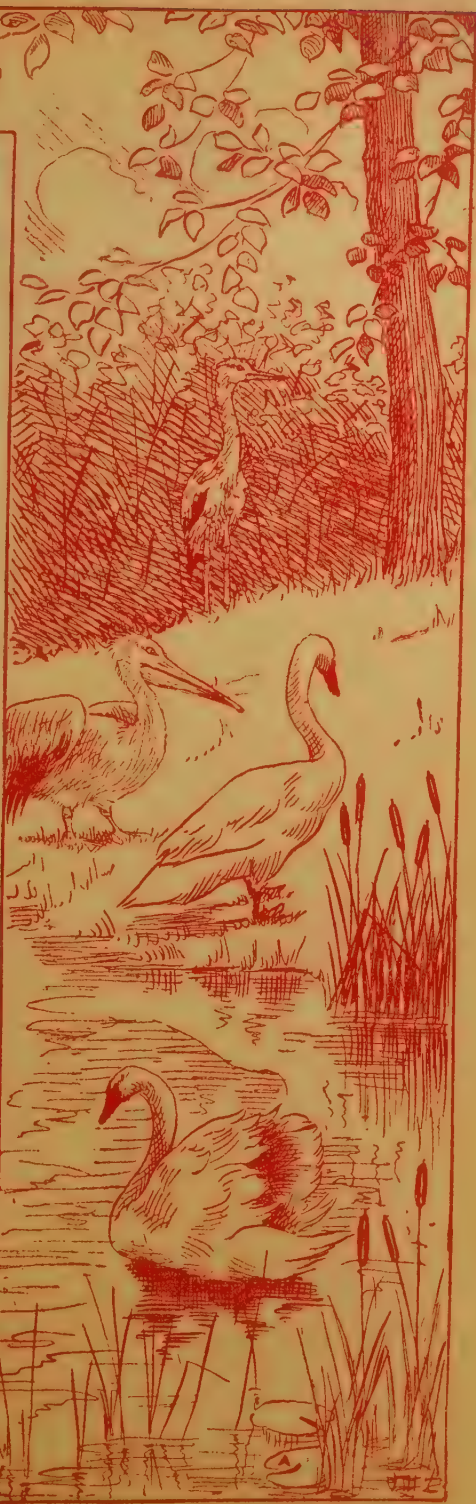


Ranger would stand no liberties, and after a while he ceased to make overtures of friendship.

Hector was a strange dog in more senses than one, and never appeared to regard himself as other than a visitor on the ranch; his eyes were always wistful, as if he still sought vainly for some dear and familiar form. He proved to be an excellent sheep dog, but could not be depended upon, since when most wanted he often was not to be found. From time to time he left the ranch and set off for the distant harbor with the businesslike gait of a dog who has some steady purpose in his wanderings, returning after each absence in such evident despair that young Morton was moved to pity.

"He has lost his master, poor beast," he said, and Hector laid his head against his knee in a mute entreaty for sympathy.

Although Ranger looked on with stern disapproval on these lapses from virtue on Hector's part, he was not above playing truant now and then, and one day it was he, and not Hector, who was missing. Night came on, and still there was no sign of him; such a thing had never been known on the ranch before, and Howard, reminded by an uneasy conscience that of late he had paid rather more attention to Hector than to his old friend, scarcely slept for wondering what



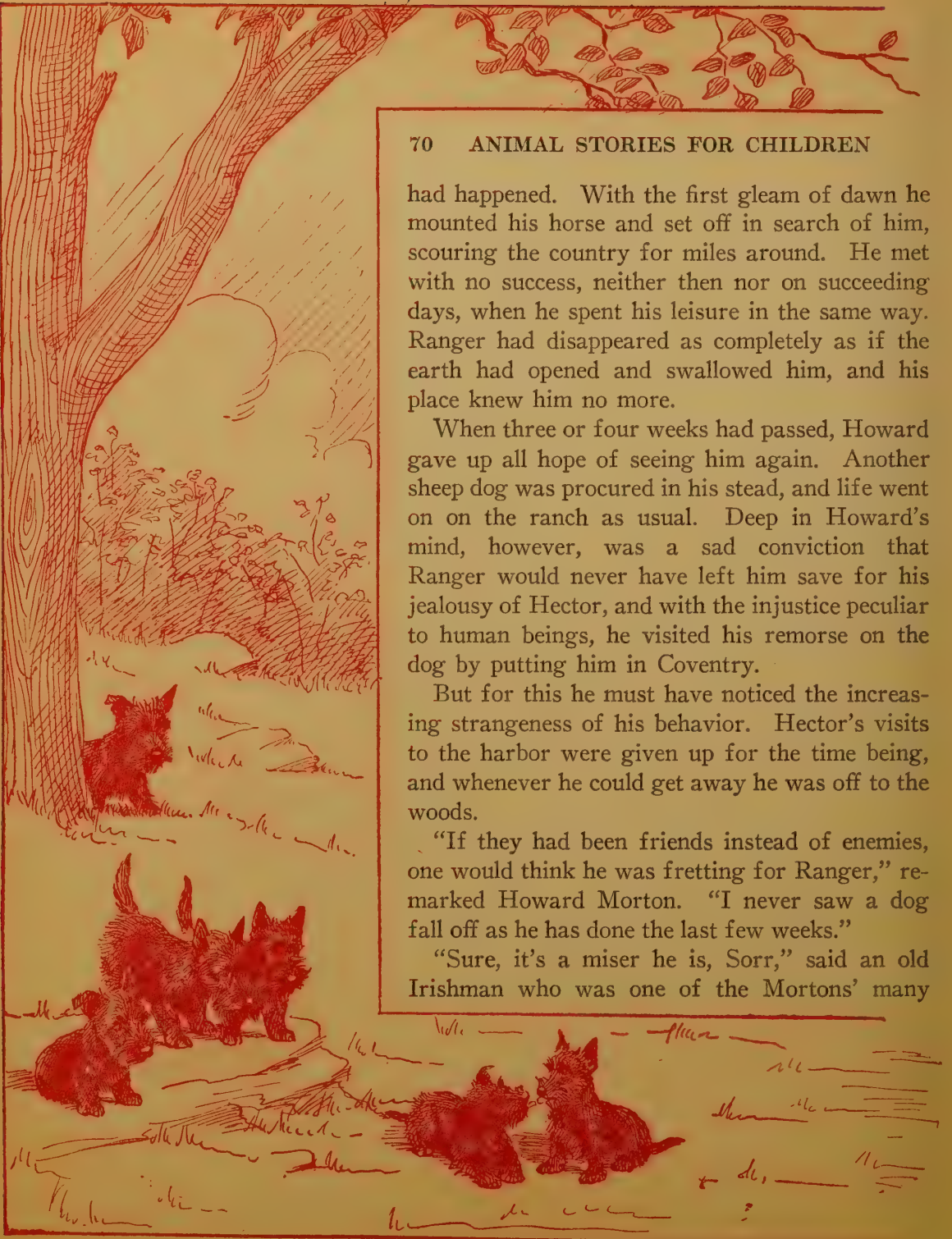
had happened. With the first gleam of dawn he mounted his horse and set off in search of him, scouring the country for miles around. He met with no success, neither then nor on succeeding days, when he spent his leisure in the same way. Ranger had disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him, and his place knew him no more.

When three or four weeks had passed, Howard gave up all hope of seeing him again. Another sheep dog was procured in his stead, and life went on on the ranch as usual. Deep in Howard's mind, however, was a sad conviction that Ranger would never have left him save for his jealousy of Hector, and with the injustice peculiar to human beings, he visited his remorse on the dog by putting him in Coventry.

But for this he must have noticed the increasing strangeness of his behavior. Hector's visits to the harbor were given up for the time being, and whenever he could get away he was off to the woods.

"If they had been friends instead of enemies, one would think he was fretting for Ranger," remarked Howard Morton. "I never saw a dog fall off as he has done the last few weeks."

"Sure, it's a miser he is, Sorr," said an old Irishman who was one of the Mortons' many



pensioners. "He takes away his bones to bury 'em, an' niver a one do I see him ate! Watch him now, the craythur!" And he flung a huge sheep bone on to the parched grass. Without a second's hesitation Hector snatched it up and bounded away.

"He's off!" laughed the Irishman. "Didn't I tell ye?"

"Follow him, Howard!" his cousin cried, and young Morton, who happened to be mounted, was after him like a flash.

In spite of the horse's fleetness, Hector got well ahead, but the rancher's trained eye marked his tracks through the brushwood, and when the undergrowth became too thick to allow him to ride, he dismounted and followed them on foot, until he came to a disused well in the midst of a clearing. Hector was crouching against the brickwork, peering over the side. At the sight of his master he uttered a deep bark of joy, and this was repeated in a fainter key from the depths of the well. Hardly daring to believe the evidence of his senses, Howard leaned down as far as he could. It was unmistakably Ranger's voice, and from the way in which he was jumping about at the bottom of the well, there did not seem much wrong with him.

To ride back to the house and obtain ropes and





a ladder took but a short time, and before long Ranger was rewarding his master with the liveliest expressions of delight. Wonderful to relate, he was plump and well nourished, in spite of his month's imprisonment, and Hector's "miserly habits" were quite accounted for by the pile of bones found on the bed of the well. Having become aware in some way of the misadventure that had befallen his enemy, he appeared to have regularly supplied him with food. A tiny stream of water that trickled down one side of the wall had allayed the captive's thirst, but had it not been for Hector's unremitting attentions, he must long since have died of hunger.

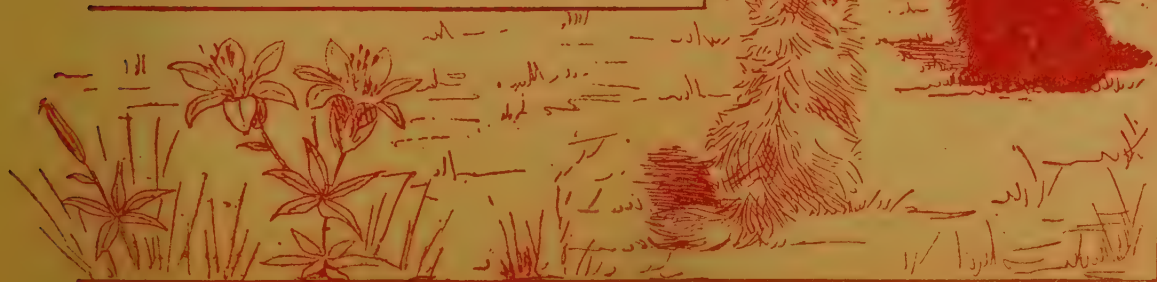
Some years later, when Ranger slept in peace in the shadow of the hills, and Hector was so old that when Howard's children came to pat him as he lay in the sunshine a feeble wag of his tail was all the response that he could make, a stranger walked up to the Mortons' ranch. He too was old, and his shoulders were bent as if they had carried burdens too heavy for his strength. Howard invited him into the cool veranda, and the stranger accepted his hospitality that he might rest his horse. He had left his ship to have a look round, he said, "in memory of the best friend he had ever had."

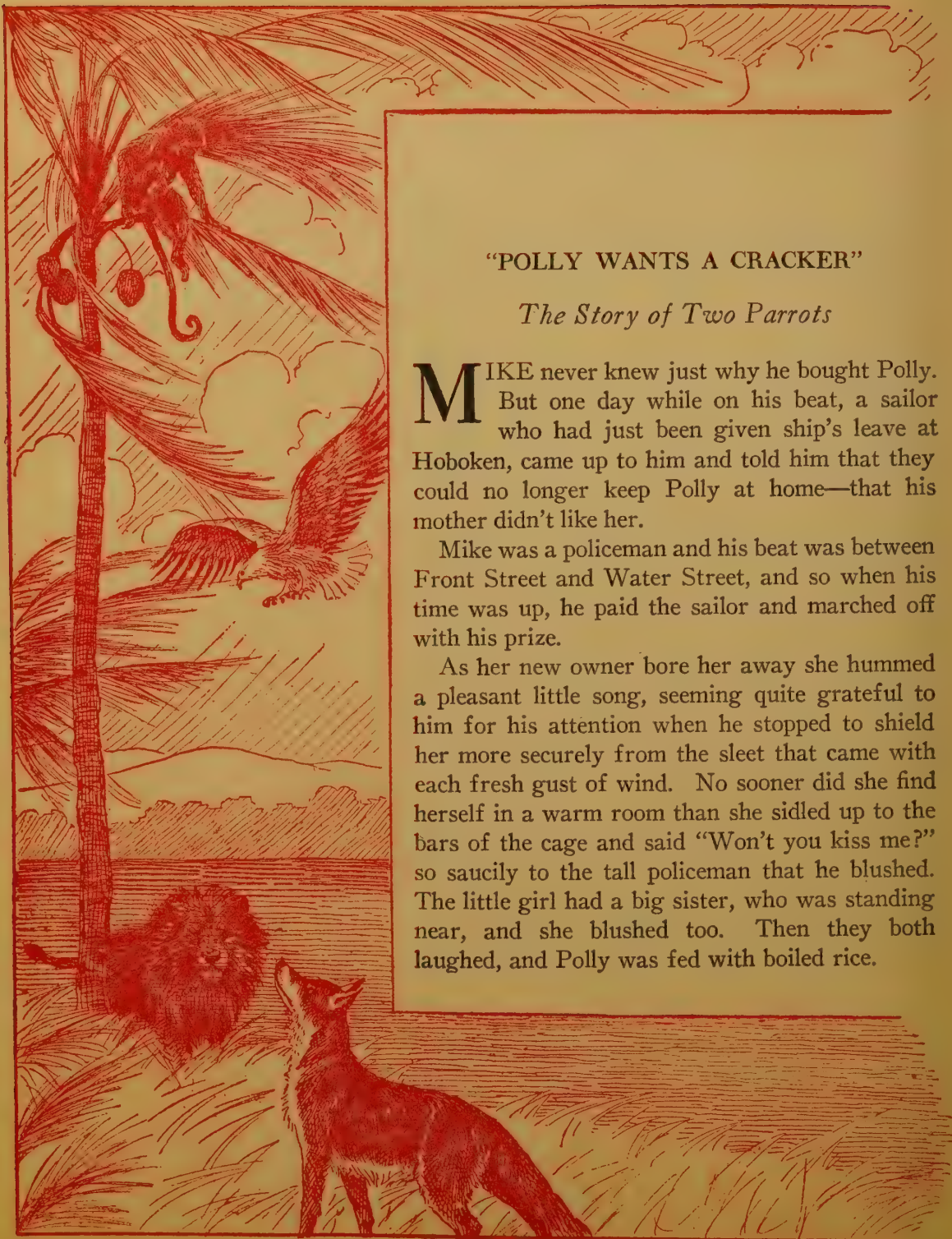
"He was only a dog," he added with a faint

smile, "but he was very dear to me for all that. When our steamer stopped in the harbor for a few hours, Cheverel and I got off to stretch our legs. He took my permission to 'run' too literally, for we lost sight of each other, and the signal went for our return before I could find him again. If I had not had my partner on the boat I should have waited for him, but I had to choose between them. . . . The choice I made was not a wise one, for my partner forsook me as I had forsaken my dog."

Hector was dozing away the hours on the other side of the house, and the bleating of sheep, and the lowing of cattle all but drowned the stranger's voice. But for all that he heard it, and a quiver ran through his great gaunt frame. Staggering to his feet, he swayed like an elm tree in a gale of wind; then, with the energy of days gone by, he made a sudden bound. A moment later and he was at the stranger's feet, fawning upon him with slobbering mouth and broken yelps of joy.

"It's Cheverel—my old Cheverel!" the stranger cried, and as he bent over the ecstatic creature with trembling hands, there came a sudden silence. Hector fell back, a tangled heap of fur. Faithful unto death, he had lived to welcome his old master, and that was all.





"POLLY WANTS A CRACKER"

The Story of Two Parrots

MIKE never knew just why he bought Polly. But one day while on his beat, a sailor who had just been given ship's leave at Hoboken, came up to him and told him that they could no longer keep Polly at home—that his mother didn't like her.

Mike was a policeman and his beat was between Front Street and Water Street, and so when his time was up, he paid the sailor and marched off with his prize.

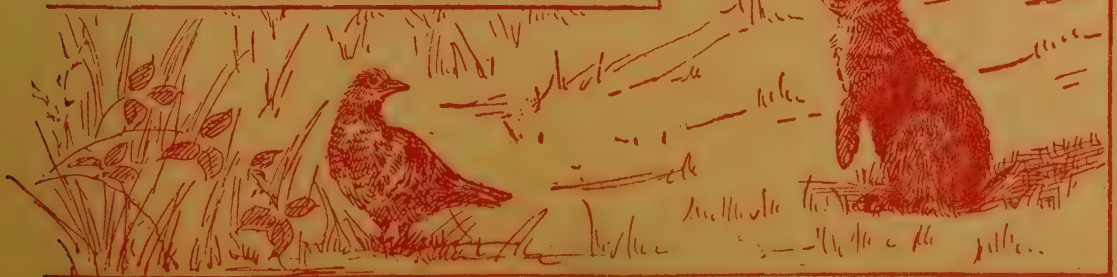
As her new owner bore her away she hummed a pleasant little song, seeming quite grateful to him for his attention when he stopped to shield her more securely from the sleet that came with each fresh gust of wind. No sooner did she find herself in a warm room than she sidled up to the bars of the cage and said "Won't you kiss me?" so saucily to the tall policeman that he blushed. The little girl had a big sister, who was standing near, and she blushed too. Then they both laughed, and Polly was fed with boiled rice.

In two or three days she was so much at home that they left the door of her cage wide open as it hung in the sunny window. Grace, the big sister, was a dressmaker, and bright-colored lengths of silk and satin were sometimes strewn on the long wooden table which ran down one side of the room. Polly never hurt them, though now and then she lifted their soft folds with her beak, but she never could resist hiding Grace's scissors if she dropped them down on the floor.

By now she was rather tired of boiled rice, and her appetite began to fail. She grew a bit short in her temper, too, and snapped at Madge's fingers when she took out the perch that she had bitten through.

"I expect we're not feeding her properly," said Grace. "I wish that Mike had remembered to ask the sailor what to give her. Perhaps Miss Mary will know. She knows most things. I believe she came home last night."

Miss Mary lived at the top of the house in a long low room that had a big window from which you could see the sea if you leant right out and looked sideways. She was quite old, Madge thought, for her hair was gray and her face criss-crossed with tiny wrinkles. Her eyes were gray too, and, like Mike's, they smiled at you even when her lips were grave.



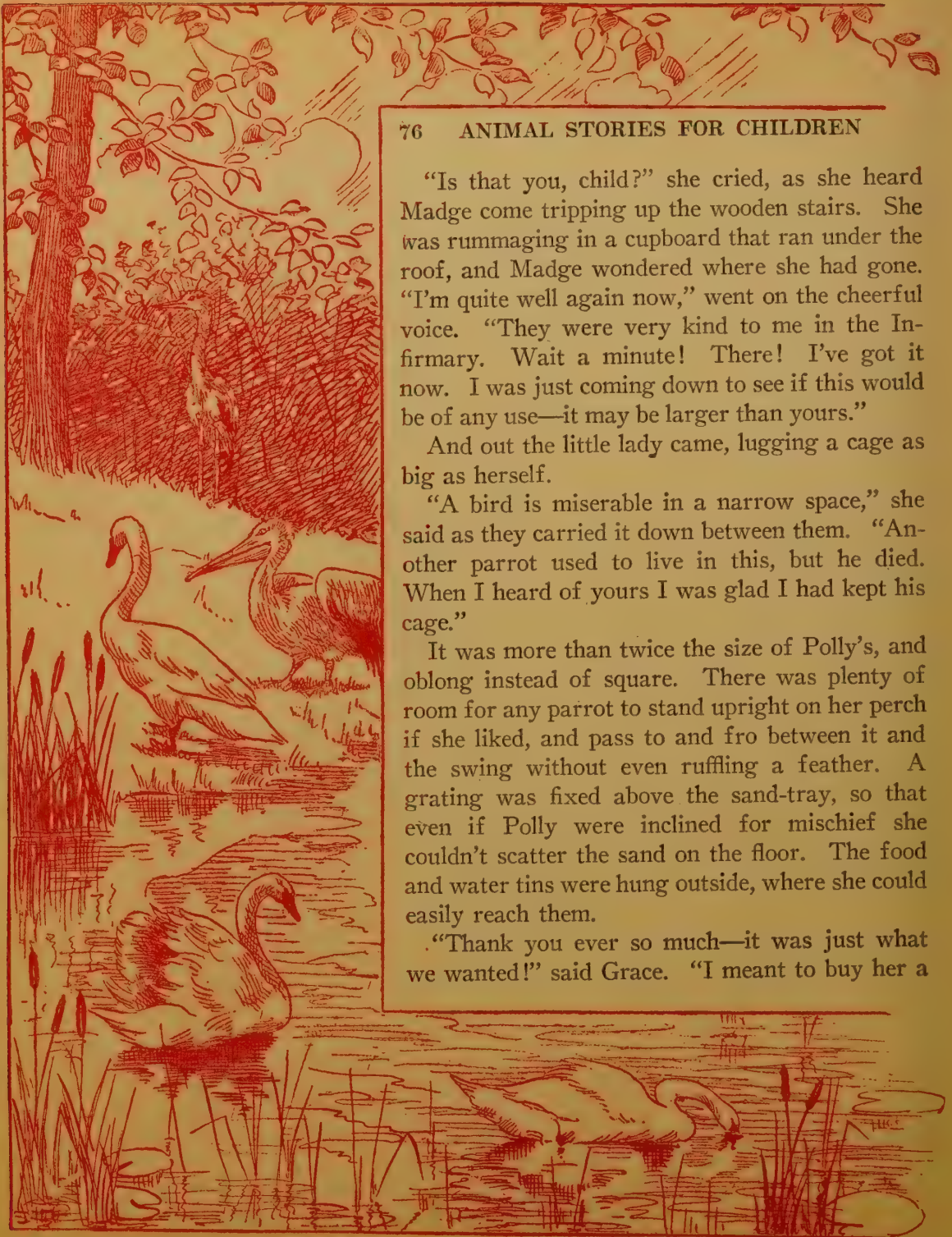
"Is that you, child?" she cried, as she heard Madge come tripping up the wooden stairs. She was rummaging in a cupboard that ran under the roof, and Madge wondered where she had gone. "I'm quite well again now," went on the cheerful voice. "They were very kind to me in the Infirmary. Wait a minute! There! I've got it now. I was just coming down to see if this would be of any use—it may be larger than yours."

And out the little lady came, lugging a cage as big as herself.

"A bird is miserable in a narrow space," she said as they carried it down between them. "Another parrot used to live in this, but he died. When I heard of yours I was glad I had kept his cage."

It was more than twice the size of Polly's, and oblong instead of square. There was plenty of room for any parrot to stand upright on her perch if she liked, and pass to and fro between it and the swing without even ruffling a feather. A grating was fixed above the sand-tray, so that even if Polly were inclined for mischief she couldn't scatter the sand on the floor. The food and water tins were hung outside, where she could easily reach them.

"Thank you ever so much—it was just what we wanted!" said Grace. "I meant to buy her a



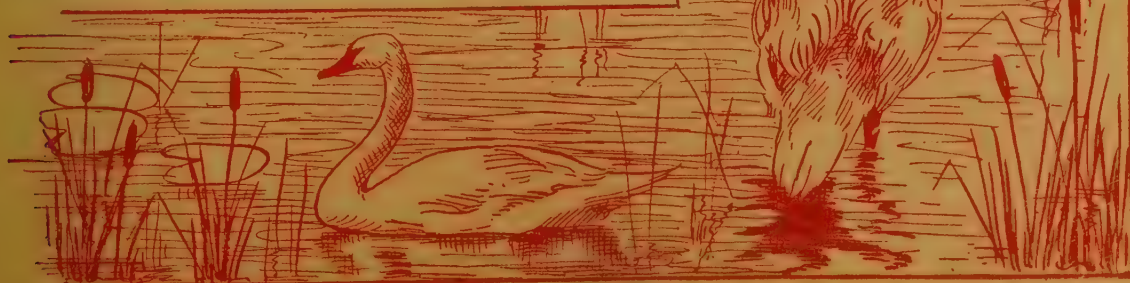
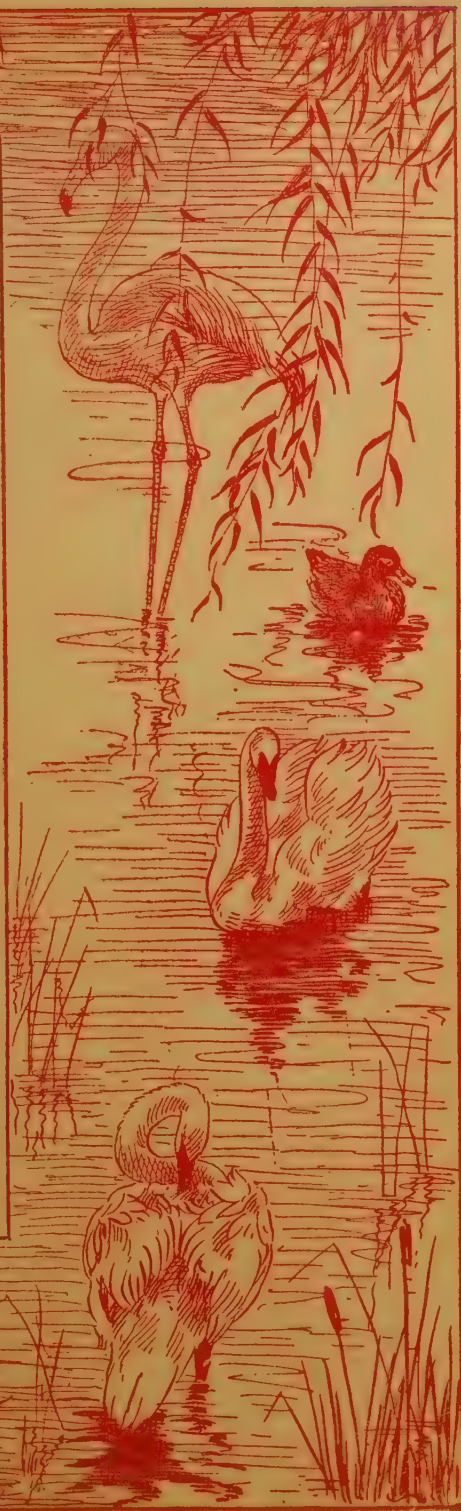
new cage myself as soon as I could afford it."

"Kiss me!" said Polly, sidling up to Miss Mary. It really did seem that she must know what she was saying, though Mike had declared the night before that words meant nothing to parrots.

Miss Mary earned her living by painting cards to wish people happy Christmases and happy birthdays. She could not get the right colors by lamplight, so when it grew dusk she came down again, this time to bring Polly a banana. Grace had gone out to fit her best customer, so Madge and she were alone.

"She does so remind me of Graybeard," she said wistfully. "Yes—that was my parrot. He was gray, like Polly, but his tail was a deeper red than hers and just a little bit longer. He hadn't a beard, of course, though I called him Graybeard, but underneath his beak the feathers were very bunchy, and he seemed to like that name.

"When I had him first his eyes were gray too, though later they turned pale amber; he was so young that his neck feathers were only sprouting, and his wing quills were soft at the roots. Young parrots need a lot of care, particularly these gray ones from West Africa. Green Amazons are more hardy, and though they don't usually talk quite so much they're more sociable as a rule with strangers.

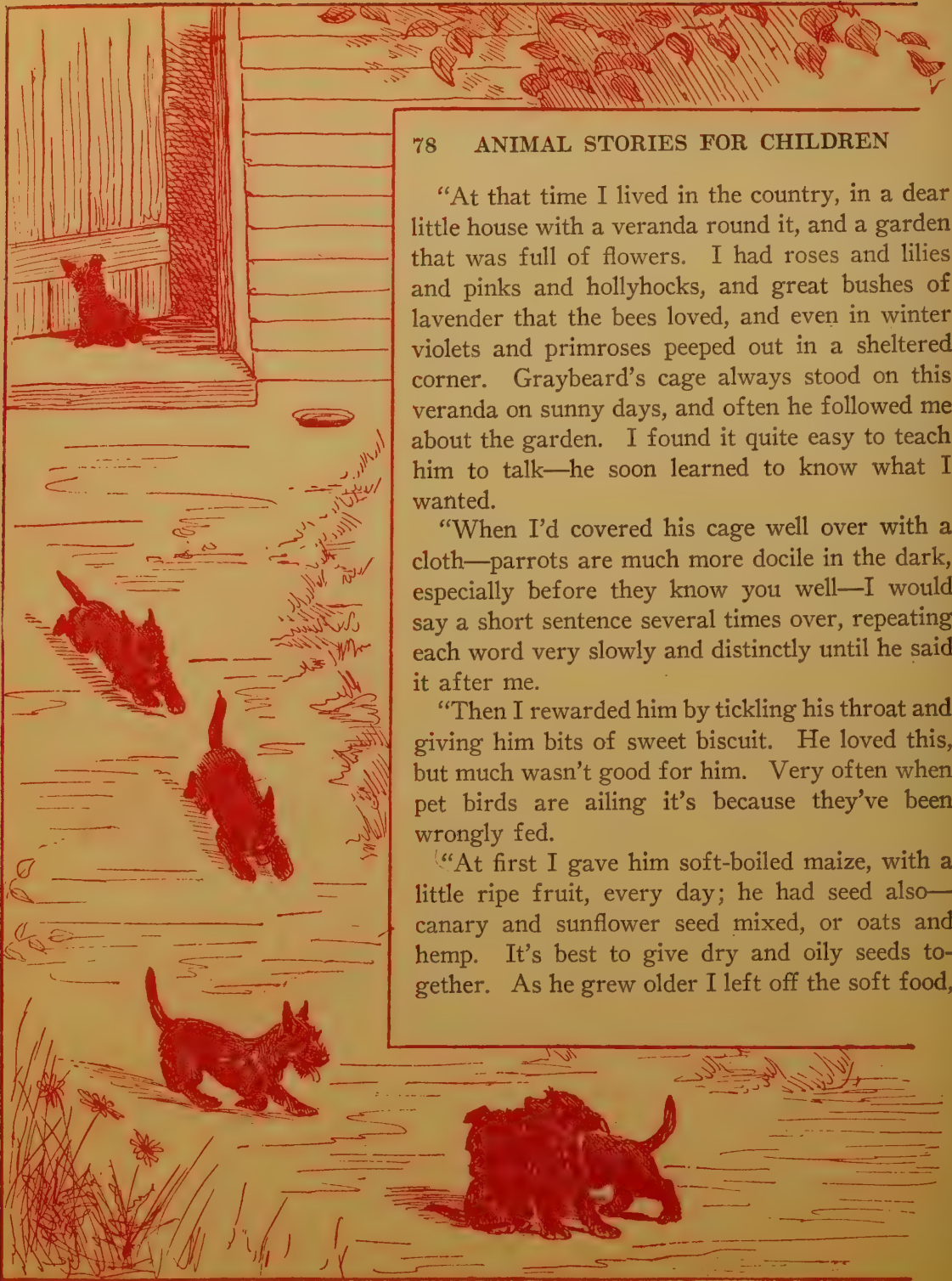


"At that time I lived in the country, in a dear little house with a veranda round it, and a garden that was full of flowers. I had roses and lilies and pinks and hollyhocks, and great bushes of lavender that the bees loved, and even in winter violets and primroses peeped out in a sheltered corner. Graybeard's cage always stood on this veranda on sunny days, and often he followed me about the garden. I found it quite easy to teach him to talk—he soon learned to know what I wanted.

"When I'd covered his cage well over with a cloth—parrots are much more docile in the dark, especially before they know you well—I would say a short sentence several times over, repeating each word very slowly and distinctly until he said it after me.

"Then I rewarded him by tickling his throat and giving him bits of sweet biscuit. He loved this, but much wasn't good for him. Very often when pet birds are ailing it's because they've been wrongly fed.

"At first I gave him soft-boiled maize, with a little ripe fruit, every day; he had seed also—canary and sunflower seed mixed, or oats and hemp. It's best to give dry and oily seeds together. As he grew older I left off the soft food,



which he did not need any longer, and gave him more seed instead.

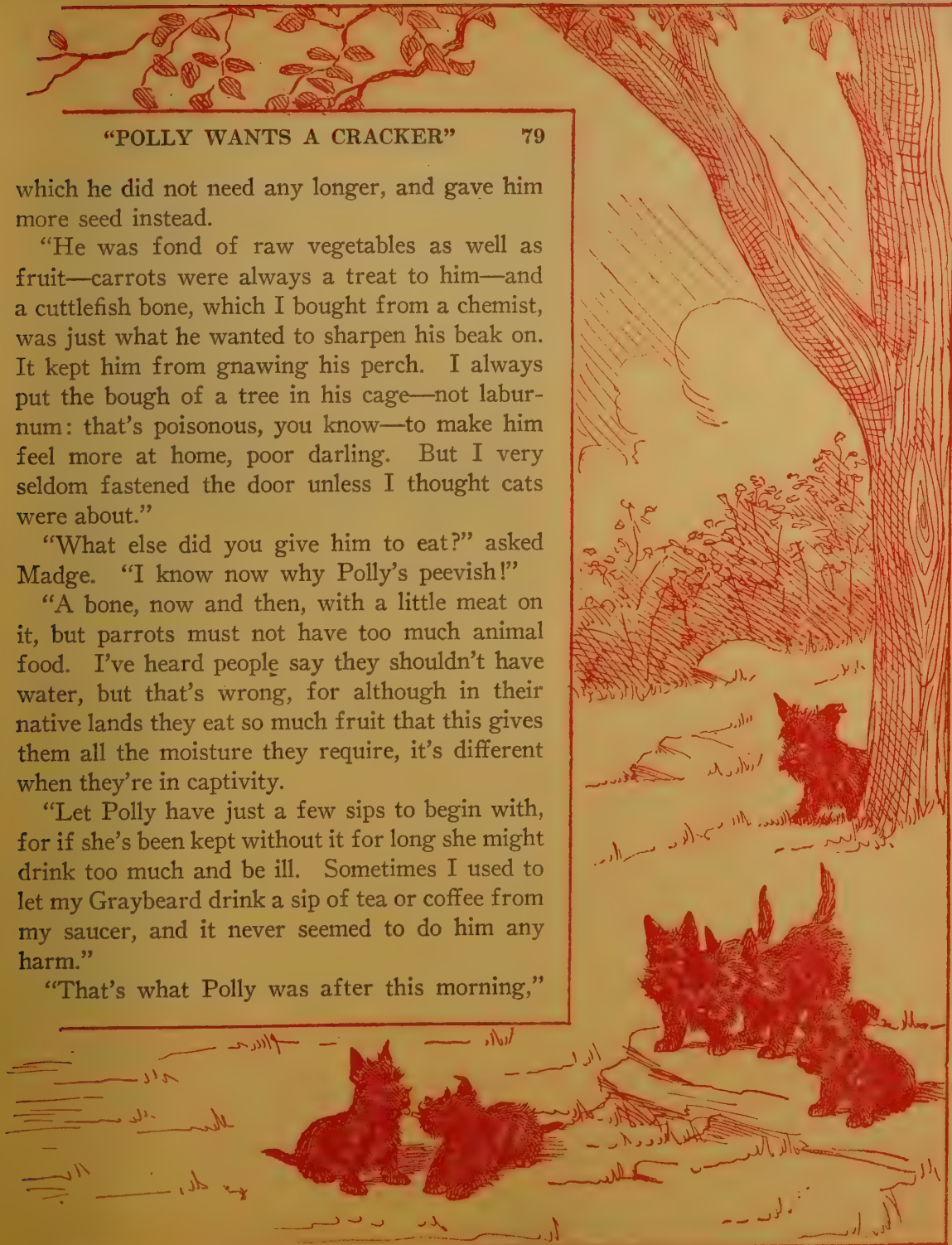
"He was fond of raw vegetables as well as fruit—carrots were always a treat to him—and a cuttlefish bone, which I bought from a chemist, was just what he wanted to sharpen his beak on. It kept him from gnawing his perch. I always put the bough of a tree in his cage—not laburnum: that's poisonous, you know—to make him feel more at home, poor darling. But I very seldom fastened the door unless I thought cats were about."

"What else did you give him to eat?" asked Madge. "I know now why Polly's peevish!"

"A bone, now and then, with a little meat on it, but parrots must not have too much animal food. I've heard people say they shouldn't have water, but that's wrong, for although in their native lands they eat so much fruit that this gives them all the moisture they require, it's different when they're in captivity.

"Let Polly have just a few sips to begin with, for if she's been kept without it for long she might drink too much and be ill. Sometimes I used to let my Graybeard drink a sip of tea or coffee from my saucer, and it never seemed to do him any harm."

"That's what Polly was after this morning,"



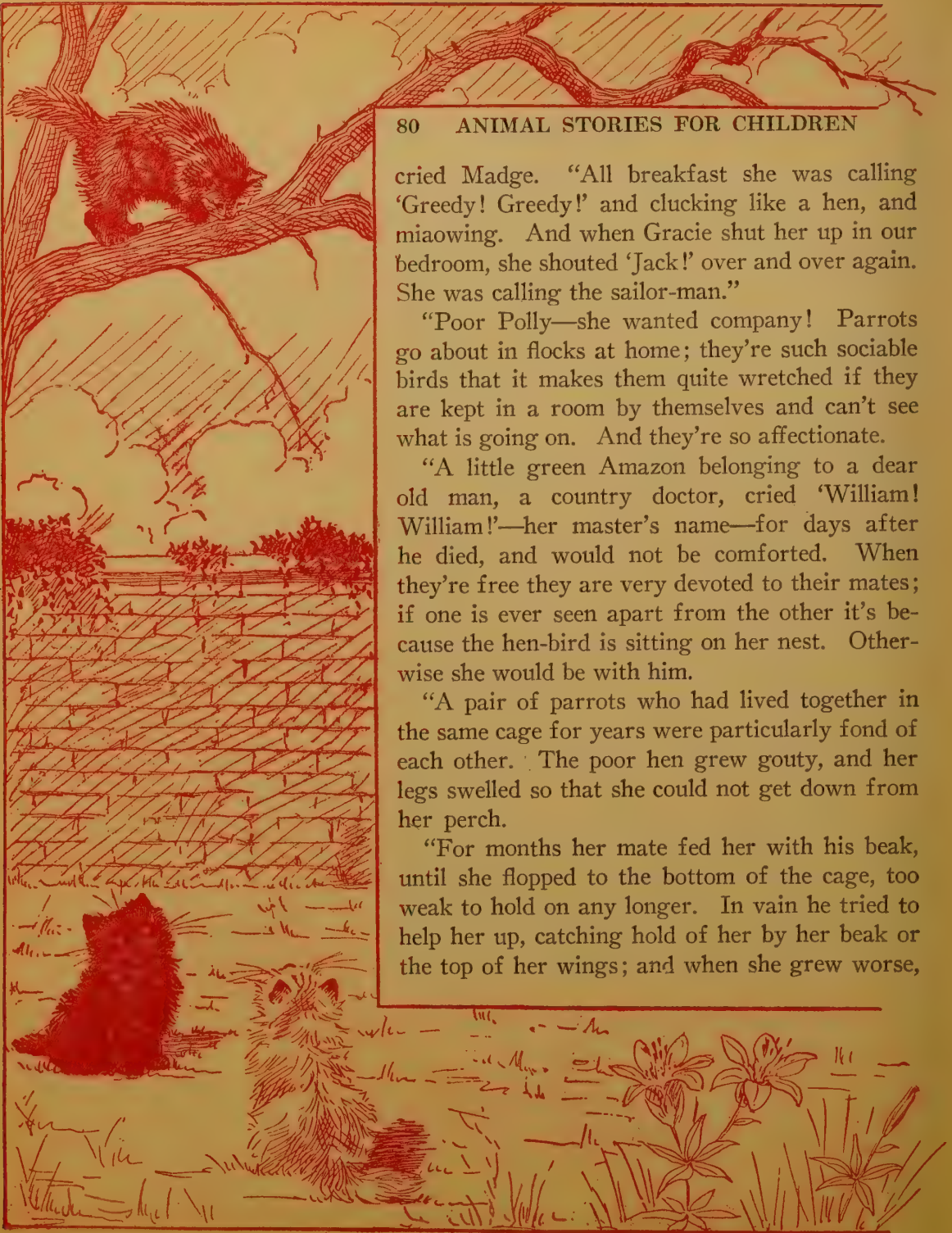
cried Madge. "All breakfast she was calling 'Greedy! Greedy!' and clucking like a hen, and miaowing. And when Gracie shut her up in our bedroom, she shouted 'Jack!' over and over again. She was calling the sailor-man."

"Poor Polly—she wanted company! Parrots go about in flocks at home; they're such sociable birds that it makes them quite wretched if they are kept in a room by themselves and can't see what is going on. And they're so affectionate.

"A little green Amazon belonging to a dear old man, a country doctor, cried 'William! William!'—her master's name—for days after he died, and would not be comforted. When they're free they are very devoted to their mates; if one is ever seen apart from the other it's because the hen-bird is sitting on her nest. Otherwise she would be with him.

"A pair of parrots who had lived together in the same cage for years were particularly fond of each other. The poor hen grew gouty, and her legs swelled so that she could not get down from her perch.

"For months her mate fed her with his beak, until she flopped to the bottom of the cage, too weak to hold on any longer. In vain he tried to help her up, catching hold of her by her beak or the top of her wings; and when she grew worse,



and could not eat, he even attempted to open her beak and force food into it.

"He pined away with grief when she died, living only a few weeks longer."

Madge's eyes were beginning to fill with tears, but before they had time to fall Miss Mary was telling her another "quite true" story—this time about a parrot who went to stay with a M. Théophile Gautier, a French writer, while her owner was away from home.

"This writer had a cat whom he called 'Madame Théophile' because he thought so much of her. When Madame Théophile saw the green bird, very scared and hunched up at one end of a perch, her emerald eyes began to glow like gems, and she jumped on a table to stare at him. Was he a fowl? Was he good to eat? She decided that he was, and licked her lips in an ecstasy of pleasure.

"The parrot scented danger, and rattled the chain that fastened his foot to his perch. Then he sharpened his beak on the edge of his feeding tin, as a hint that he was not quite defenseless.

"But the cat didn't mind a bit. She was just going to spring when the parrot said, 'Have you breakfasted, James?'

"The cat was terrified. This green fowl spoke



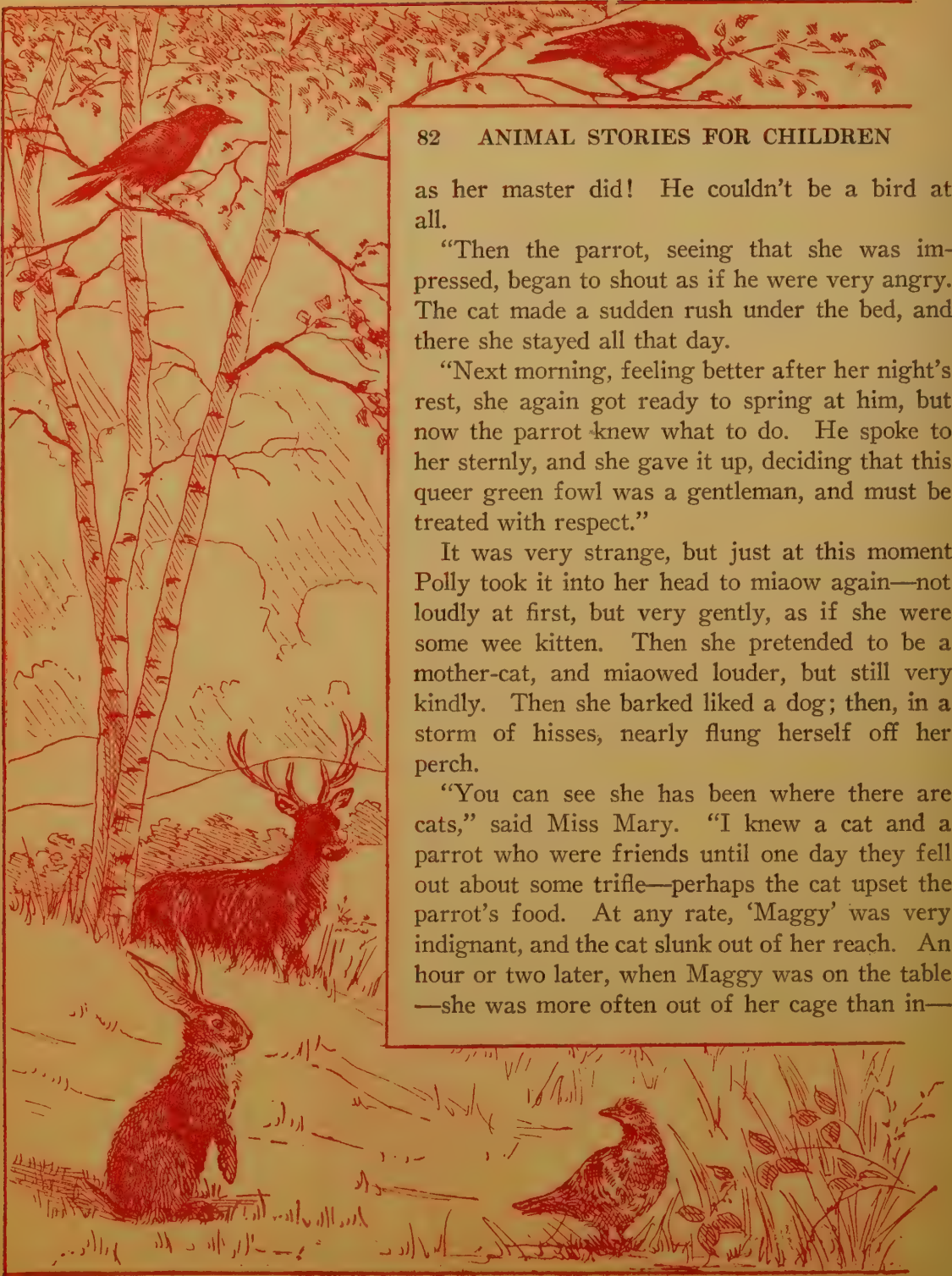
as her master did! He couldn't be a bird at all.

"Then the parrot, seeing that she was impressed, began to shout as if he were very angry. The cat made a sudden rush under the bed, and there she stayed all that day.

"Next morning, feeling better after her night's rest, she again got ready to spring at him, but now the parrot knew what to do. He spoke to her sternly, and she gave it up, deciding that this queer green fowl was a gentleman, and must be treated with respect."

It was very strange, but just at this moment Polly took it into her head to miaow again—not loudly at first, but very gently, as if she were some wee kitten. Then she pretended to be a mother-cat, and miaowed louder, but still very kindly. Then she barked like a dog; then, in a storm of hisses, nearly flung herself off her perch.

"You can see she has been where there are cats," said Miss Mary. "I knew a cat and a parrot who were friends until one day they fell out about some trifle—perhaps the cat upset the parrot's food. At any rate, 'Maggy' was very indignant, and the cat slunk out of her reach. An hour or two later, when Maggy was on the table—she was more often out of her cage than in—



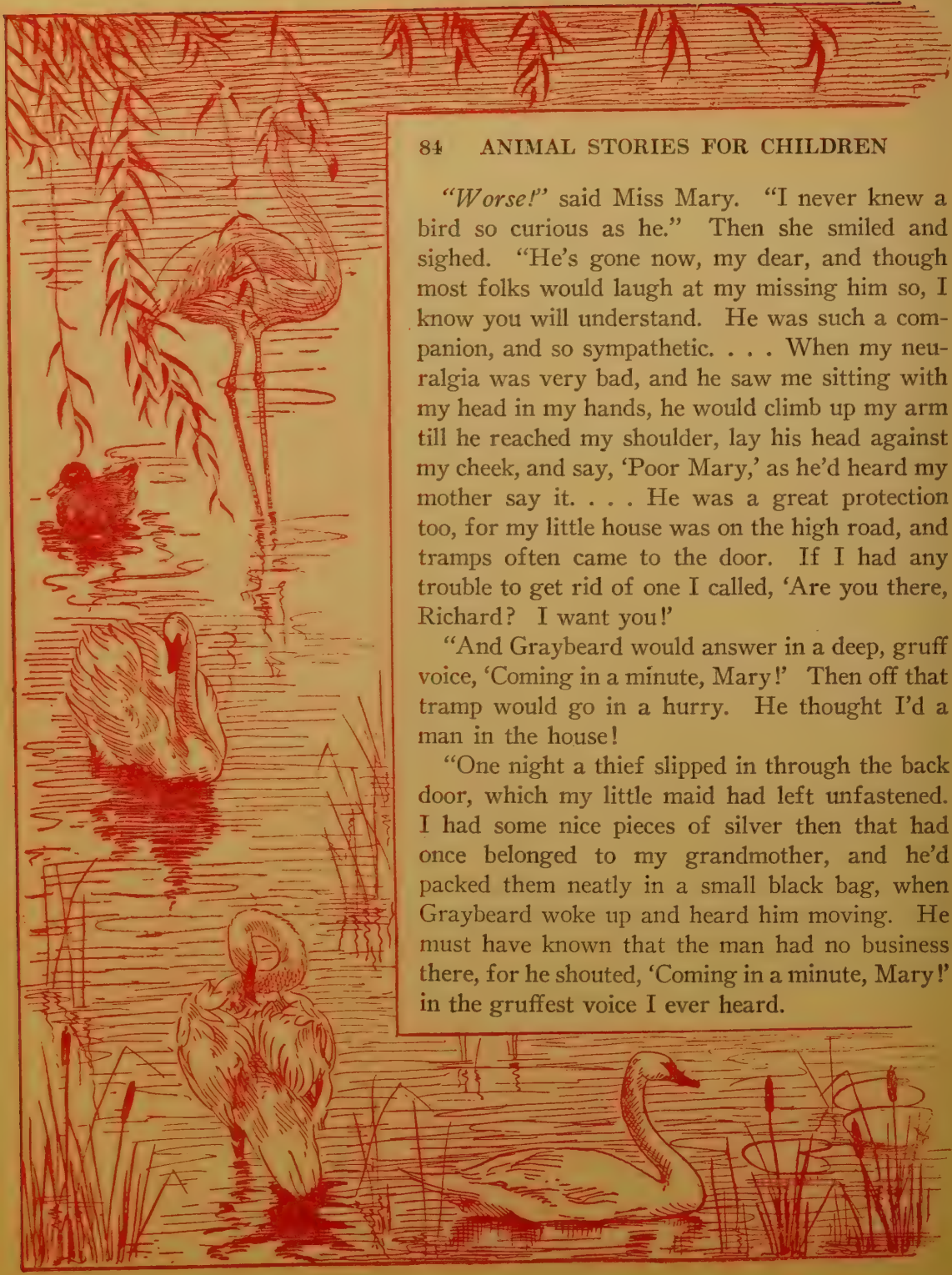
she called very sweetly, 'Puss! Puss! Come then, Pussy!' and Puss innocently came. With a naughty little chuckle Maggy seized with her beak a basin of milk that was standing near, and flung it right over her. Poor Pussy was half drowned, and the basin was broken. But Maggy was extremely pleased.

"Another story about a parrot and a cat was told by a great man whose name was Romanes. They had lived together for quite a long time, when one evening the cook, who was making bread, went upstairs to her bedroom, leaving some dough to rise in a deep basin close to the fire. She hadn't been gone long when the cat rushed after her, mewling and making a terrible fuss.

"'What's the matter?' she asked, but she did not move. So the cat seized her apron and actually tried to drag her in this way down the stairs. Cook reached the kitchen only just in time to rescue a frantic parrot from the dough. She had perched upon it to see what it was, and her own weight, of course, made her sink. If Cook had not come down she would very probably have been smothered."

"Did your Graybeard do things like that?" said Madge, longing to know what had happened to him.





"Worse!" said Miss Mary. "I never knew a bird so curious as he." Then she smiled and sighed. "He's gone now, my dear, and though most folks would laugh at my missing him so, I know you will understand. He was such a companion, and so sympathetic. . . . When my neuralgia was very bad, and he saw me sitting with my head in my hands, he would climb up my arm till he reached my shoulder, lay his head against my cheek, and say, 'Poor Mary,' as he'd heard my mother say it. . . . He was a great protection too, for my little house was on the high road, and tramps often came to the door. If I had any trouble to get rid of one I called, 'Are you there, Richard? I want you!'"

"And Graybeard would answer in a deep, gruff voice, 'Coming in a minute, Mary!' Then off that tramp would go in a hurry. He thought I'd a man in the house!"

"One night a thief slipped in through the back door, which my little maid had left unfastened. I had some nice pieces of silver then that had once belonged to my grandmother, and he'd packed them neatly in a small black bag, when Graybeard woke up and heard him moving. He must have known that the man had no business there, for he shouted, 'Coming in a minute, Mary!' in the gruffest voice I ever heard."

"That was quite enough for my burglar. Off he went, leaving the bag behind him."

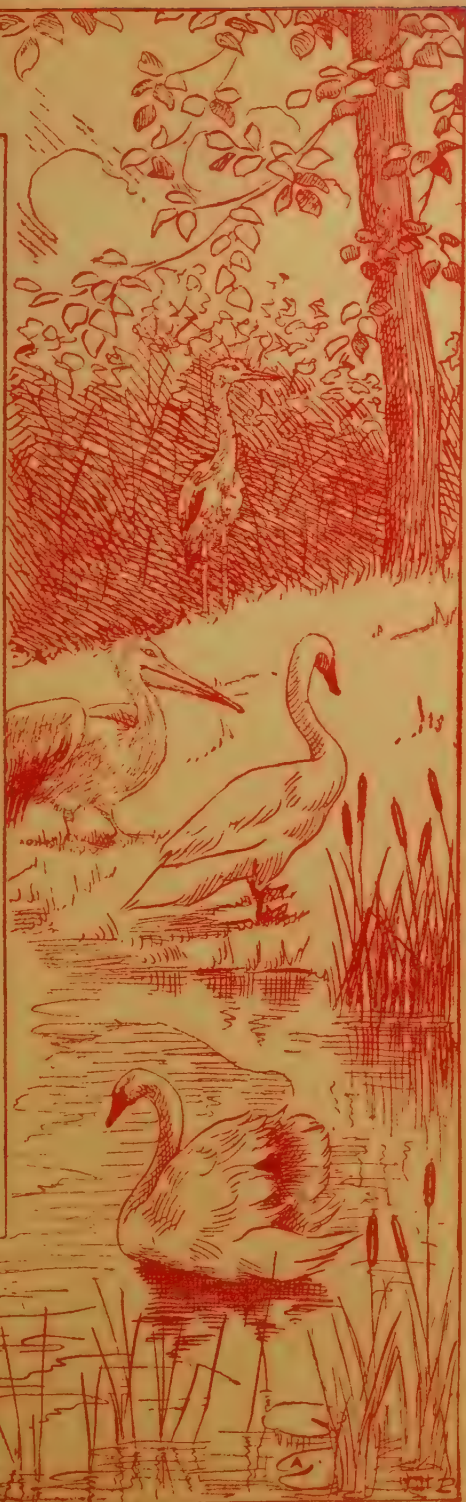
"Well, if Polly serves us as well as that we shan't complain," smiled Grace, who had just come in.

"Perhaps she will, if she gets a chance," said Madge hopefully. "I shall love her just the same, anyhow, whether she does or doesn't." And Polly said "Kiss me!" so sweetly that Madge was more sure than ever that she understood.

Some two years later, when Grace and the tall policeman were married, and Madge had a baby niece to nurse, Polly became a heroine.

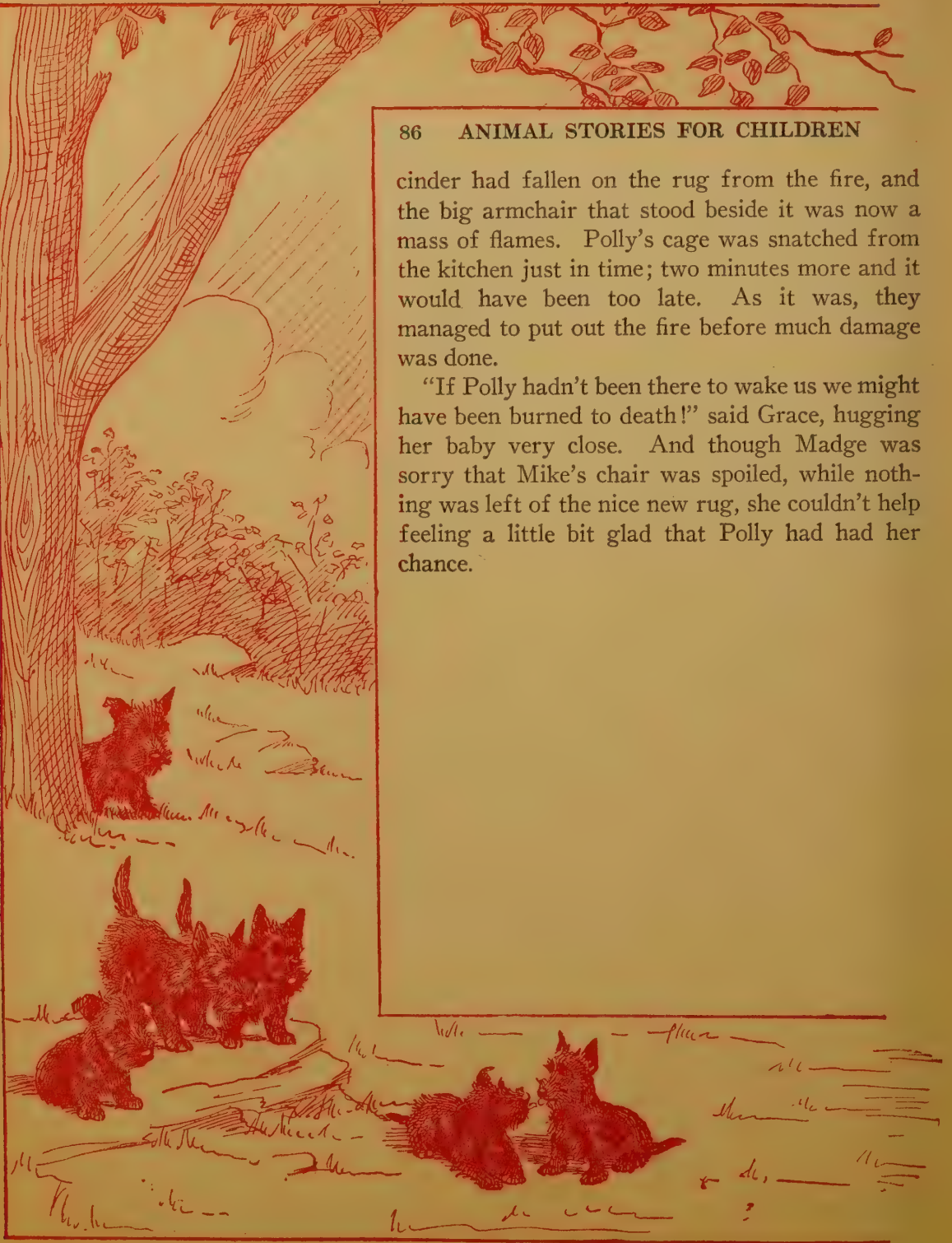
They had all gone to live in a much nicer street—Miss Mary, too, for they'd grown so fond of her that they wouldn't leave her behind. Polly, who had the run of the house, used to sleep in the kitchen for the sake of warmth. It was another bitter winter. One night, when everyone was sound asleep, she suddenly started singing—a funny song she had heard at sea, not at all the kind that Grace liked! After this she began to cough and to sneeze, and when, even then, no one came downstairs, she used sailor language that brought Miss Mary flying to cover her cage with a cloth.

Before she was halfway down the stairs Miss Mary smelled smoke and gave the alarm. A



cinder had fallen on the rug from the fire, and the big armchair that stood beside it was now a mass of flames. Polly's cage was snatched from the kitchen just in time; two minutes more and it would have been too late. As it was, they managed to put out the fire before much damage was done.

"If Polly hadn't been there to wake us we might have been burned to death!" said Grace, hugging her baby very close. And though Madge was sorry that Mike's chair was spoiled, while nothing was left of the nice new rug, she couldn't help feeling a little bit glad that Polly had had her chance.



IN THE BAD LANDS *

Stories of the Grizzly and Black Bears of the West

IN my childish estimation, bear stories rivaled the tales of mad gold rushes, thundering bisons and savage Indians. No chore was so hard nor so long but that I managed to complete it in time to take my place in the fireside circle and listen to accounts of those huge animals that lived in the Rocky Mountains and were fiercer than any other bears in the world. "Ursus horribilis," my father called them, and a delicious little shudder would run down my back at the sound of the words. There was talk, too, of hunters who had tracked these monsters to their lairs and overcome them.

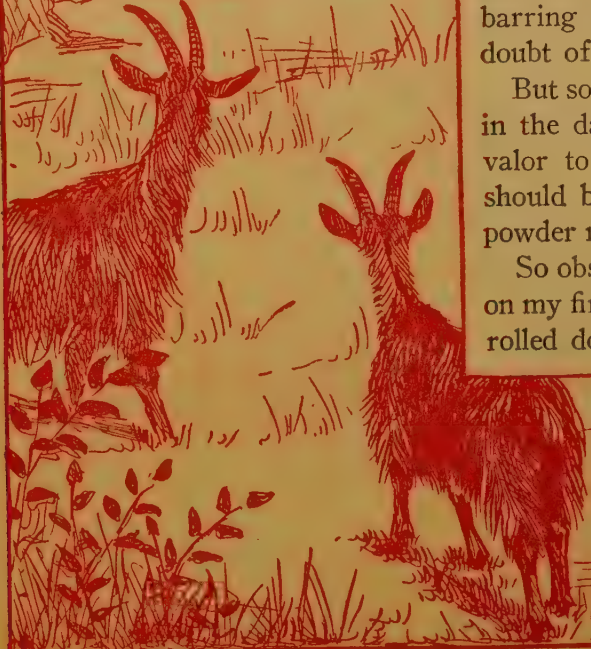
Early I decided that when I went West, I would become, besides other things, a mighty bear hunter. The cows I drove to pasture were "ursus horribilis" (how I reveled in those words!) fleeing before me, and I was stalking them through the wilds with rifle upon my arm, and pistol and hunting knife in my belt! I planned to discard

*From "A Mountain Boyhood," by Joe Mills.





the ragged overalls and clumsy "clod-hoppers" of the farm, as soon as I reached the mountains, for smoke-tanned, Indian-made buckskin suit and moccasins, all beaded and fringed. I wondered if the Indians wore coonskin caps like Davy Crockett—I felt it absolutely necessary that I should have one to wear to meet my first bear.



My first venture into the woods below the Parson's ranch I remember vividly, because I was filled with eager, yet fearful anticipation. I expected to meet a grizzly around every boulder. I kept wondering how fast a bear could run; I halted frequently beside trees, for I remembered my father's saying grizzlies did not climb, so I planned to shin up the tallest tree in the woods should one come in sight. In my dreams back on the farm, my only fear had been lest all the grizzlies be killed before I reached the Rockies; barring such dire calamity, I had never had a doubt of my prowess.

But somehow, when at last I found myself alone in the dark forest, it seemed the better part of valor to postpone the actual encounters until I should become more skillful with my old black-powder rifle.

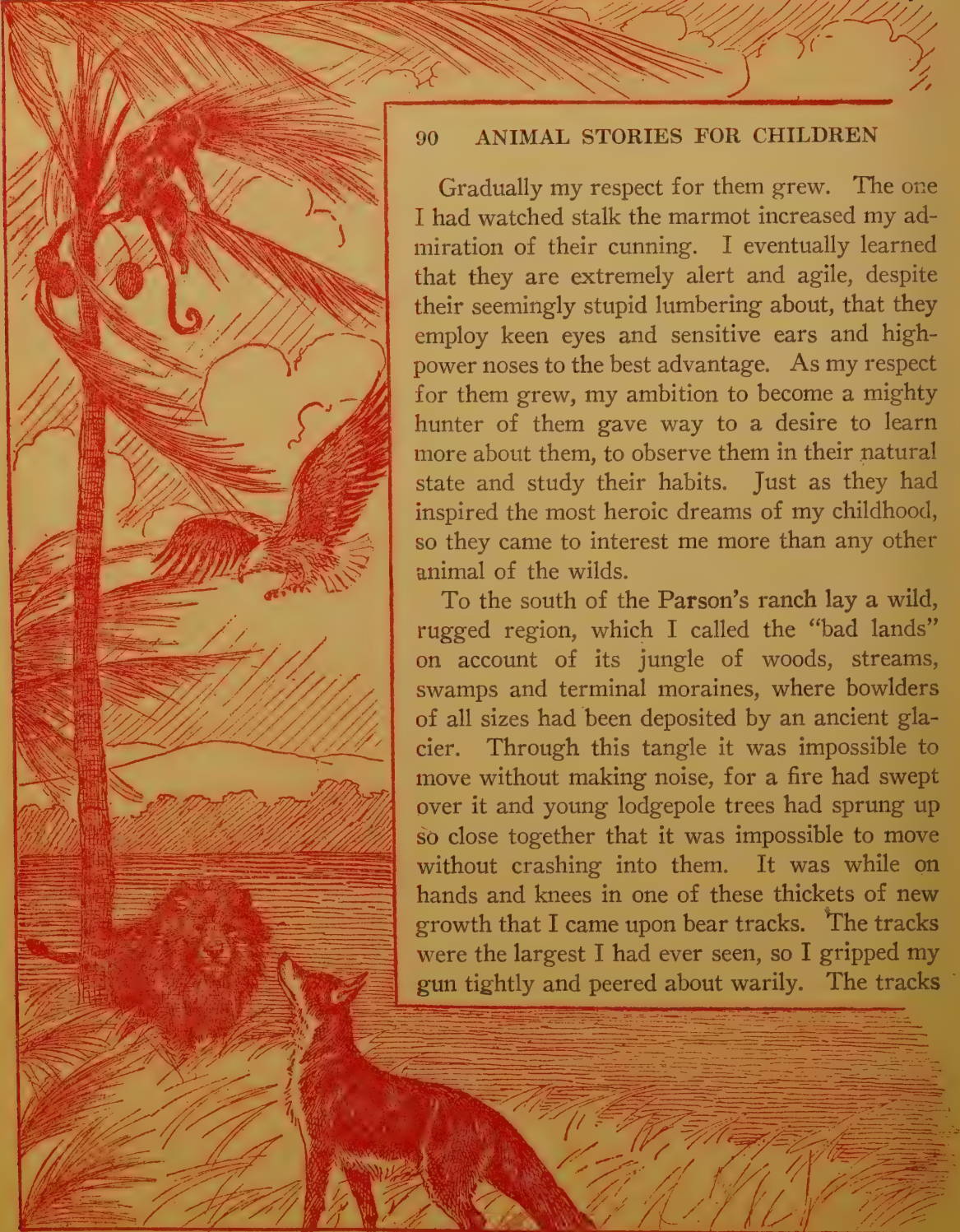
So obsessed was I by the thought of bears that on my first excursions into the wilds, a rock never rolled down a slope nor dropped from a cliff, a

crash sounded in a thicket, but that I was sure a bear was mysteriously responsible. I dreamed of them, day and night, until they became bugbears, grizzly bugbears!

Considering my long-avowed intentions, my first camp alone in the Wild Basin country was not entirely unfortunate, for there, that first exciting afternoon, I met a bear face to face. Of course, I gave him the right of way. Was I not the intruder and he the rightful resident? Though years have elapsed since I dropped my rifle and sped in instant flight down the mountain side toward camp, I still like to think that my marvelous speed discouraged "*ursus horribilis*" and, therefore, he turned tail.

During my first summer in the mountains, I saw bears several times, in each instance going about their business and making no move to attack me. After these glimpses of them I gathered courage and decided to postpone my career as a hunter no longer. Bears were the objectives of my hunting expeditions, but they always succeeded in eluding me. Many times in stalking them I came upon fresh tracks showing they had broken into flight at my approach. One day I turned homeward, empty-handed, and learned later I had been within gunshot of one without catching sight of him.





Gradually my respect for them grew. The one I had watched stalk the marmot increased my admiration of their cunning. I eventually learned that they are extremely alert and agile, despite their seemingly stupid lumbering about, that they employ keen eyes and sensitive ears and high-power noses to the best advantage. As my respect for them grew, my ambition to become a mighty hunter of them gave way to a desire to learn more about them, to observe them in their natural state and study their habits. Just as they had inspired the most heroic dreams of my childhood, so they came to interest me more than any other animal of the wilds.

To the south of the Parson's ranch lay a wild, rugged region, which I called the "bad lands" on account of its jungle of woods, streams, swamps and terminal moraines, where boulders of all sizes had been deposited by an ancient glacier. Through this tangle it was impossible to move without making noise, for a fire had swept over it and young lodgepole trees had sprung up so close together that it was impossible to move without crashing into them. It was while on hands and knees in one of these thickets of new growth that I came upon bear tracks. The tracks were the largest I had ever seen, so I gripped my gun tightly and peered about warily. The tracks

pointed west, so I headed east, crashing through the trees ponderously, giving an occasional yell to help the bear keep out of my way.

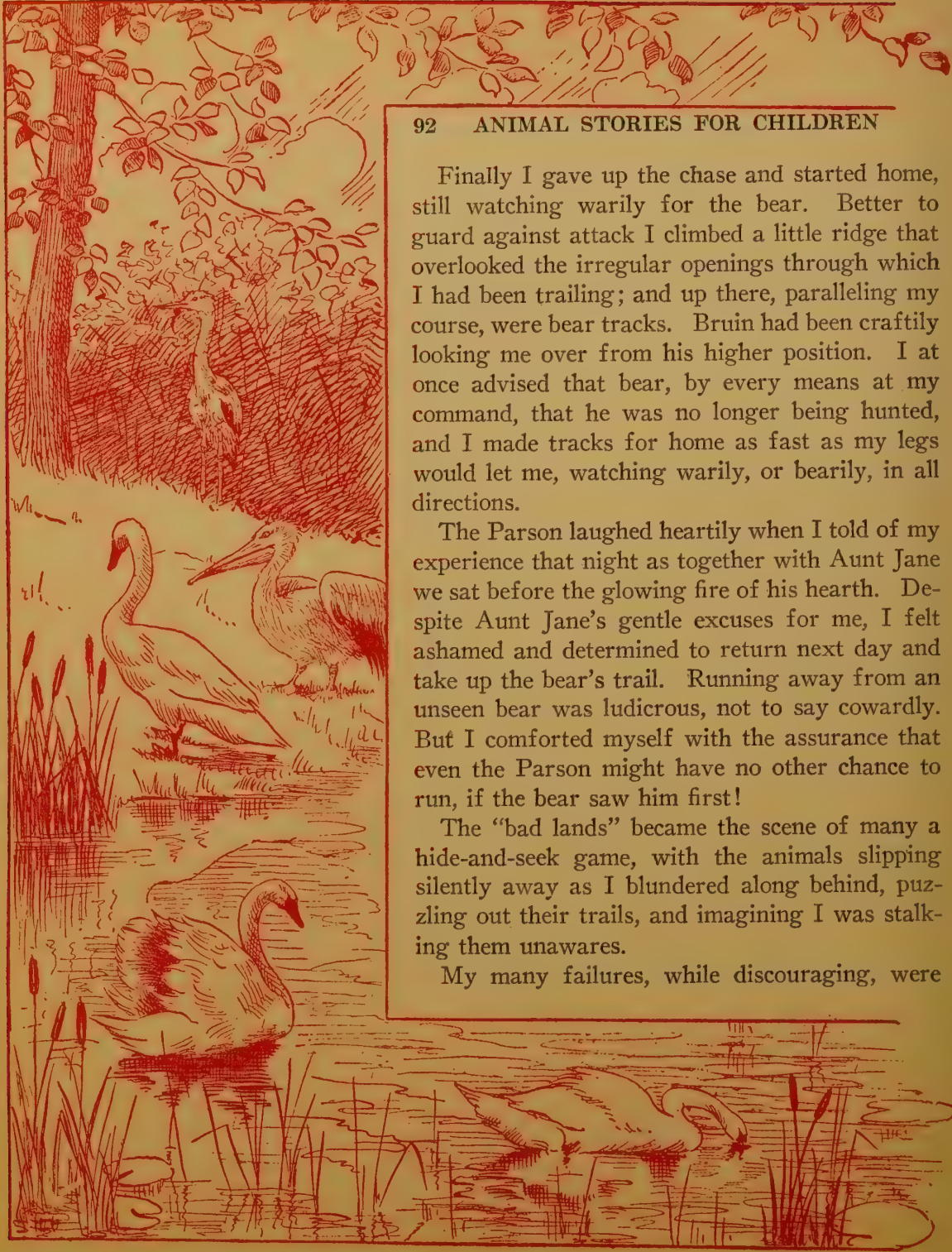
I had gone about a hundred yards and was congratulating myself on my escape, when, to my horror, I discovered fresh tracks paralleling mine. Altering my course I went on, shouting vigorously, but with less confidence of scaring the bear out of the region.

In this extremity I recalled a bit of advice the Parson had given me.

"Don't ever let on you're afraid," he cautioned me one day, "because if you do the animal may turn on you."

With this in mind I faced about, took up the bear's trail, and with ready rifle followed it. I kept looking behind me, to the right and to the left. The wind was blowing snow off the high peaks above and it made the tracks easily followed, for it kept them fresh. They turned aside, angled off, tacked and came back close to their first line. Around and around I trailed. A dozen times I stopped with my heart in my mouth, the rifle at my shoulder, but my alarm was occasioned by some other denizen of the wilds. Twice deer crashed away and left me rooted fast; and once, a cock grouse took the air from a rock just above my head, and nearly precipitated a stampede.





Finally I gave up the chase and started home, still watching warily for the bear. Better to guard against attack I climbed a little ridge that overlooked the irregular openings through which I had been trailing; and up there, paralleling my course, were bear tracks. Bruin had been craftily looking me over from his higher position. I at once advised that bear, by every means at my command, that he was no longer being hunted, and I made tracks for home as fast as my legs would let me, watching warily, or bearily, in all directions.

The Parson laughed heartily when I told of my experience that night as together with Aunt Jane we sat before the glowing fire of his hearth. Despite Aunt Jane's gentle excuses for me, I felt ashamed and determined to return next day and take up the bear's trail. Running away from an unseen bear was ludicrous, not to say cowardly. But I comforted myself with the assurance that even the Parson might have no other chance to run, if the bear saw him first!

The "bad lands" became the scene of many a hide-and-seek game, with the animals slipping silently away as I blundered along behind, puzzling out their trails, and imagining I was stalking them unawares.

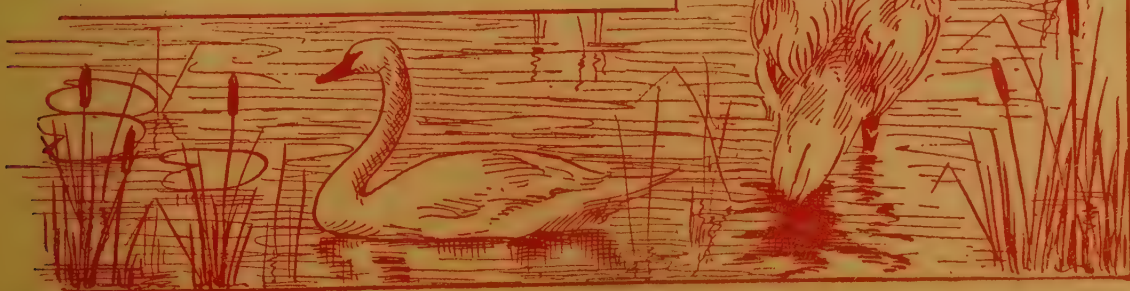
My many failures, while discouraging, were

fruitful of experience, for I learned to hunt up-wind, thus discounting the high-power noses of the bears and muffling to some extent my clumsy movements from the deer. Repeated trips into that rough region informed me that one or two bears lived there, and that though they often left it to explore some other region, they eventually returned to their own home range.

In tracing their movements I kept a sort of big-game Bertillon record; only instead of taking finger prints, as is done with criminals, I measured footprints, sketching them in my notebook, noting any slight peculiarity that would distinguish one track from another, and thus made positive identification possible.

I was compelled to get my information concerning the bears' movements mostly from their tracks, for they were far too crafty to be seen "in person"! They evidently moved on the assumption that vigilance was the price of life. They used their wits as well as their keen senses, seemed to reason as well as to have instinct. Moreover they made use of other animals for their own defense.

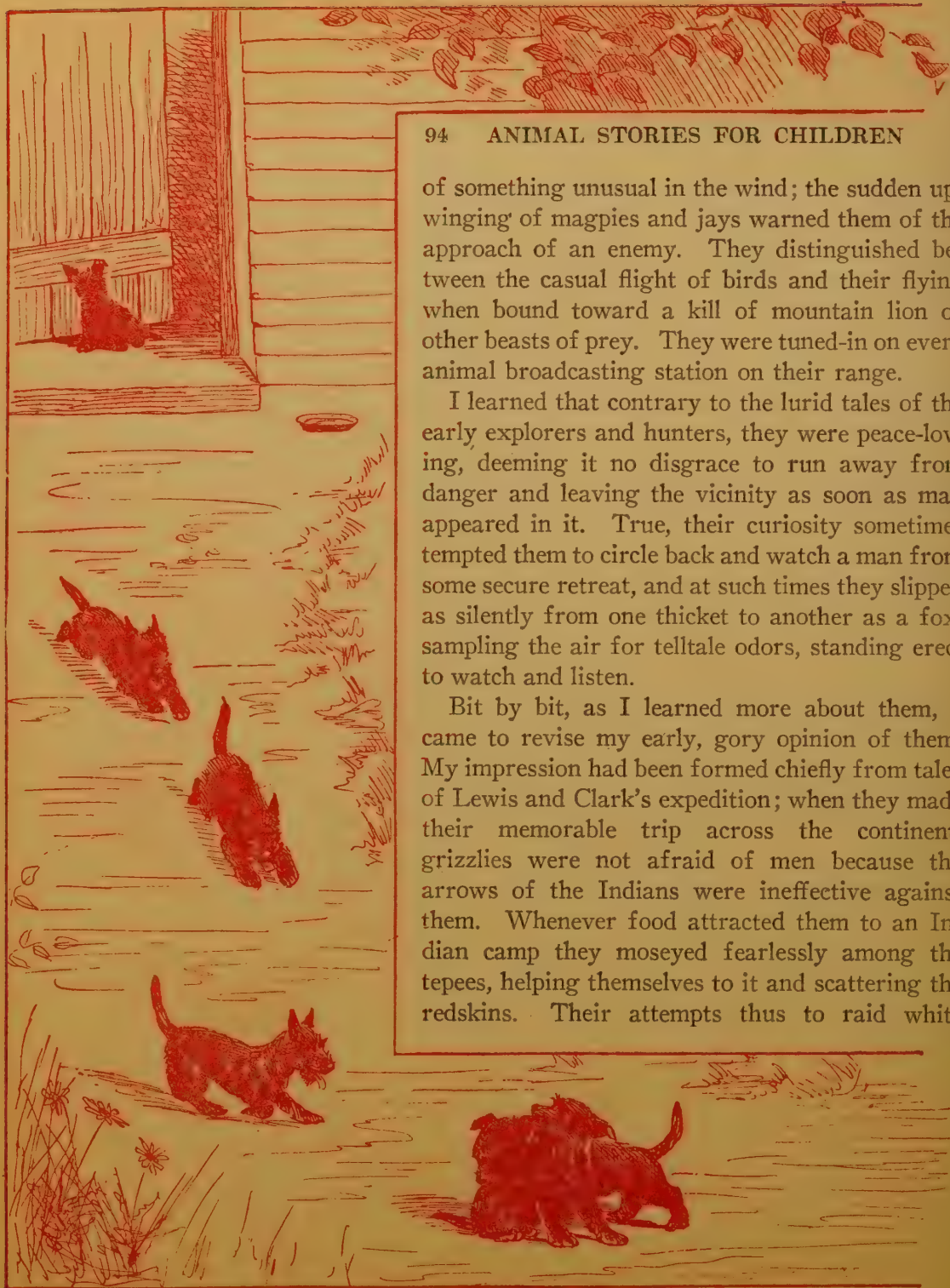
They were ever alertly watching the significant movements of their neighbors, for signals of dangers beyond the range of their own senses. The quiet retreat of a fox or coyote apprised them



of something unusual in the wind; the sudden upwinging of magpies and jays warned them of the approach of an enemy. They distinguished between the casual flight of birds and their flying when bound toward a kill of mountain lion or other beasts of prey. They were tuned-in on every animal broadcasting station on their range.

I learned that contrary to the lurid tales of the early explorers and hunters, they were peace-loving, deeming it no disgrace to run away from danger and leaving the vicinity as soon as man appeared in it. True, their curiosity sometimes tempted them to circle back and watch a man from some secure retreat, and at such times they slipped as silently from one thicket to another as a fox, sampling the air for telltale odors, standing erect to watch and listen.

Bit by bit, as I learned more about them, I came to revise my early, gory opinion of them. My impression had been formed chiefly from tales of Lewis and Clark's expedition; when they made their memorable trip across the continent, grizzlies were not afraid of men because the arrows of the Indians were ineffective against them. Whenever food attracted them to an Indian camp they moseyed fearlessly among the tepees, helping themselves to it and scattering the redskins. Their attempts thus to raid white



men's camps gave rise to blood-curdling stories of their savagery, and their fearless, deadly attacks on men.

These tales, while pure fiction, led to the belief that all bears were bad and should be killed, at every opportunity; and ever since Lewis and Clark saw the first one, men with dogs and guns, traps and poison have been on their trail.

While I do not believe bears guilty of the many offenses charged them, I am sure that they had been the "life of the party" at many a camp, having been led out of their retirement by their small-boy curiosity.

In the region where first I followed a bear, or where it followed me, there ranged two of these animals, each recording a different track and displaying individual traits which I came to recognize.

The smaller track had short claws that left their prints in the sand or soft places. In following this track I found that the maker was inclined to be indolent; that if the digging after a chipmunk was hard he left the job unfinished and sought easier sources of food. Thus the black bear that frequented the "bad lands" loafed across his range, living by the easiest means possible and rarely exerting himself.

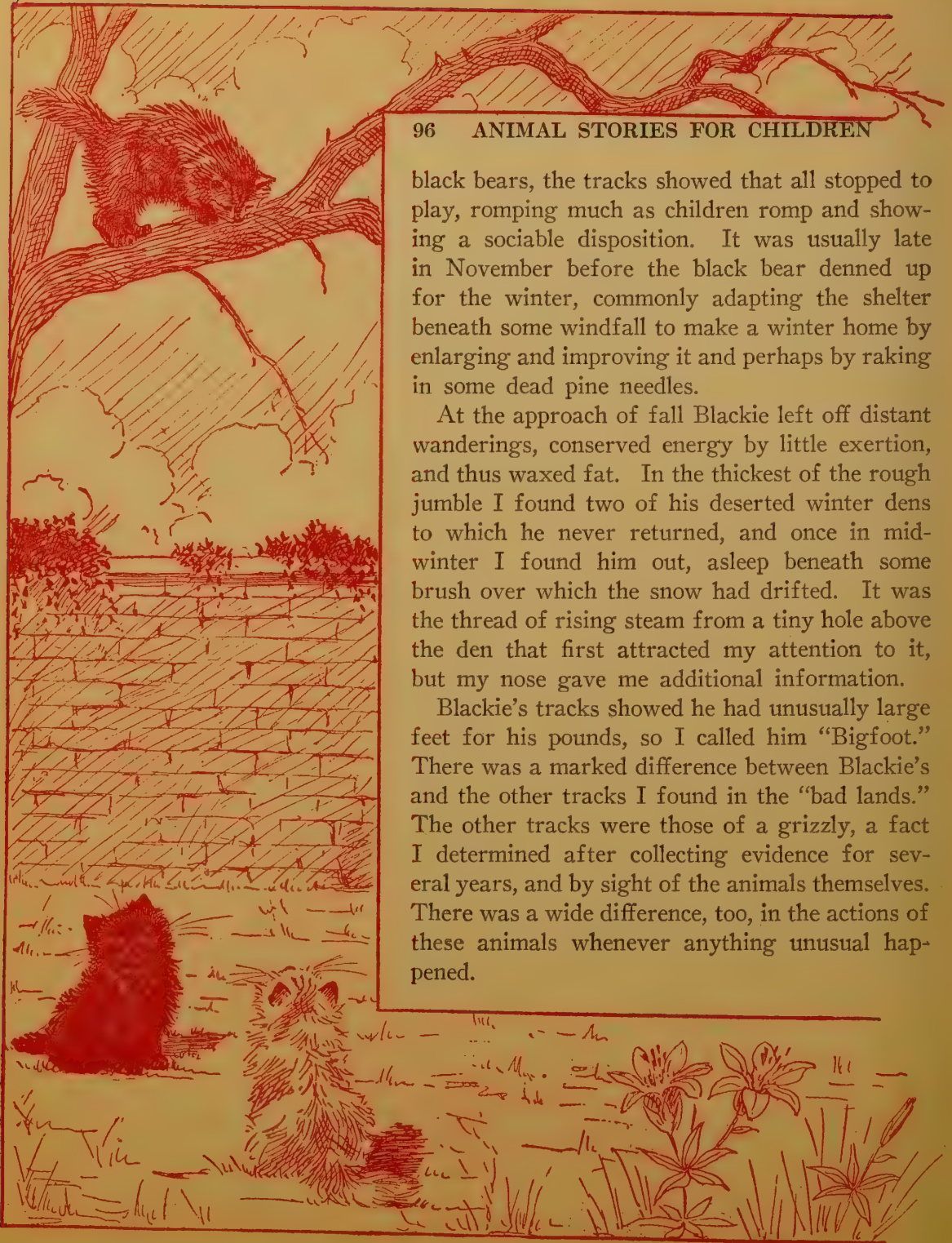
Twice when Blackie's trail crossed that of other



black bears, the tracks showed that all stopped to play, romping much as children romp and showing a sociable disposition. It was usually late in November before the black bear denned up for the winter, commonly adapting the shelter beneath some windfall to make a winter home by enlarging and improving it and perhaps by raking in some dead pine needles.

At the approach of fall Blackie left off distant wanderings, conserved energy by little exertion, and thus waxed fat. In the thickest of the rough jumble I found two of his deserted winter dens to which he never returned, and once in mid-winter I found him out, asleep beneath some brush over which the snow had drifted. It was the thread of rising steam from a tiny hole above the den that first attracted my attention to it, but my nose gave me additional information.

Blackie's tracks showed he had unusually large feet for his pounds, so I called him "Bigfoot." There was a marked difference between Blackie's and the other tracks I found in the "bad lands." The other tracks were those of a grizzly, a fact I determined after collecting evidence for several years, and by sight of the animals themselves. There was a wide difference, too, in the actions of these animals whenever anything unusual happened.



Blackie, commonly, ran away without waiting to learn what had caused the alarm. The grizzly displayed extreme caution, usually standing erect on his hind feet, remaining motionless, watching for silent signals of other animals and the birds, swinging his head slowly from side to side, training his high-power nose in all directions, cocking his ears alertly as a coyote. When he located the enemy he slipped away noiselessly, followed a trail with which he was familiar and left the vicinity, perhaps traveling ten or twenty miles before stopping.

Unlike Blackie, too, the grizzly was a prodigious worker. No job was too big for him. Often he spent an hour or more in digging out a tiny titbit such as a chipmunk, and several times in his pursuit of a marmot he excavated in rockslide holes large enough for small basements. Daily he traveled many miles, foraging for food as he moved, sometimes eating swarms of grasshoppers, or stowing away bushels of grass or other greenery, or uprooting the ground for dogtooth violets of which he was very fond. Such spots, when he had finished his rooting, resembled a field which the hogs had plowed up.

In one respect the black bear and the grizzly were alike: they never seemed to have enough to eat, but had the insatiable appetites of growing

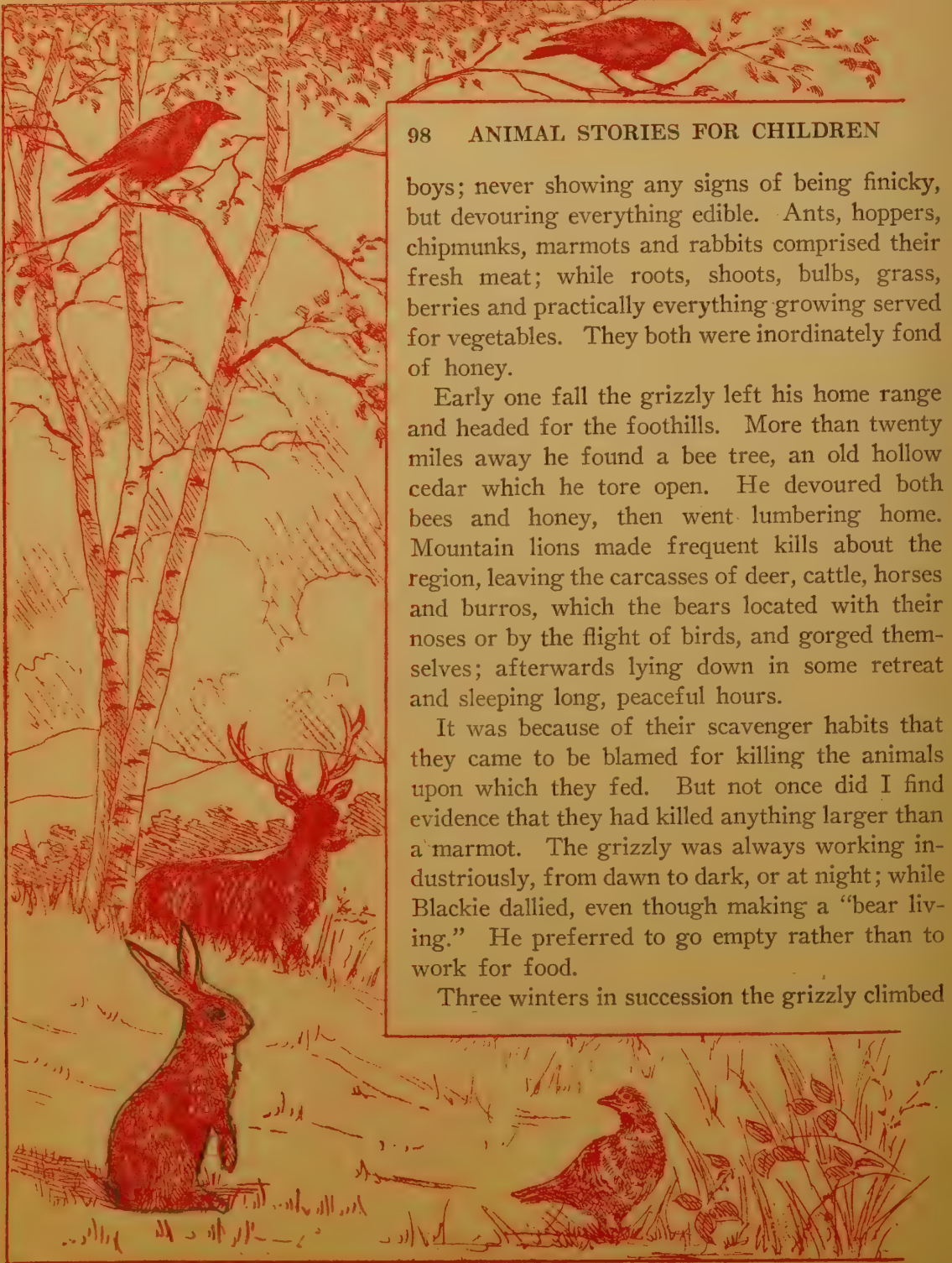


boys; never showing any signs of being finicky, but devouring everything edible. Ants, hoppers, chipmunks, marmots and rabbits comprised their fresh meat; while roots, shoots, bulbs, grass, berries and practically everything growing served for vegetables. They both were inordinately fond of honey.

Early one fall the grizzly left his home range and headed for the foothills. More than twenty miles away he found a bee tree, an old hollow cedar which he tore open. He devoured both bees and honey, then went lumbering home. Mountain lions made frequent kills about the region, leaving the carcasses of deer, cattle, horses and burros, which the bears located with their noses or by the flight of birds, and gorged themselves; afterwards lying down in some retreat and sleeping long, peaceful hours.

It was because of their scavenger habits that they came to be blamed for killing the animals upon which they fed. But not once did I find evidence that they had killed anything larger than a marmot. The grizzly was always working industriously, from dawn to dark, or at night; while Blackie dallied, even though making a "bear living." He preferred to go empty rather than to work for food.

Three winters in succession the grizzly climbed



to a den in an exposed spot on the northern slope of Mount Meeker. It was a low opening beneath a rock, the entrance to which was partially stopped with loose rubble, raked from inside the cave, and every fall he renovated it by chinking the larger cracks and by pawing together loose bits of rock for a bed.

As fall approached, his tracks led to it; apparently he napped inside occasionally to try it out. His ultimate retirement for winter hibernation depended upon the weather and the food supply; if the fall were late, with plenty of food, he would still be about the woods as late as December, while one fall when snow came early and deep, and so made food unavailable, he disappeared at the end of October.

The grizzly had many individual traits. Not once in the years I followed him, did he show any desire for others of his kind. He preferred being alone. His play consisted chiefly of elaborate stalkings of easily captured animals. If his hunger was appeased for a time he would turn to hunting grasshoppers. Marking the spot where one had alighted he would steal forward and pounce upon it as though it were an animal of size and fighting ability. Again he would take great pains to waylay a chipmunk, lying motionless while the unwary little spermophile ventured



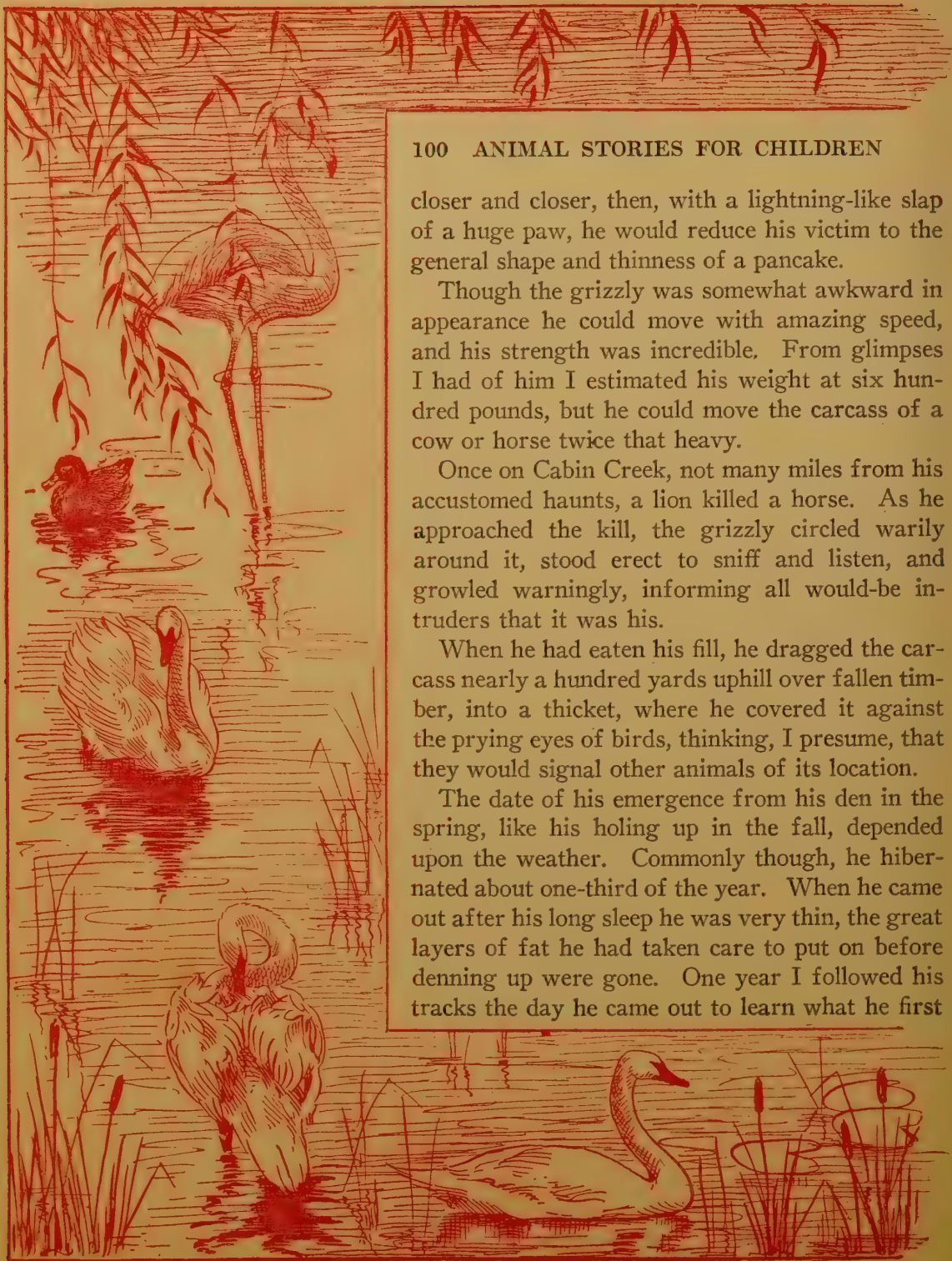
closer and closer, then, with a lightning-like slap of a huge paw, he would reduce his victim to the general shape and thinness of a pancake.

Though the grizzly was somewhat awkward in appearance he could move with amazing speed, and his strength was incredible. From glimpses I had of him I estimated his weight at six hundred pounds, but he could move the carcass of a cow or horse twice that heavy.

Once on Cabin Creek, not many miles from his accustomed haunts, a lion killed a horse. As he approached the kill, the grizzly circled warily around it, stood erect to sniff and listen, and growled warningly, informing all would-be intruders that it was his.

When he had eaten his fill, he dragged the carcass nearly a hundred yards uphill over fallen timber, into a thicket, where he covered it against the prying eyes of birds, thinking, I presume, that they would signal other animals of its location.

The date of his emergence from his den in the spring, like his holing up in the fall, depended upon the weather. Commonly though, he hibernated about one-third of the year. When he came out after his long sleep he was very thin, the great layers of fat he had taken care to put on before denning up were gone. One year I followed his tracks the day he came out to learn what he first



ate, and was surprised to find that he scarcely ate at all. Instead of being ravenous, as I had supposed he would be, he seemed to have no appetite, and barely tasted a green shoot or two, and a little grass. His claws had grown out over winter and the tough soles of his feet soon shed off so that, though born to the wilds, he became a tender-foot.

Upon two occasions I found the tracks of this "bad lands" grizzly far from home; once he was at the edge of a snow bank near Arapahoe glacier, where he had gone for a frozen grasshopper feast; and another time, some years later, beyond Ypsilon Mountain, in an old sheep trail that led toward the headquarters of the Poudre River. He was more than thirty miles from home and still going.

Experience with men has made the few surviving grizzlies of the Rockies crafty, and they are instinctively wary. Their habits have been much the same wherever I have had opportunity of observing them. Their extreme caution would perhaps lead one to believe them cowards, but nothing is farther from the truth, for they are fighters of first rank, and show unrivaled courage as well as lightning-like speed and prodigious strength in combat. A fighting grizzly is a deadly antagonist, never giving up, determined to win or die.

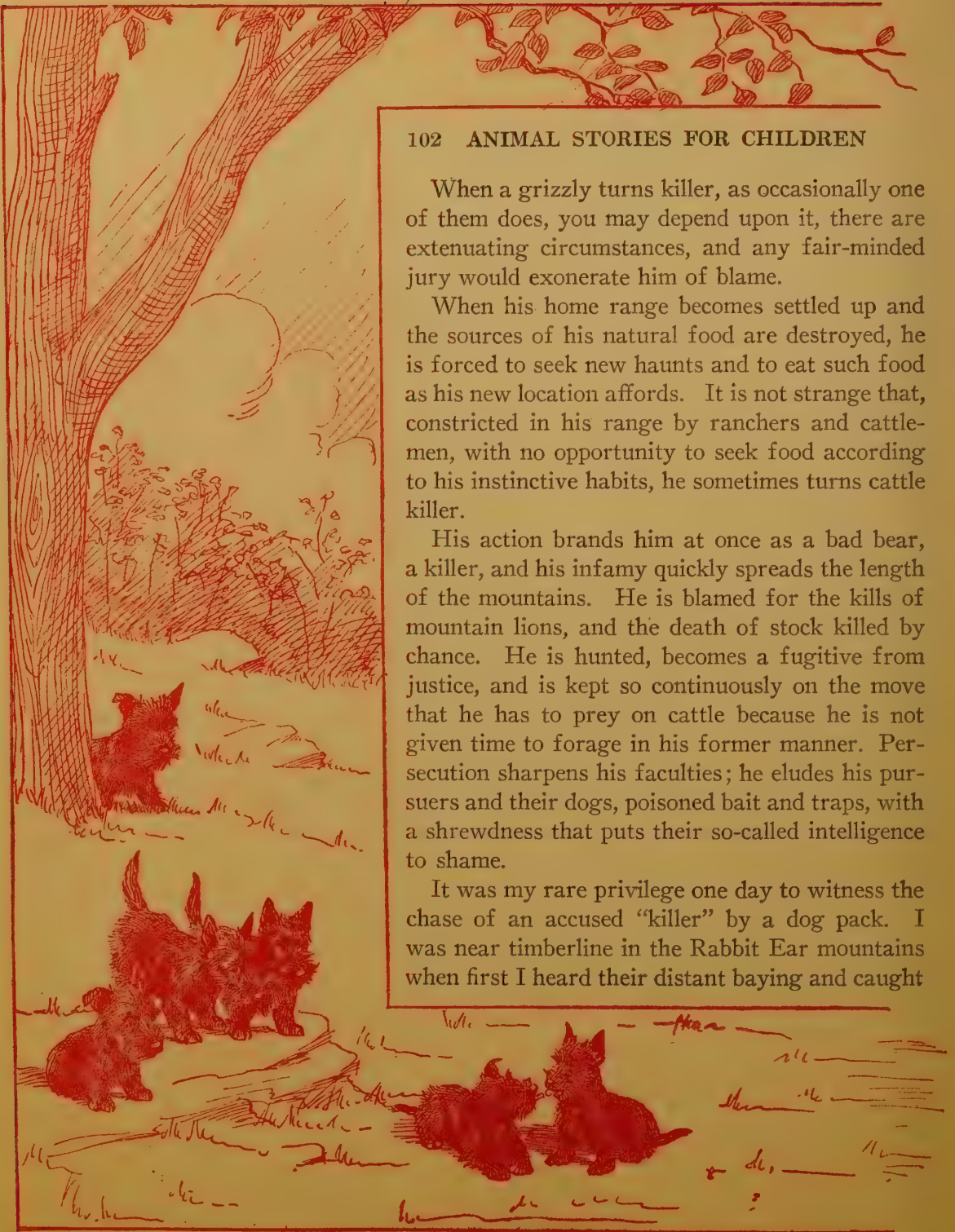


When a grizzly turns killer, as occasionally one of them does, you may depend upon it, there are extenuating circumstances, and any fair-minded jury would exonerate him of blame.

When his home range becomes settled up and the sources of his natural food are destroyed, he is forced to seek new haunts and to eat such food as his new location affords. It is not strange that, constricted in his range by ranchers and cattlemen, with no opportunity to seek food according to his instinctive habits, he sometimes turns cattle killer.

His action brands him at once as a bad bear, a killer, and his infamy quickly spreads the length of the mountains. He is blamed for the kills of mountain lions, and the death of stock killed by chance. He is hunted, becomes a fugitive from justice, and is kept so continuously on the move that he has to prey on cattle because he is not given time to forage in his former manner. Persecution sharpens his faculties; he eludes his pursuers and their dogs, poisoned bait and traps, with a shrewdness that puts their so-called intelligence to shame.

It was my rare privilege one day to witness the chase of an accused "killer" by a dog pack. I was near timberline in the Rabbit Ear mountains when first I heard their distant baying and caught



sight of them far down a narrow valley, mere moving specks. Close behind these small dots were larger ones, men on horseback. A mile ahead of the pack a lone object galloped into an opening and, as I focused my glasses, stood erect, listening. It was a grizzly. He paused but a moment, then tacked up the side of the mountain, crossed the ridge, dropped into a parallel valley, and doubled back the way he had come. Occasionally I caught a glimpse of him as he ambled along, seemingly without haste, yet covering the ground at surprising speed.

Abruptly he left this second valley and recrossed the ridge to the first, taking up the trail he had been on when the pack disturbed him. The riders were still upon the ridge when the dogs recrossed it and started baying up the first valley. When the fresh scent led them back over the grizzly's first trail, they hesitated, confused, disagreeing among themselves as to the course to follow: and while the dogs delayed, the bear abandoned the lower ridges and timbered valleys and headed toward the cliffs.

Here the going was slow. Sometimes he followed old, deep-worn game trails, but more often he chose his own way. He climbed up the face of a cliff, following narrow ledges. At the top, he turned and angled back, arriving at the base of



the wall again, but some distance from the place where he had climbed up, and where he crossed his own trail, he swung back and forth repeatedly.

Half an hour later, the pack came howling to the cliff, and began seeking a way up. They scattered, swung back and forth along the ledges, crossed and recrossed the grizzly's tracks, but seemed unable to follow the way he had gone, before they finally circled the cliff and picked up his trail again. The bear's ruse had succeeded, by it he gained several minutes' lead on his pursuers.

The grizzly emerged above timberline near where I sat and galloped straight for a pass that overlooked the deep cañons, dark forests and rocky ridges on the other side of the range. Just before he gained it, three of the dogs broke cover and gave tongue, wildly excited at the sight of their quarry, and instantly hot on his trail. The bear coolly kept his same gait, until just short of the pass, at the top of a steep, smooth incline between two huge rock slabs, he halted and faced about, waited for them to come up. When the dogs, panting and spent from running, dashed up, he had got his wind and was ready for them.

The three dogs rushed pell-mell up the steep rock. With a deafening roar, the grizzly struck out right and left. Two of the dogs ceased howl-

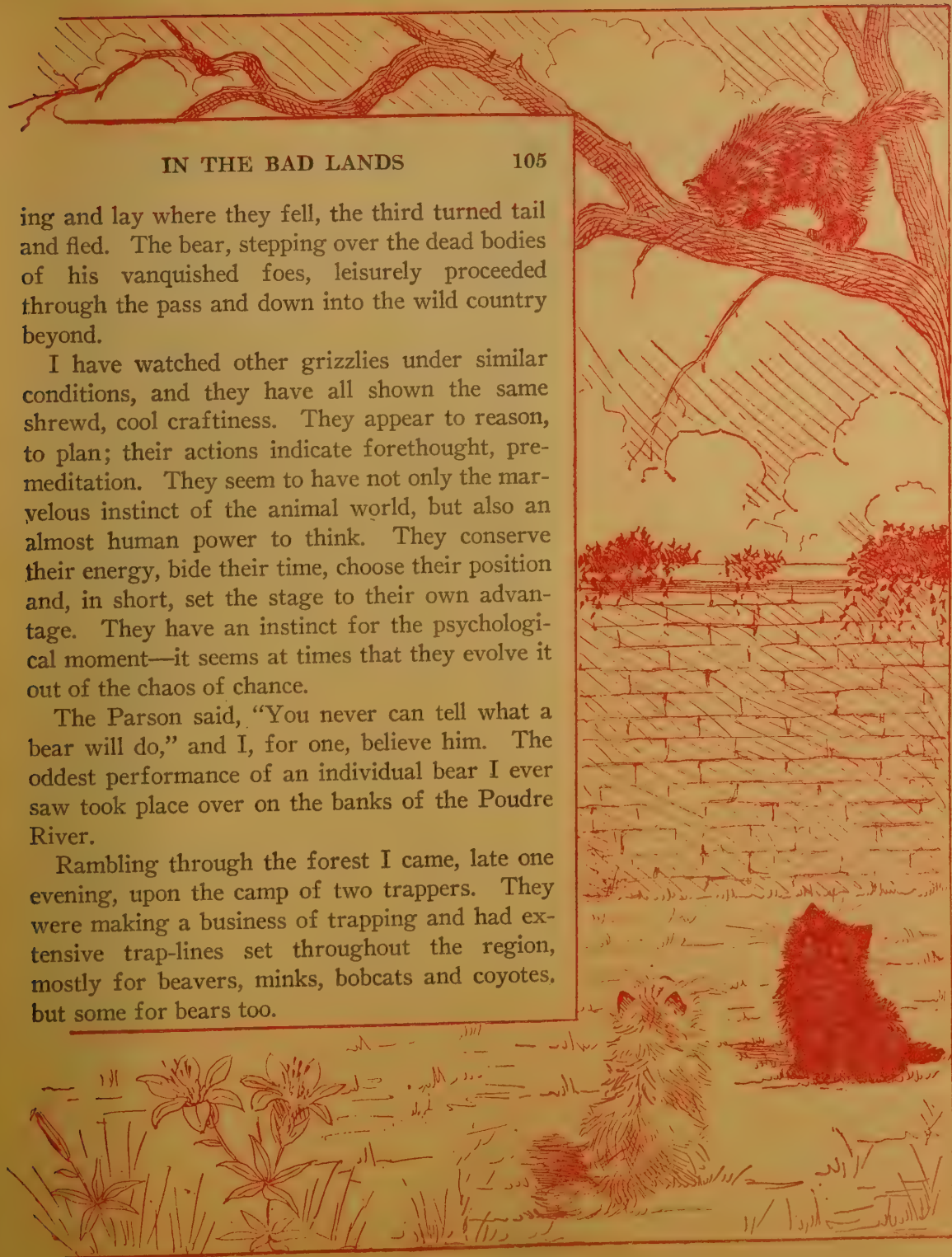


ing and lay where they fell, the third turned tail and fled. The bear, stepping over the dead bodies of his vanquished foes, leisurely proceeded through the pass and down into the wild country beyond.

I have watched other grizzlies under similar conditions, and they have all shown the same shrewd, cool craftiness. They appear to reason, to plan; their actions indicate forethought, premeditation. They seem to have not only the marvelous instinct of the animal world, but also an almost human power to think. They conserve their energy, bide their time, choose their position and, in short, set the stage to their own advantage. They have an instinct for the psychological moment—it seems at times that they evolve it out of the chaos of chance.

The Parson said, "You never can tell what a bear will do," and I, for one, believe him. The oddest performance of an individual bear I ever saw took place over on the banks of the Poudre River.

Rambling through the forest I came, late one evening, upon the camp of two trappers. They were making a business of trapping and had extensive trap-lines set throughout the region, mostly for beavers, minks, bobcats and coyotes, but some for bears too.

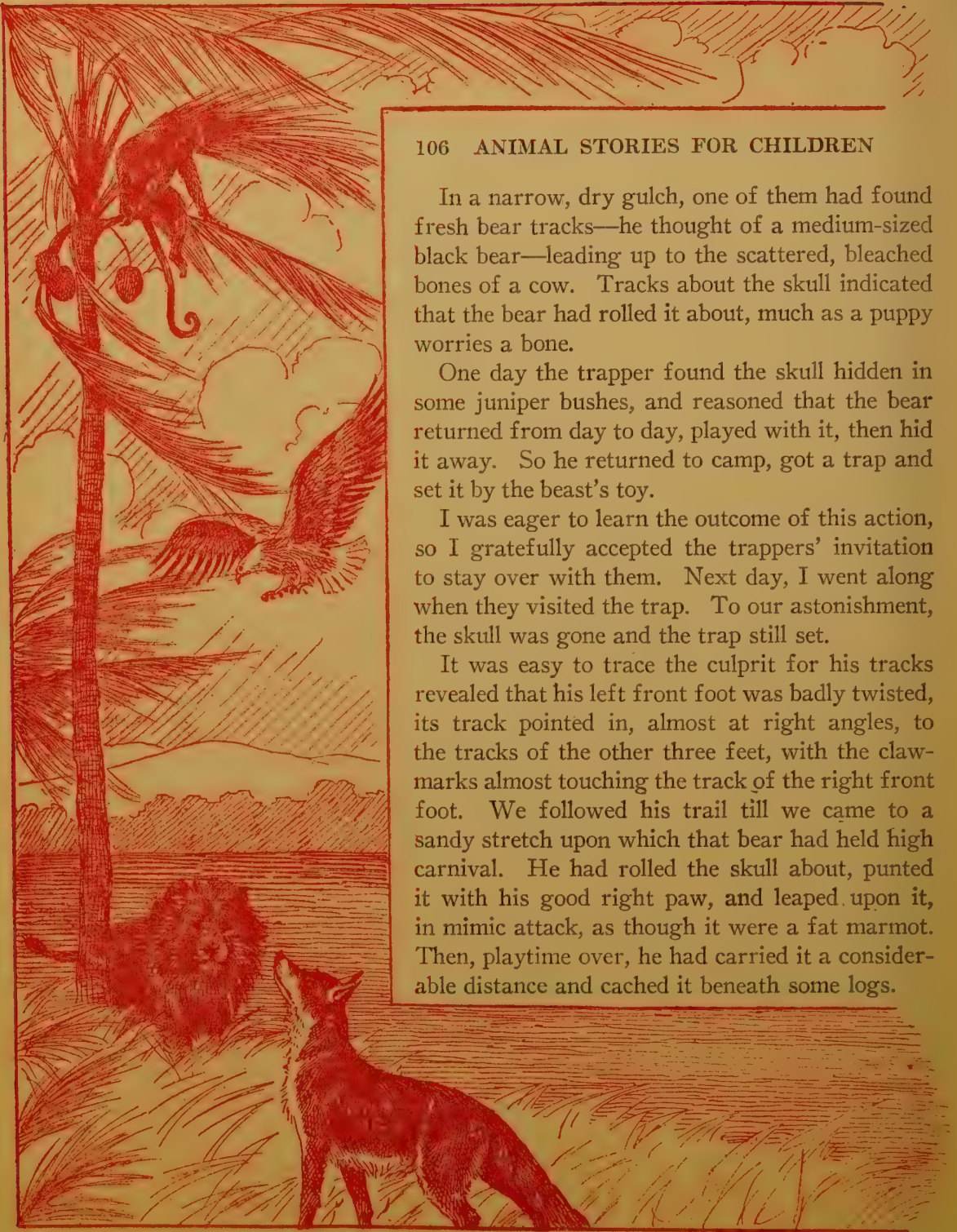


In a narrow, dry gulch, one of them had found fresh bear tracks—he thought of a medium-sized black bear—leading up to the scattered, bleached bones of a cow. Tracks about the skull indicated that the bear had rolled it about, much as a puppy worries a bone.

One day the trapper found the skull hidden in some juniper bushes, and reasoned that the bear returned from day to day, played with it, then hid it away. So he returned to camp, got a trap and set it by the beast's toy.

I was eager to learn the outcome of this action, so I gratefully accepted the trappers' invitation to stay over with them. Next day, I went along when they visited the trap. To our astonishment, the skull was gone and the trap still set.

It was easy to trace the culprit for his tracks revealed that his left front foot was badly twisted, its track pointed in, almost at right angles, to the tracks of the other three feet, with the claw-marks almost touching the track of the right front foot. We followed his trail till we came to a sandy stretch upon which that bear had held high carnival. He had rolled the skull about, punted it with his good right paw, and leaped upon it, in mimic attack, as though it were a fat marmot. Then, playtime over, he had carried it a considerable distance and cached it beneath some logs.

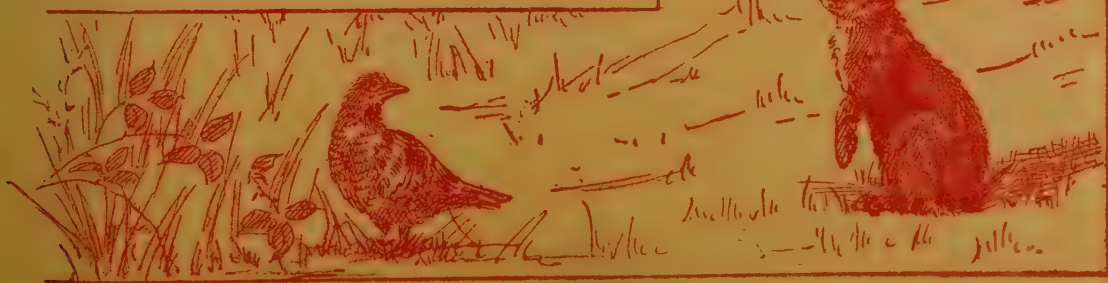


The trapper returned to camp for another trap, and set it and the first near the skull, concealing the traps cleverly in depressions scooped out in the sand, and covering their gaping, toothed jaws with loose pine needles. Then he scattered a few pine cones about, and placed dead tree limbs near the traps in such a way that in stepping over them the bear would be liable to step squarely upon the concealed pan of one of them.

Three times the bear rescued the precious cow skull, each time avoiding the traps. At last in desperation, the trapper took two more traps to the gulch and vowed that he'd pull up stakes and leave the bear alone if he did not get him with the set he purposed making.

With boyish interest, I accompanied him to the gulch, carrying one of the traps for him. We left the traps a short distance from where the bear had concealed the old skull, while the trapper looked the ground over and decided to set the traps where the skull was hidden, for the spot was ideal for the purpose. On two sides logs formed a barrier and beyond them was a huge boulder, the two forming a natural little cove. He expected the bear to approach his plaything from the unobstructed side.

The trapper had further plans. Close beside the logs grew a stunted pine tree with widespread-



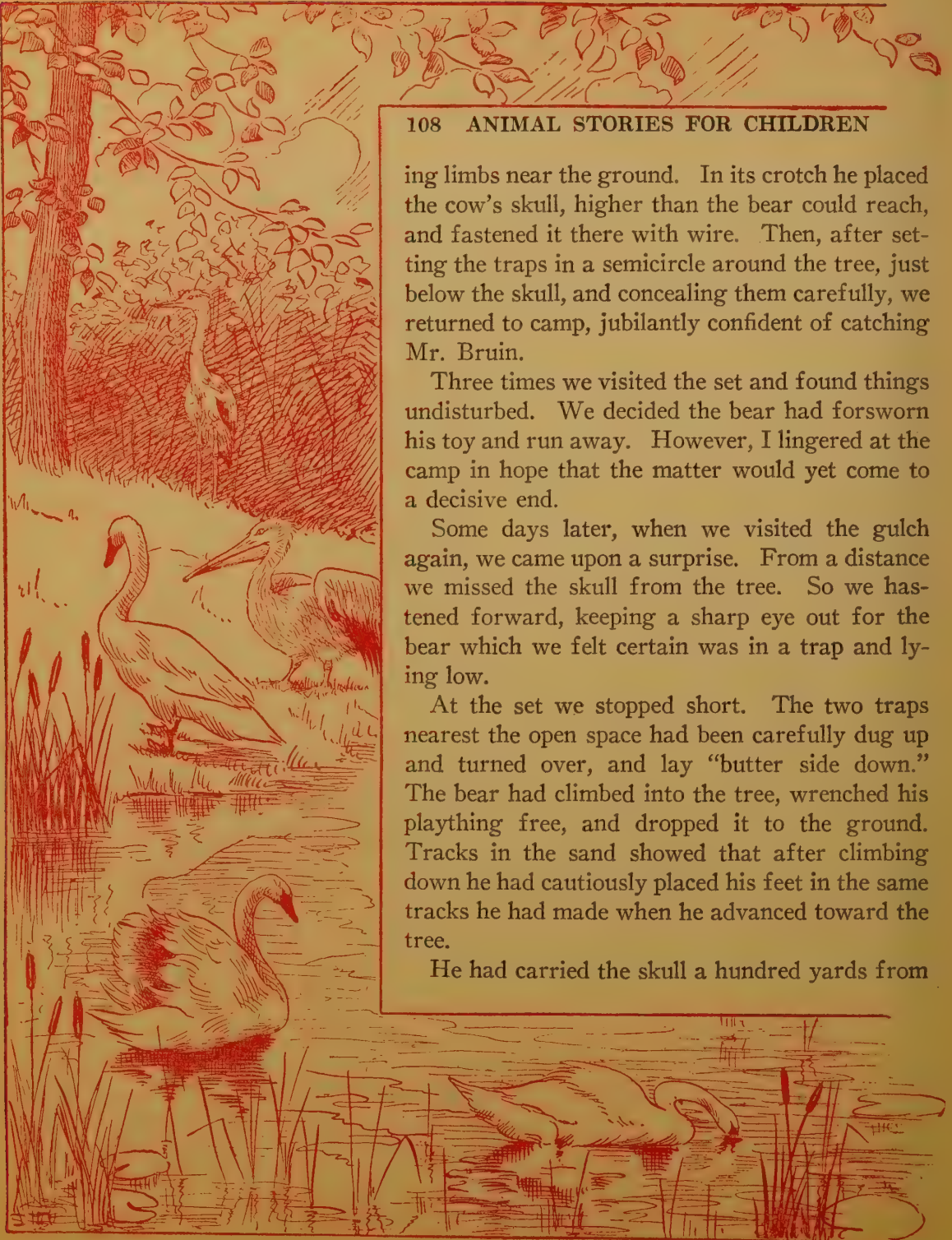
ing limbs near the ground. In its crotch he placed the cow's skull, higher than the bear could reach, and fastened it there with wire. Then, after setting the traps in a semicircle around the tree, just below the skull, and concealing them carefully, we returned to camp, jubilantly confident of catching Mr. Bruin.

Three times we visited the set and found things undisturbed. We decided the bear had forsworn his toy and run away. However, I lingered at the camp in hope that the matter would yet come to a decisive end.

Some days later, when we visited the gulch again, we came upon a surprise. From a distance we missed the skull from the tree. So we hastened forward, keeping a sharp eye out for the bear which we felt certain was in a trap and lying low.

At the set we stopped short. The two traps nearest the open space had been carefully dug up and turned over, and lay "butter side down." The bear had climbed into the tree, wrenched his plaything free, and dropped it to the ground. Tracks in the sand showed that after climbing down he had cautiously placed his feet in the same tracks he had made when he advanced toward the tree.

He had carried the skull a hundred yards from



the traps and hidden it again; but there were no signs that he had stopped to play with it.

The trapper was as good as his word; and after recovering from his astonishment, he sprung the traps, and we carried them back to camp.

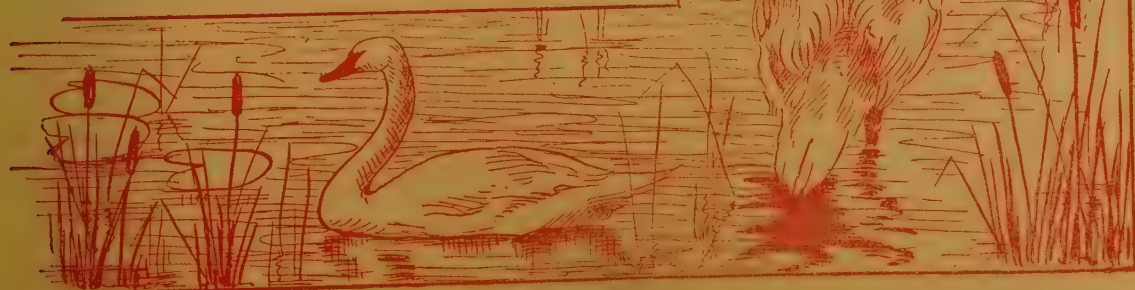
"Some smart, that ole twisted-foot bear," the trapper told his partner. "He's smart enough to live a hundred years—an' I'm willin' to let him."

No camp fire is complete without bear stories, and it was around one that I heard the funniest bear story imaginable.

A lone trapper was caught one day in a trap of his own making, a ponderous wooden coop calculated to catch the bear alive by dropping a heavy log door in place at the open end. This door was on a trigger which a bear, in attempting to steal the bait, would spring.

As this tale was told, the trapper had just completed his trap and was adjusting the trigger, when the heavy door crashed down, pinning him across the threshold, with his legs outside. The door caught on a section of log in the doorway, and saved him from broken legs, but he was a helpless prisoner.

In struggling to free himself, he kicked over a can of honey he had brought along for bait, and the sticky fluid oozed over his thrashing legs. Four hours he lay, imprisoned, shouting at inter-

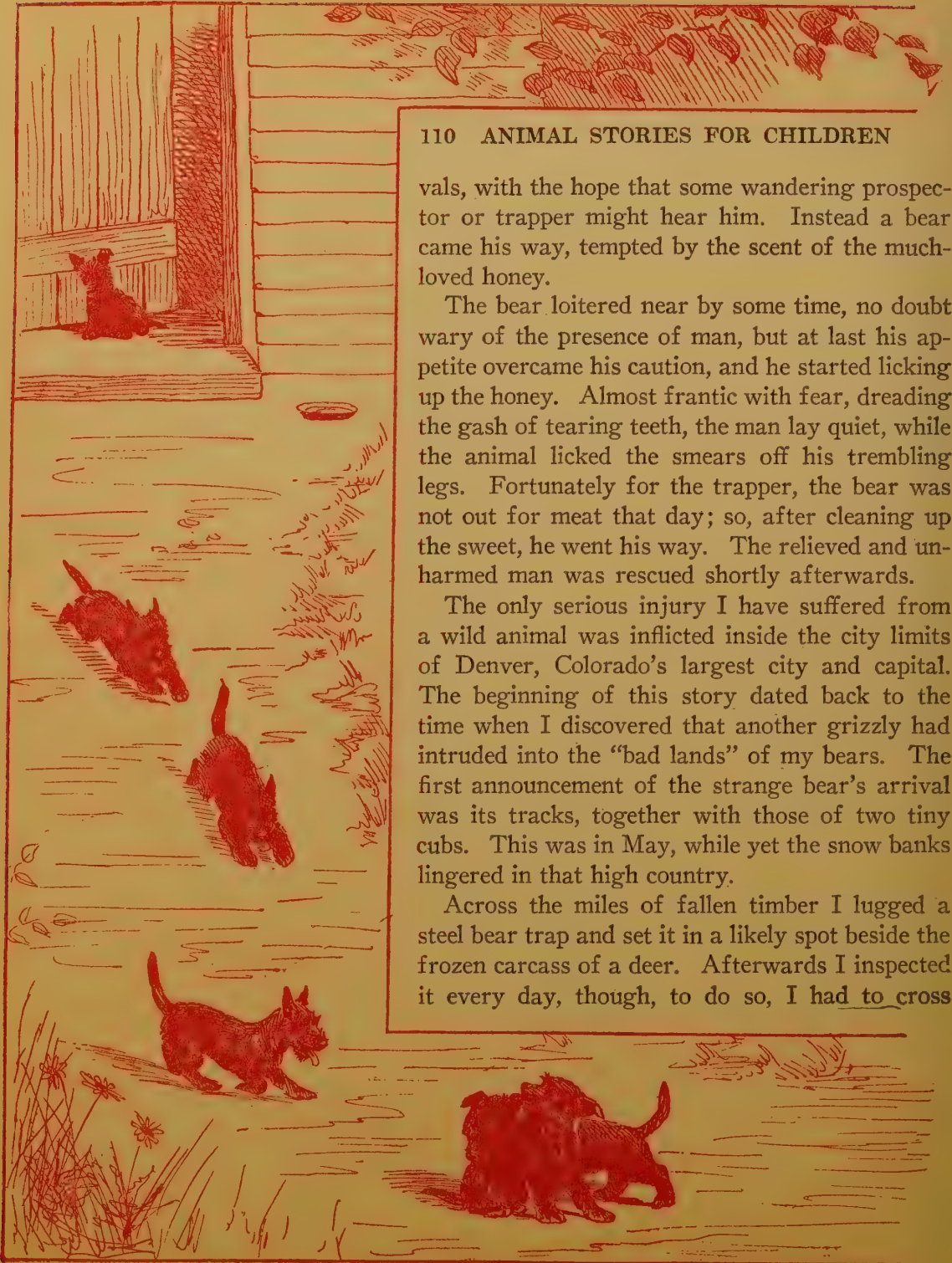


vals, with the hope that some wandering prospector or trapper might hear him. Instead a bear came his way, tempted by the scent of the much-loved honey.

The bear loitered near by some time, no doubt wary of the presence of man, but at last his appetite overcame his caution, and he started licking up the honey. Almost frantic with fear, dreading the gash of tearing teeth, the man lay quiet, while the animal licked the smears off his trembling legs. Fortunately for the trapper, the bear was not out for meat that day; so, after cleaning up the sweet, he went his way. The relieved and unharmed man was rescued shortly afterwards.

The only serious injury I have suffered from a wild animal was inflicted inside the city limits of Denver, Colorado's largest city and capital. The beginning of this story dated back to the time when I discovered that another grizzly had intruded into the "bad lands" of my bears. The first announcement of the strange bear's arrival was its tracks, together with those of two tiny cubs. This was in May, while yet the snow banks lingered in that high country.

Across the miles of fallen timber I lugged a steel bear trap and set it in a likely spot beside the frozen carcass of a deer. Afterwards I inspected it every day, though, to do so, I had to cross



boggy, rough country, fretted over with fallen logs. I always found plenty of bear tracks—it was typical bear country—and there were many signs of their activities: old logs torn apart, ant hills disturbed, and lush grass trampled.

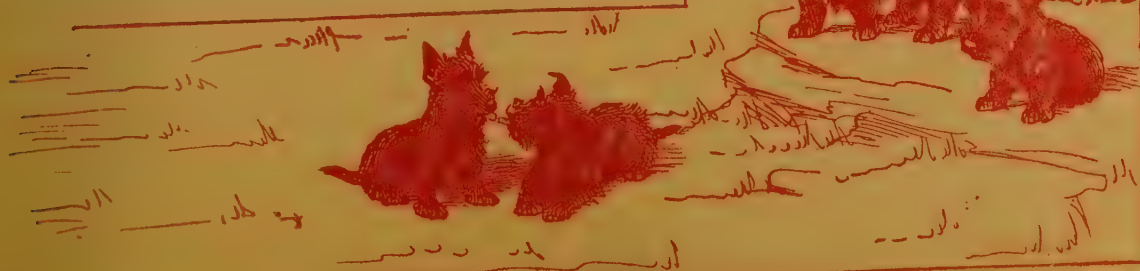
The first week in June, I made a surprising catch—three grizzly bears and a fox. A mother grizzly had stepped into my trap, and her two cubs, of about fifteen pounds each, had lingered near by, until, growing hungry, they had ventured to their mother, and one had been caught in a coyote trap set to protect the bait.

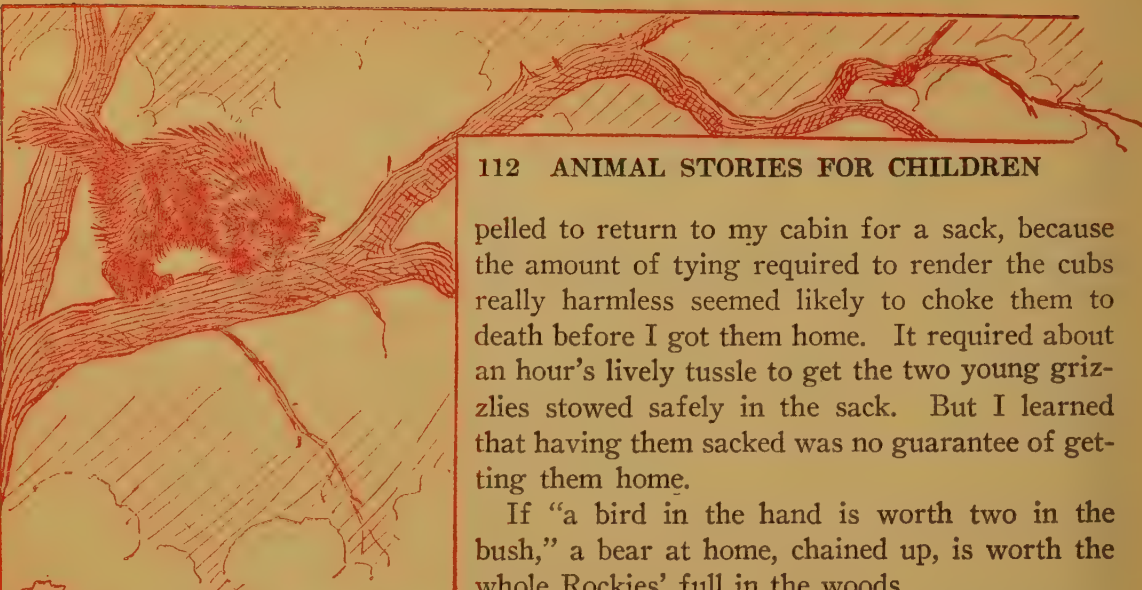
The fox had been caught before the bear's arrival. Mrs. Grizzly, frantic over her predicament, had demolished everything within her reach, tearing the red fox from its trap, literally shredding it, apparently feeling it was to blame for her misfortune.

Her struggles soon exhausted her, for it was a warm day, and when I discovered her she was about spent, and easily dispatched.

The cubs, very small, helpless and forlorn, howled lustily for their mother. I decided to tie their feet together, and their mouths shut.

With ready cord, I dived headlong upon a cub, caught him by the scruff of the neck, lifted him triumphantly—then dropped him unceremoniously, the end of a finger badly bitten. I was com-





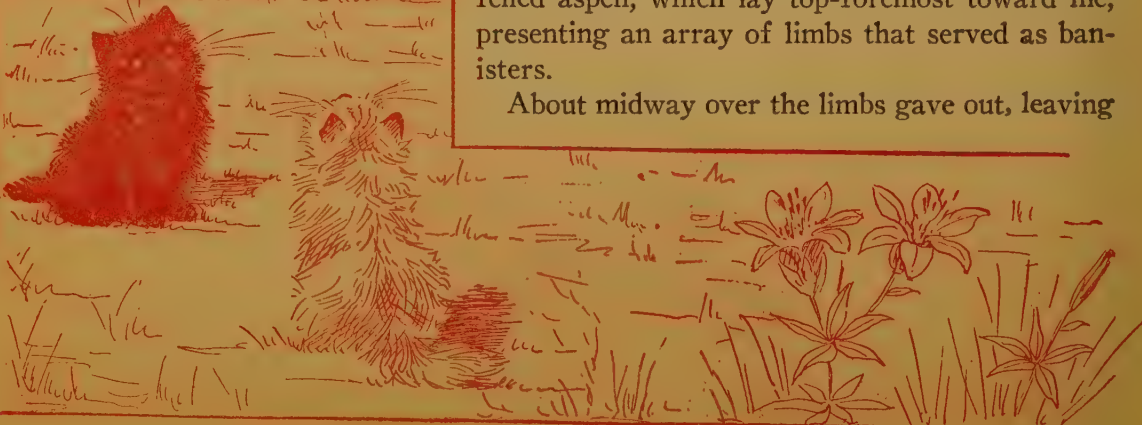
pelled to return to my cabin for a sack, because the amount of tying required to render the cubs really harmless seemed likely to choke them to death before I got them home. It required about an hour's lively tussle to get the two young grizzlies stowed safely in the sack. But I learned that having them sacked was no guarantee of getting them home.

If "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," a bear at home, chained up, is worth the whole Rockies' full in the woods.

The old grizzly's hide, paws included, must have weighed fifty pounds; the cubs, sacked, thirty—a total load of eighty pounds to carry out over rocks and fallen trees, through bog and willows. With this load on my back, I struggled to my feet and started, picking my way slowly, circling logs and avoiding soft spots. The first half mile was the best, after that things thickened up, the bog deepened, the bears wanted to get out and walk.

Where the stream emerges from between a wide moraine and Meeker Mountain, it is not broad, nor very deep, but it is exceedingly cold and swift, and the only crossing was a beaver-felled aspen, which lay top-foremost toward me, presenting an array of limbs that served as banisters.

About midway over the limbs gave out, leaving



the smooth aspen trunk as a foot log. Many times I had crossed this without mishap, so I had no qualms about tackling it now.

Deliberately I edged along, stepping slowly, carefully, progressing nicely until about midway. Just then one of the cubs sank his teeth into my back. I jerked away, twisted, tottered, half regained my balance, then pitched headlong into the icy water of the beaver pond beneath.

For a moment there was a grand mêlée. The cubs did not like the ice water any more than I. They squirmed and clawed, fought free of the sack, and lightened my load considerably. I spent a busy hour catching and sacking them again.

It required six hours to transport those cubs four miles! And I'm sure they were as thankful as their ferry when the trip ended at my cabin.

From the first week in June until the middle of December, they grew from fifteen pounds to forty each. Although they were interesting pets, their keep became a problem. Such appetites! They could never get enough. They weren't finicky about the quality of their food; but oh, the quantity! Then, too, I couldn't leave them and go on long trips. So I decided to part with them.

The City of Denver sent a representative to

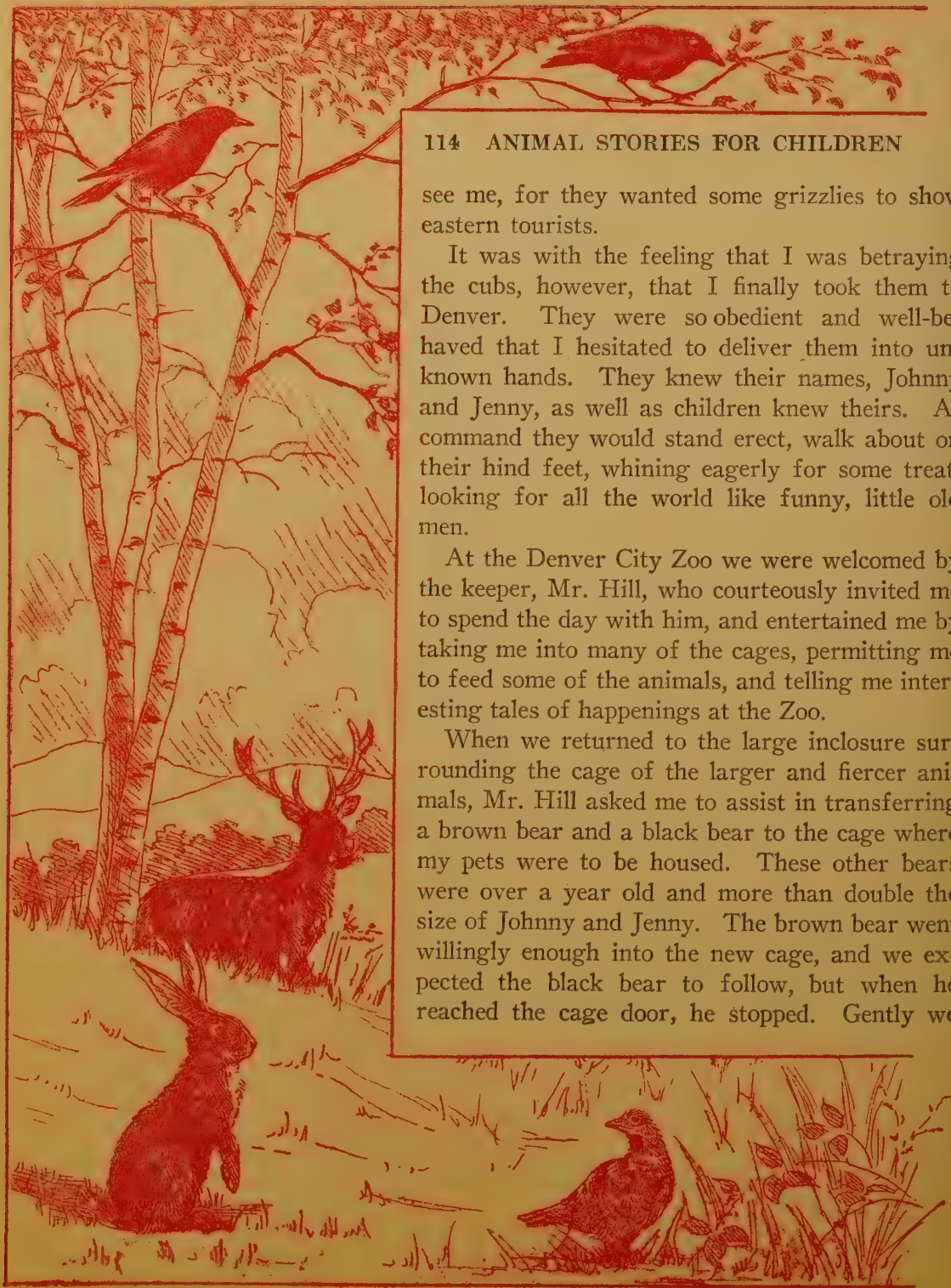


see me, for they wanted some grizzlies to show eastern tourists.

It was with the feeling that I was betraying the cubs, however, that I finally took them to Denver. They were so obedient and well-behaved that I hesitated to deliver them into unknown hands. They knew their names, Johnny and Jenny, as well as children knew theirs. At command they would stand erect, walk about on their hind feet, whining eagerly for some treat, looking for all the world like funny, little old men.

At the Denver City Zoo we were welcomed by the keeper, Mr. Hill, who courteously invited me to spend the day with him, and entertained me by taking me into many of the cages, permitting me to feed some of the animals, and telling me interesting tales of happenings at the Zoo.

When we returned to the large inclosure surrounding the cage of the larger and fiercer animals, Mr. Hill asked me to assist in transferring a brown bear and a black bear to the cage where my pets were to be housed. These other bears were over a year old and more than double the size of Johnny and Jenny. The brown bear went willingly enough into the new cage, and we expected the black bear to follow, but when he reached the cage door, he stopped. Gently we



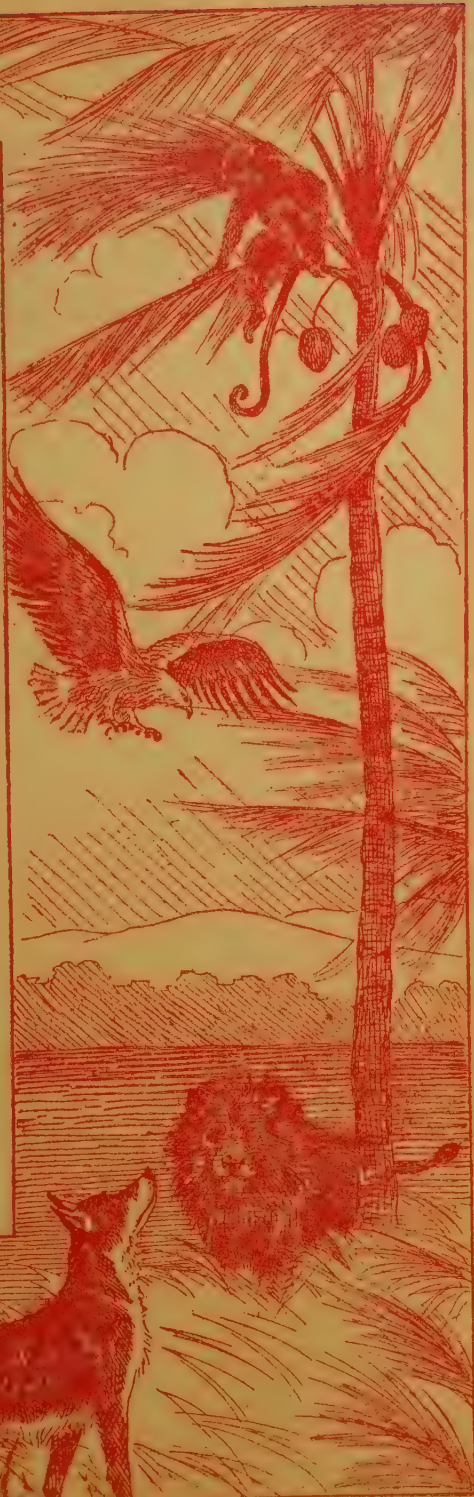
urged him forward, but his mind was made up—he had gone as far as he intended and was homesick for his old cage. The keeper was tactful, and unobtrusively tried to maneuver the bear into the cage without exciting his obstinacy further, but he wouldn't yield. At last it came to a showdown. We had the option of forcing the bear into the cage, or letting him go back.

"You go inside and snub the rope around the bars," the keeper directed me. "I'll boost from behind—we'll show him a trick or two."

A crowd had collected outside the heavy iron fence. Suggestions were abundant. No young man ever had so much advice in so short a time. However, we were too busily engaged to profit by what we were told.

The keeper boosted the bear—and I took up the slack in the rope; but still the bear balked, though three times we doubled-teamed against him. Then, suddenly, he let go all holds and lunged through the doorway, charging headlong upon me and sank his teeth into my left knee. The bite and the force of his unexpected charge knocked me backward into the corner. Instantly the bear was on top of me, growling, biting and striking.

With my uninjured leg I kicked out savagely and thrust him away, sliding him back across the



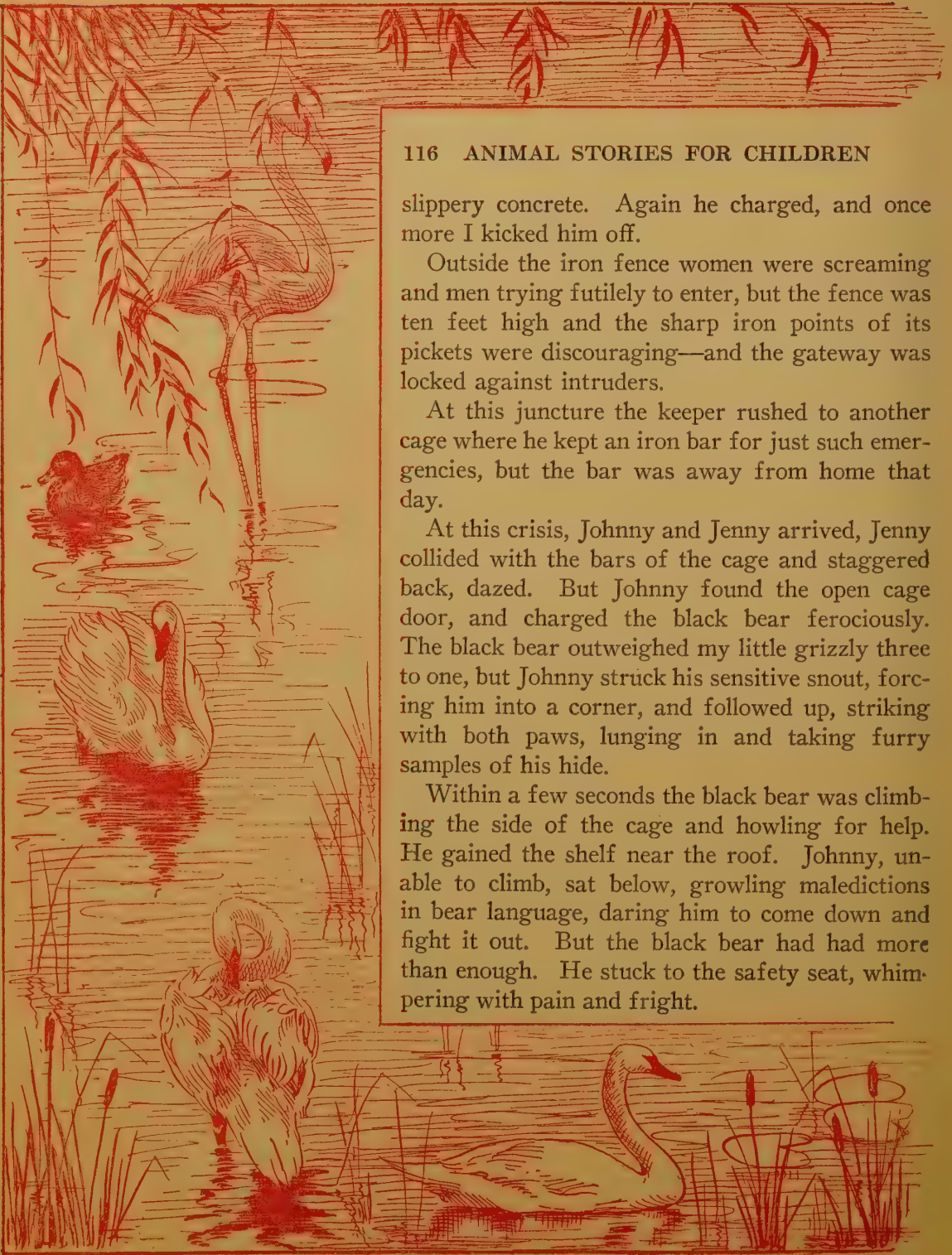
slippery concrete. Again he charged, and once more I kicked him off.

Outside the iron fence women were screaming and men trying futilely to enter, but the fence was ten feet high and the sharp iron points of its pickets were discouraging—and the gateway was locked against intruders.

At this juncture the keeper rushed to another cage where he kept an iron bar for just such emergencies, but the bar was away from home that day.

At this crisis, Johnny and Jenny arrived, Jenny collided with the bars of the cage and staggered back, dazed. But Johnny found the open cage door, and charged the black bear ferociously. The black bear outweighed my little grizzly three to one, but Johnny struck his sensitive snout, forcing him into a corner, and followed up, striking with both paws, lunging in and taking furry samples of his hide.

Within a few seconds the black bear was climbing the side of the cage and howling for help. He gained the shelf near the roof. Johnny, unable to climb, sat below, growling maledictions in bear language, daring him to come down and fight it out. But the black bear had had more than enough. He stuck to the safety seat, whimpering with pain and fright.



Thus, limping and reluctant. I took leave of my pets. The ambulance had arrived to rush me to the hospital where my knee was to be treated. As long as I could see them, they looked after me, wondering at my desertion.





THE GENERAL'S FRIEND

The Story of a Loyal Horse

BLACKIE was the son of Black Night and he was as black as night. But under his dark coat he had a heart of gold. His eyes were bright but kind and gentle. He held his neck as a thoroughbred should.

When he was two years old he was put through the hard training all good horses are forced to undergo. But because he behaved so well, and because he was so kind and gentle, his training days were soon over, and at last he could answer to the pressure of the bit as well as his beautiful mother.

Then some one else took up his training—a gruff old Irishman whose love for horses was his one soft spot. In an amazingly short time Blackie grew docile under his hand, while losing no jot of his spirit; and as his owner watched him prancing in the sunshine one glad May morning, he once more congratulated himself.

“He moves well,” he said regarding him critically. “His action’s fine.”

"An' the heart uv him!" said the Irishman. "'tis as tinder as a dove's."

"Hearts don't count in horses," was the reply. "Blackie was born for war. He'll make a first-rate charger."

So thought the very businesslike soldier who came to look at him some few months later, and noted each point in his favor.

Blackie was destined to carry no less a personage than the General of the — Dragoons, and all inquiries about him having been answered to the officer's satisfaction, he was shortly afterwards shipped to India.

Storms raged for the greater part of the voyage, and he, with other terrified horses, had to be battened down in the dark. The ship was several days overdue when at last she sailed into port, and not only her live stock, but also her passengers and crew, had suffered considerably on the journey.

In spite of the relief at having firm ground under his feet once more, Blackie was still dazed and bewildered when he reached his quarters at the barracks. The strange faces all around filled him with desolation, and he shivered as he stood in his stall—not with cold but with loneliness.

Then kindly tones broke on his ears, and a firm



warm hand touched the shining curves of his throat.

"Poor old fellow—we're friends, and you'll soon grow used to us!" said the deep full voice that belonged to his new master. And the heart of the horse went out to him, then and there.

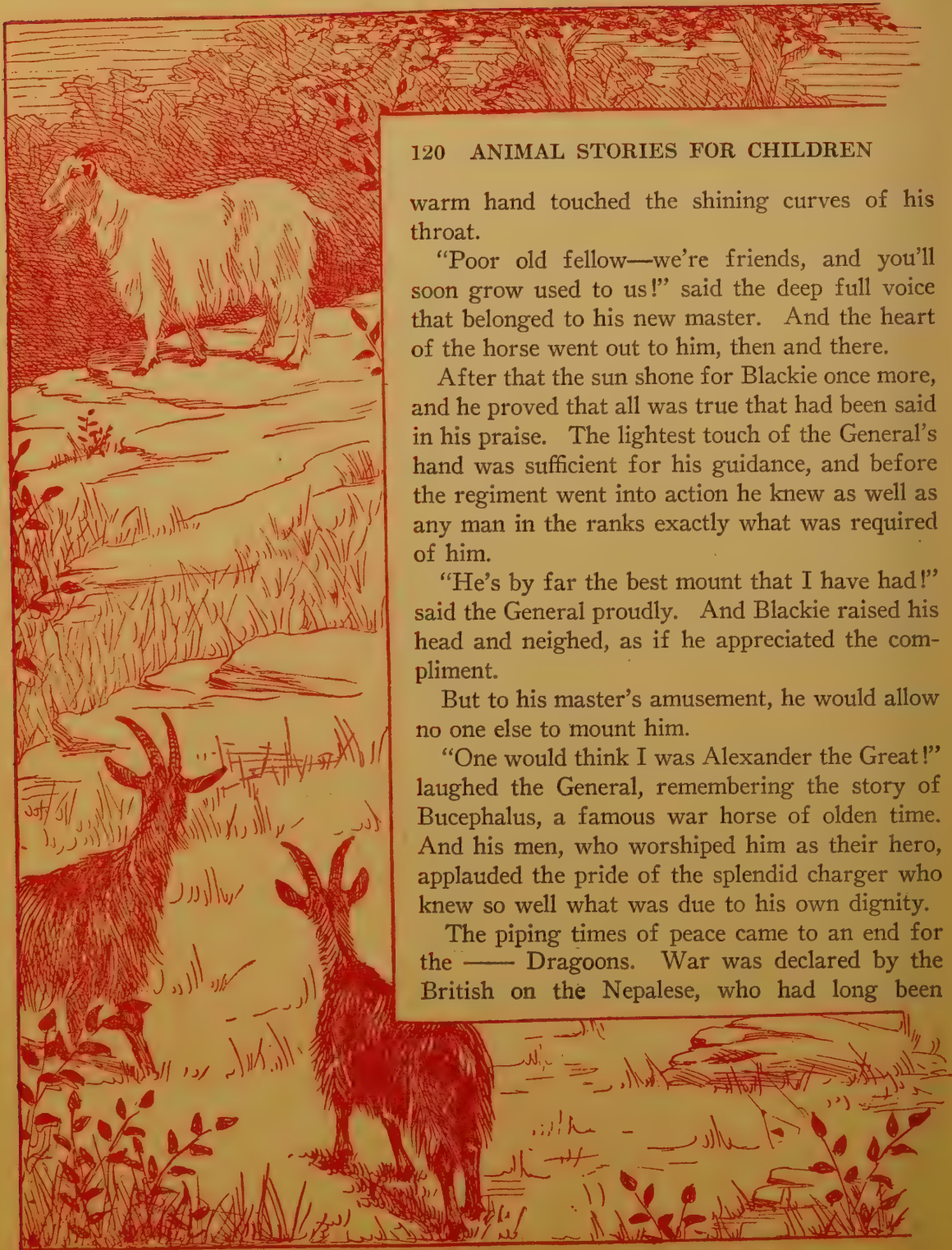
After that the sun shone for Blackie once more, and he proved that all was true that had been said in his praise. The lightest touch of the General's hand was sufficient for his guidance, and before the regiment went into action he knew as well as any man in the ranks exactly what was required of him.

"He's by far the best mount that I have had!" said the General proudly. And Blackie raised his head and neighed, as if he appreciated the compliment.

But to his master's amusement, he would allow no one else to mount him.

"One would think I was Alexander the Great!" laughed the General, remembering the story of Bucephalus, a famous war horse of olden time. And his men, who worshiped him as their hero, applauded the pride of the splendid charger who knew so well what was due to his own dignity.

The piping times of peace came to an end for the — Dragoons. War was declared by the British on the Nepalese, who had long been



steadily encroaching on the frontier, and an attack was ordered against the western portion of the enemy's territory.

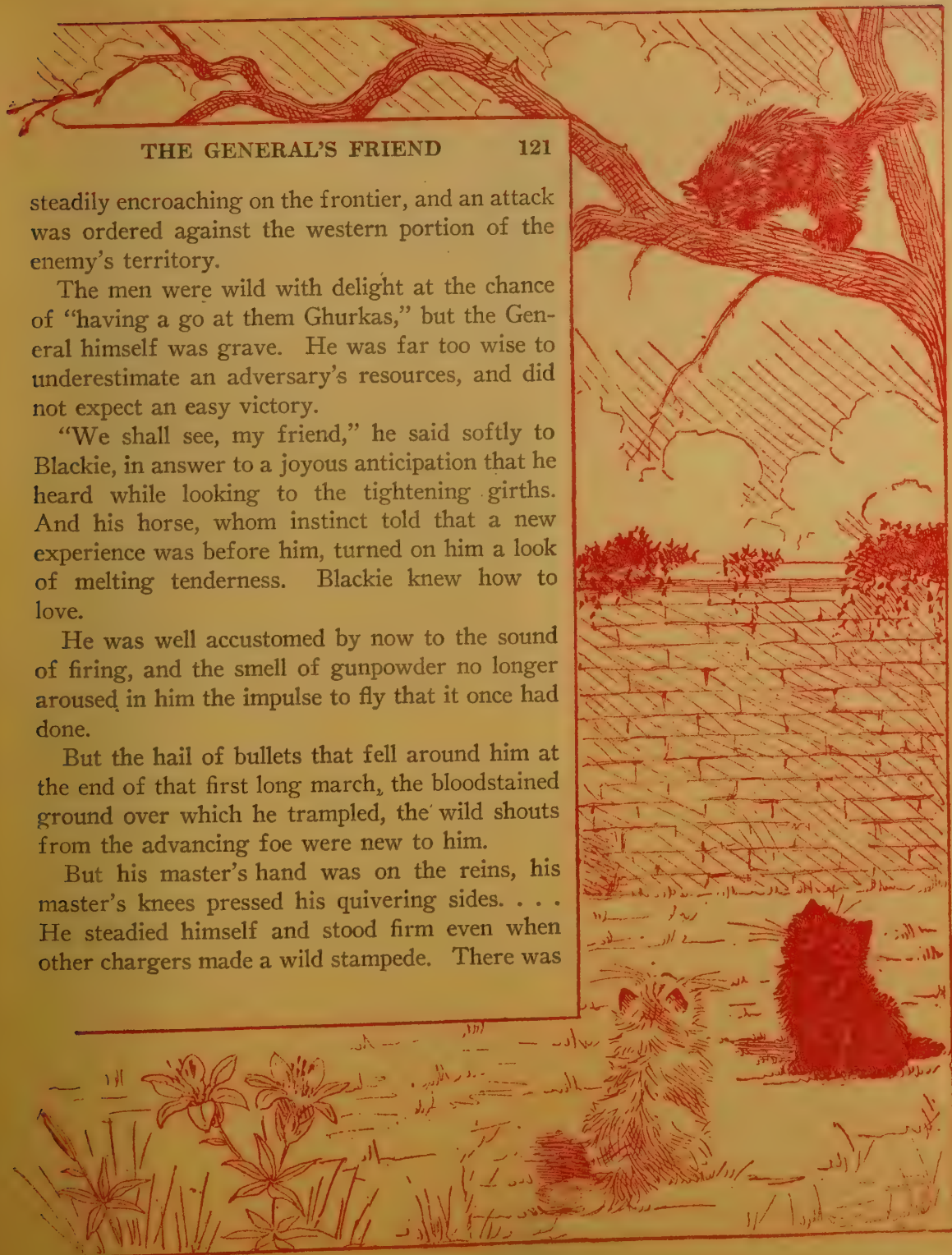
The men were wild with delight at the chance of "having a go at them Ghurkas," but the General himself was grave. He was far too wise to underestimate an adversary's resources, and did not expect an easy victory.

"We shall see, my friend," he said softly to Blackie, in answer to a joyous anticipation that he heard while looking to the tightening girths. And his horse, whom instinct told that a new experience was before him, turned on him a look of melting tenderness. Blackie knew how to love.

He was well accustomed by now to the sound of firing, and the smell of gunpowder no longer aroused in him the impulse to fly that it once had done.

But the hail of bullets that fell around him at the end of that first long march, the bloodstained ground over which he trampled, the wild shouts from the advancing foe were new to him.

But his master's hand was on the reins, his master's knees pressed his quivering sides. . . . He steadied himself and stood firm even when other chargers made a wild stampede. There was



no fear now that he would prove a renegade, for the love of battle had entered his very soul.

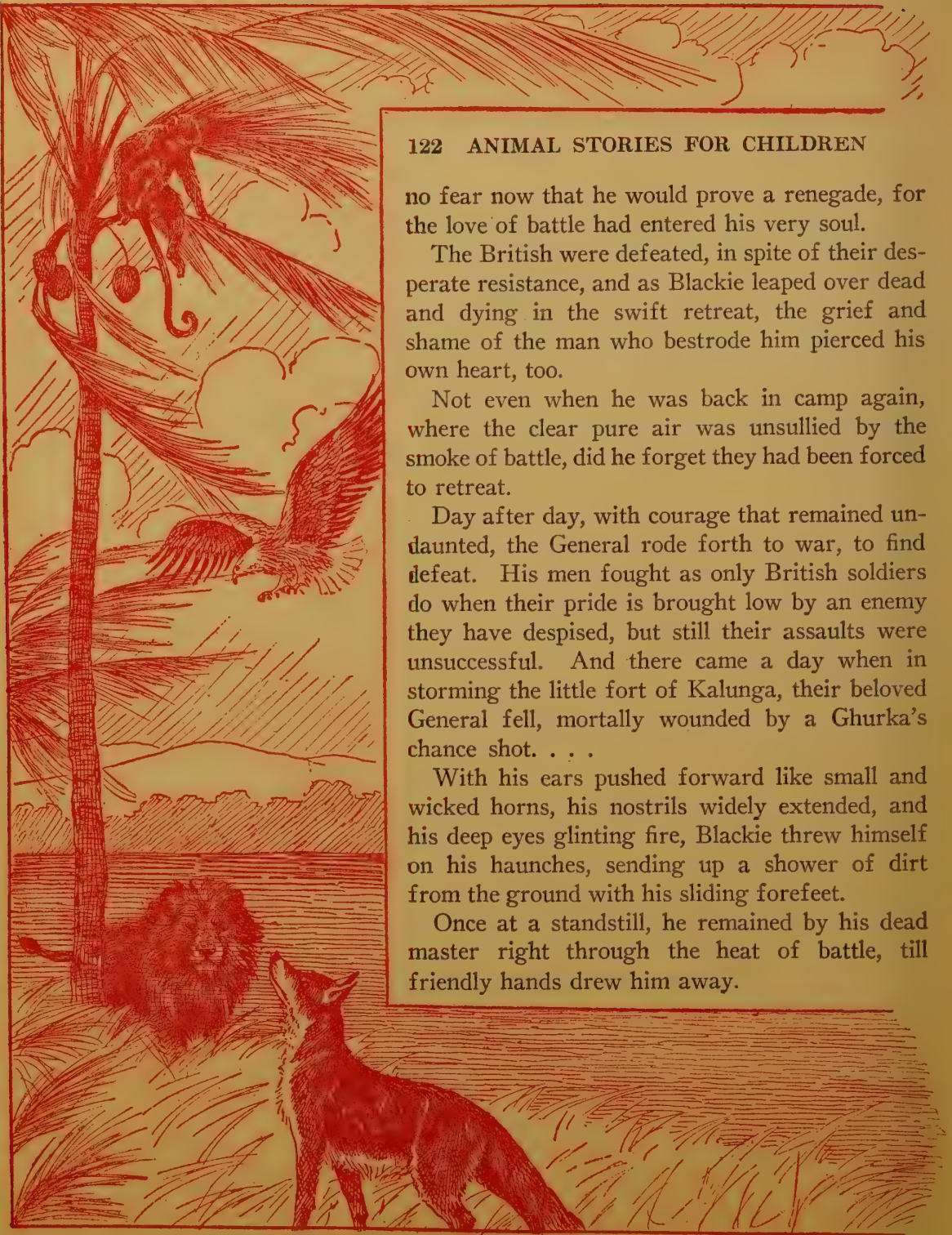
The British were defeated, in spite of their desperate resistance, and as Blackie leaped over dead and dying in the swift retreat, the grief and shame of the man who bestrode him pierced his own heart, too.

Not even when he was back in camp again, where the clear pure air was unsullied by the smoke of battle, did he forget they had been forced to retreat.

Day after day, with courage that remained undaunted, the General rode forth to war, to find defeat. His men fought as only British soldiers do when their pride is brought low by an enemy they have despised, but still their assaults were unsuccessful. And there came a day when in storming the little fort of Kalunga, their beloved General fell, mortally wounded by a Ghurka's chance shot. . . .

With his ears pushed forward like small and wicked horns, his nostrils widely extended, and his deep eyes glinting fire, Blackie threw himself on his haunches, sending up a shower of dirt from the ground with his sliding forefeet.

Once at a standstill, he remained by his dead master right through the heat of battle, till friendly hands drew him away.



Not a soldier but had a lump in his throat when he witnessed the grief of Blackie as he waited and watched for his master in vain.

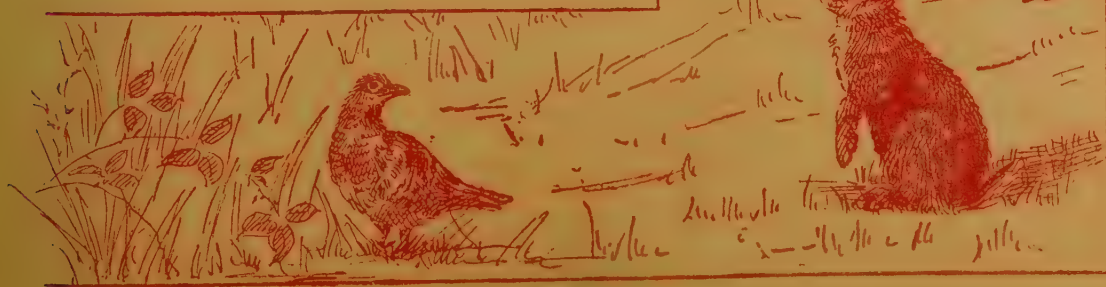
The affection they had felt for their brave commander these rough men now lavished on his horse; and when the Ghurkas were driven eastward, and the Nepalese sued for peace, they devoted their prize-money to his purchase, that they might keep him with them always in memory of their beloved leader.

So Blackie still walked in front of the regiment when it was on the march, and at Cawnpore took his old place by the color stand, where the squadrons saluted as they passed at drill or on review. His eyes, as brilliantly bright as gems, were ever scanning the far horizon.

"He's looking for the General!" the men told each other; but none of them knew how deep was the charger's longing for the touch of that "vanished hand."

The hearts of men grow less fond with time, and gradually some in the ranks came to think that to burden themselves in perpetuity with a valuable horse's keep, and for no practical purpose, was a piece of foolish extravagance. So when the regiment was ordered home, Blackie was put up for sale.

He was bought by a wealthy man who knew



his story, and intended that he should pass the rest of his days in peace.

"Your troubles are over now, good creature," he said benignly, as the great dusky horse, his coat like black satin, was brought by a groom for his inspection.

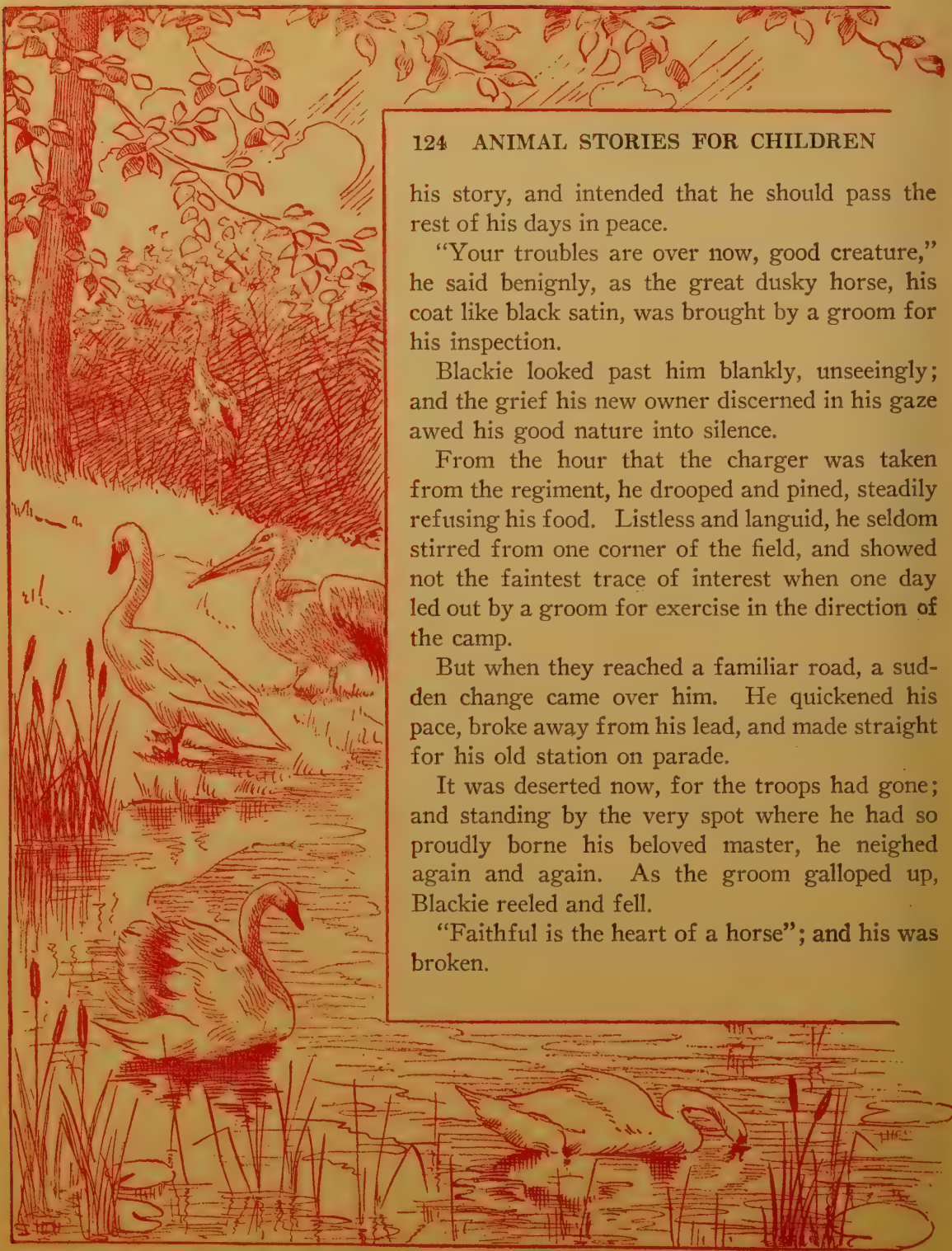
Blackie looked past him blankly, unseeing; and the grief his new owner discerned in his gaze awed his good nature into silence.

From the hour that the charger was taken from the regiment, he drooped and pined, steadily refusing his food. Listless and languid, he seldom stirred from one corner of the field, and showed not the faintest trace of interest when one day led out by a groom for exercise in the direction of the camp.

But when they reached a familiar road, a sudden change came over him. He quickened his pace, broke away from his lead, and made straight for his old station on parade.

It was deserted now, for the troops had gone; and standing by the very spot where he had so proudly borne his beloved master, he neighed again and again. As the groom galloped up, Blackie reeled and fell.

"Faithful is the heart of a horse"; and his was broken.



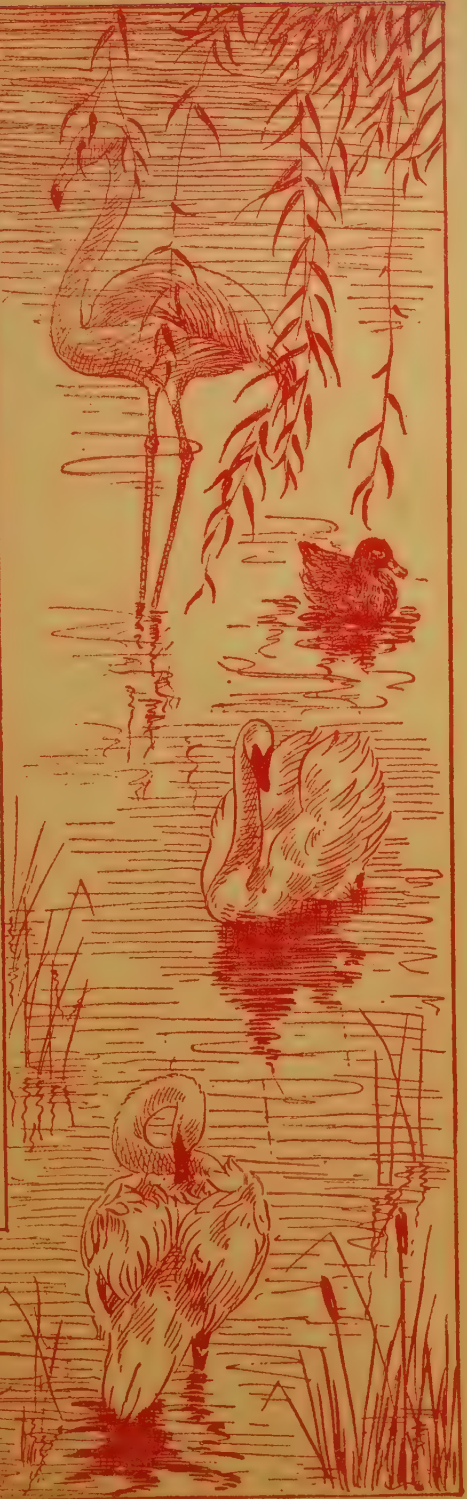
A BRAVE TIGRESS

How a Mother Tiger Saved Her Baby

THERE is something fine about a tiger, for all their fierceness, and a tigress will brave any danger for her young ones. A tiger-hunter once said that he would never forget an experience he had when he first went tiger-hunting in India.

They were coming home one evening after a hard day's sport, their beaters laden with the skin and head of a splendidly marked tigress, when they heard a queer little sound between a mew and a growl, and peering inquisitively at them from a bush, was the prettiest tiger kitten. It couldn't have been more than a few weeks old, and to leave the little creature behind to starve was not to be thought of. So the youngest of the party picked it up and carried it home, snuggled under his coat.

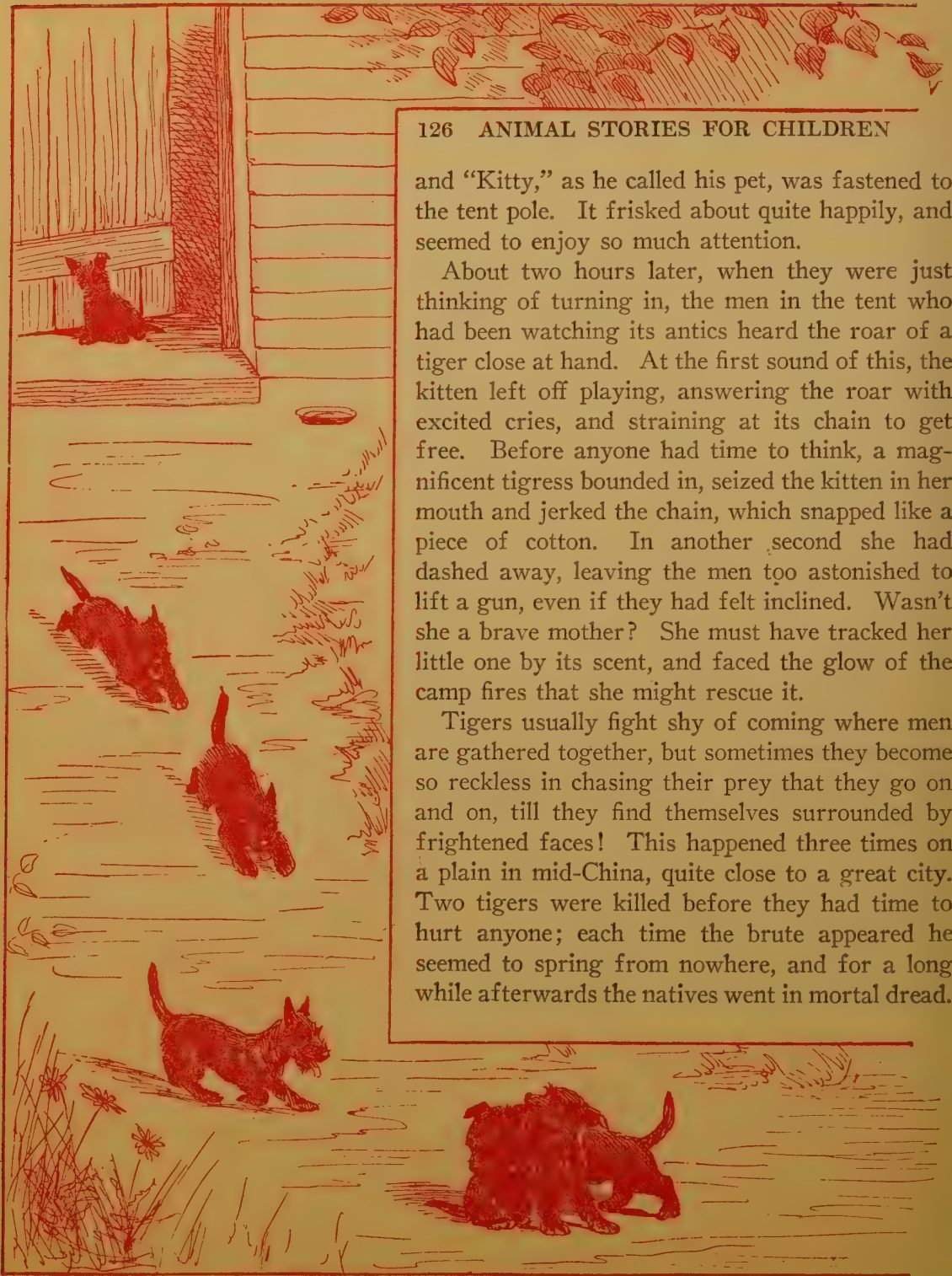
His friends were amused at the fuss he made of it, for he fed it as carefully as if it were a baby, and took possession of the nicest dog collar in the camp. A fairly stout chain was attached to this.



and "Kitty," as he called his pet, was fastened to the tent pole. It frisked about quite happily, and seemed to enjoy so much attention.

About two hours later, when they were just thinking of turning in, the men in the tent who had been watching its antics heard the roar of a tiger close at hand. At the first sound of this, the kitten left off playing, answering the roar with excited cries, and straining at its chain to get free. Before anyone had time to think, a magnificent tigress bounded in, seized the kitten in her mouth and jerked the chain, which snapped like a piece of cotton. In another second she had dashed away, leaving the men too astonished to lift a gun, even if they had felt inclined. Wasn't she a brave mother? She must have tracked her little one by its scent, and faced the glow of the camp fires that she might rescue it.

Tigers usually fight shy of coming where men are gathered together, but sometimes they become so reckless in chasing their prey that they go on and on, till they find themselves surrounded by frightened faces! This happened three times on a plain in mid-China, quite close to a great city. Two tigers were killed before they had time to hurt anyone; each time the brute appeared he seemed to spring from nowhere, and for a long while afterwards the natives went in mortal dread.



The third time a tiger galloped down from the hills at dusk, chasing a deer, which must have escaped him in the end. Feeling thirsty after his run, he went to quench his thirst at a river, no doubt in a very bad temper over his fruitless run. A Chinaman had been feeding his ducks from a little skiff, and his friends believed that on seeing what he thought to be a big cow drinking greedily at the stream, he gave the beast a poke with the pole he carried. At any rate, the tiger sprang at the poor man and killed him, and the villagers, roused by his last cry, were panic-stricken with fear.

All that night, they burned watch fires, and stayed awake, afraid that at any moment the tiger might claim another victim. Some one must catch him, for until he was slain they were none of them safe; but when it came to the question as to who should go out to look for him, they were all too frightened.

So at break of day the mandarins of the city, which was only a few miles distant, were implored to help them. The mandarins put their heads together, and after thinking a little and talking a lot, they sent the commander-in-chief of their army with a number of soldiers and two big guns. The tiger was still lurking on the outskirts of the village, for he had greatly enjoyed that China-

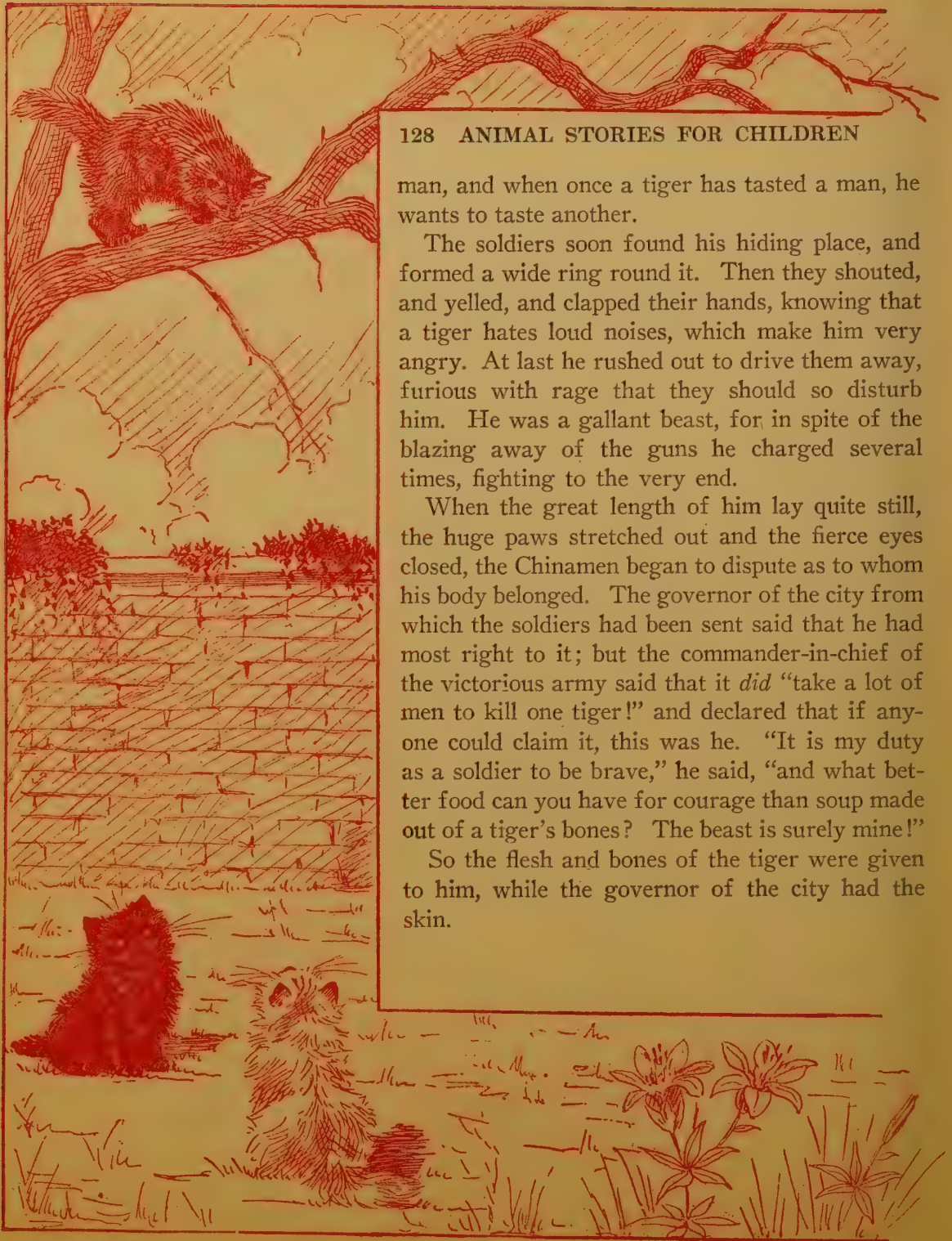


man, and when once a tiger has tasted a man, he wants to taste another.

The soldiers soon found his hiding place, and formed a wide ring round it. Then they shouted, and yelled, and clapped their hands, knowing that a tiger hates loud noises, which make him very angry. At last he rushed out to drive them away, furious with rage that they should so disturb him. He was a gallant beast, for in spite of the blazing away of the guns he charged several times, fighting to the very end.

When the great length of him lay quite still, the huge paws stretched out and the fierce eyes closed, the Chinamen began to dispute as to whom his body belonged. The governor of the city from which the soldiers had been sent said that he had most right to it; but the commander-in-chief of the victorious army said that it *did* "take a lot of men to kill one tiger!" and declared that if anyone could claim it, this was he. "It is my duty as a soldier to be brave," he said, "and what better food can you have for courage than soup made out of a tiger's bones? The beast is surely mine!"

So the flesh and bones of the tiger were given to him, while the governor of the city had the skin.



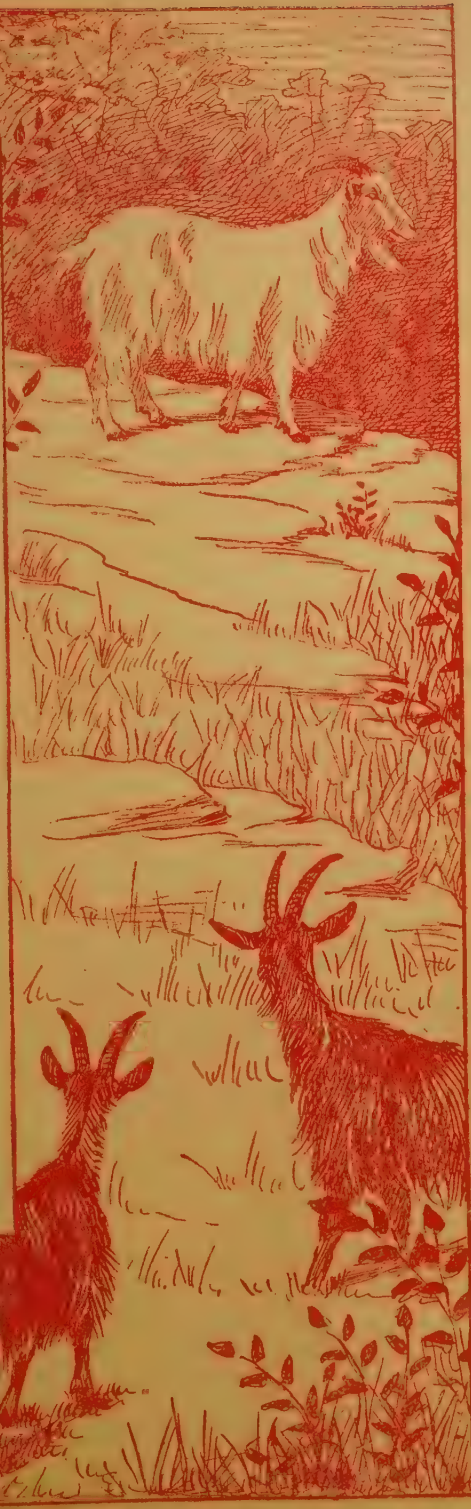
JACK

How a Dog Found and Saved His Little Master

JACK was a big Irish setter with long shaggy ears which in the fall became tangled with burrs. He lived with his master Tom Cooper and mistress Grace on Pidgeon Hill about three miles above the little sleepy town of White River Junction in Vermont.

Jack loved to wander across the high places and down into the crags and valleys of the Green Mountains. His mother had been Tom Cooper's most faithful dog, and there is a story told of how Tom Cooper had never been the same since he lost her. And yet he was almost glad to give her up the way it had happened; for in the middle of the winter she had saved the lives of three woodcutters caught in the snow on old Baldy Peak, but by saving their lives she lost her own.

Tom Cooper was a woodcutter and he decided when his son "Little Bob" was a grown man, he too would be a woodcutter, and so wherever Tom



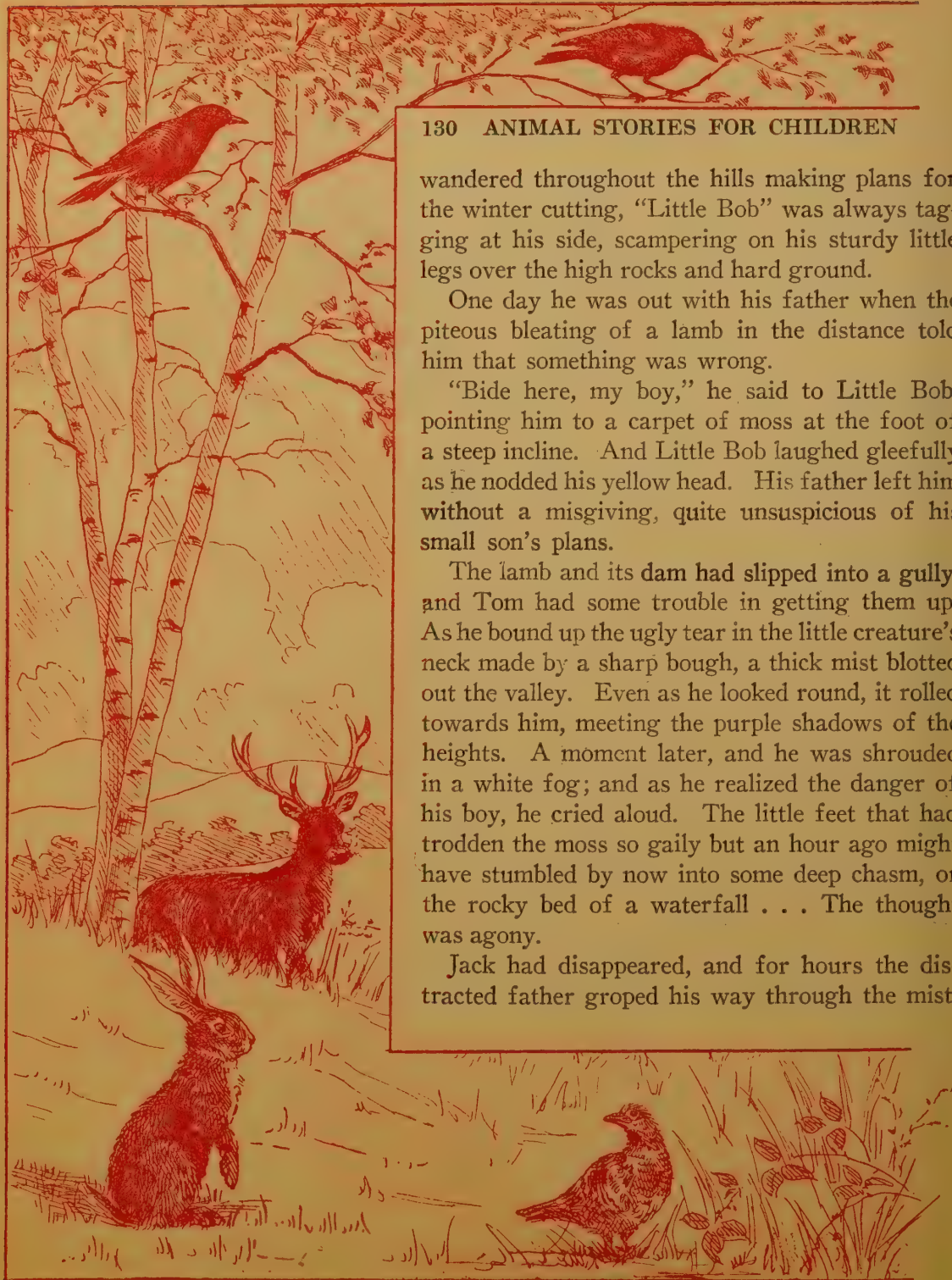
wandered throughout the hills making plans for the winter cutting, "Little Bob" was always tagging at his side, scampering on his sturdy little legs over the high rocks and hard ground.

One day he was out with his father when the piteous bleating of a lamb in the distance told him that something was wrong.

"Bide here, my boy," he said to Little Bob, pointing him to a carpet of moss at the foot of a steep incline. And Little Bob laughed gleefully as he nodded his yellow head. His father left him without a misgiving, quite unsuspecting of his small son's plans.

The lamb and its dam had slipped into a gully, and Tom had some trouble in getting them up. As he bound up the ugly tear in the little creature's neck made by a sharp bough, a thick mist blotted out the valley. Even as he looked round, it rolled towards him, meeting the purple shadows of the heights. A moment later, and he was shrouded in a white fog; and as he realized the danger of his boy, he cried aloud. The little feet that had trodden the moss so gaily but an hour ago might have stumbled by now into some deep chasm, or the rocky bed of a waterfall . . . The thought was agony.

Jack had disappeared, and for hours the distracted father groped his way through the mist,



calling to Little Bob in anguished tones. When at last it lifted, he found himself by his own cottage, where Grace had watched for them all through the night.

Together they sped to the spot where Little Bob had been at play; a small brown shoe tossed on the moss was all they found. They searched till the sun was high in the clear blue sky, and when Grace fell senseless on a stony sheep-path, the shepherd carried her back to the cottage, and strode away to get other help. For forty-eight hours he and his friends scoured the rolling hills, but never a sign did they see of Little Bob.

Folks came and went at the little cottage on the mountain side, but Grace saw none of them save the old minister, who rose from his sick bed to come to her.

"Trust God, my girl," he whispered, laying his wrinkled hand on her bowed head. "He's a father Himself." Then he blessed her, and went to his home, to pray in the quiet night for the little lost lamb that had strayed away.

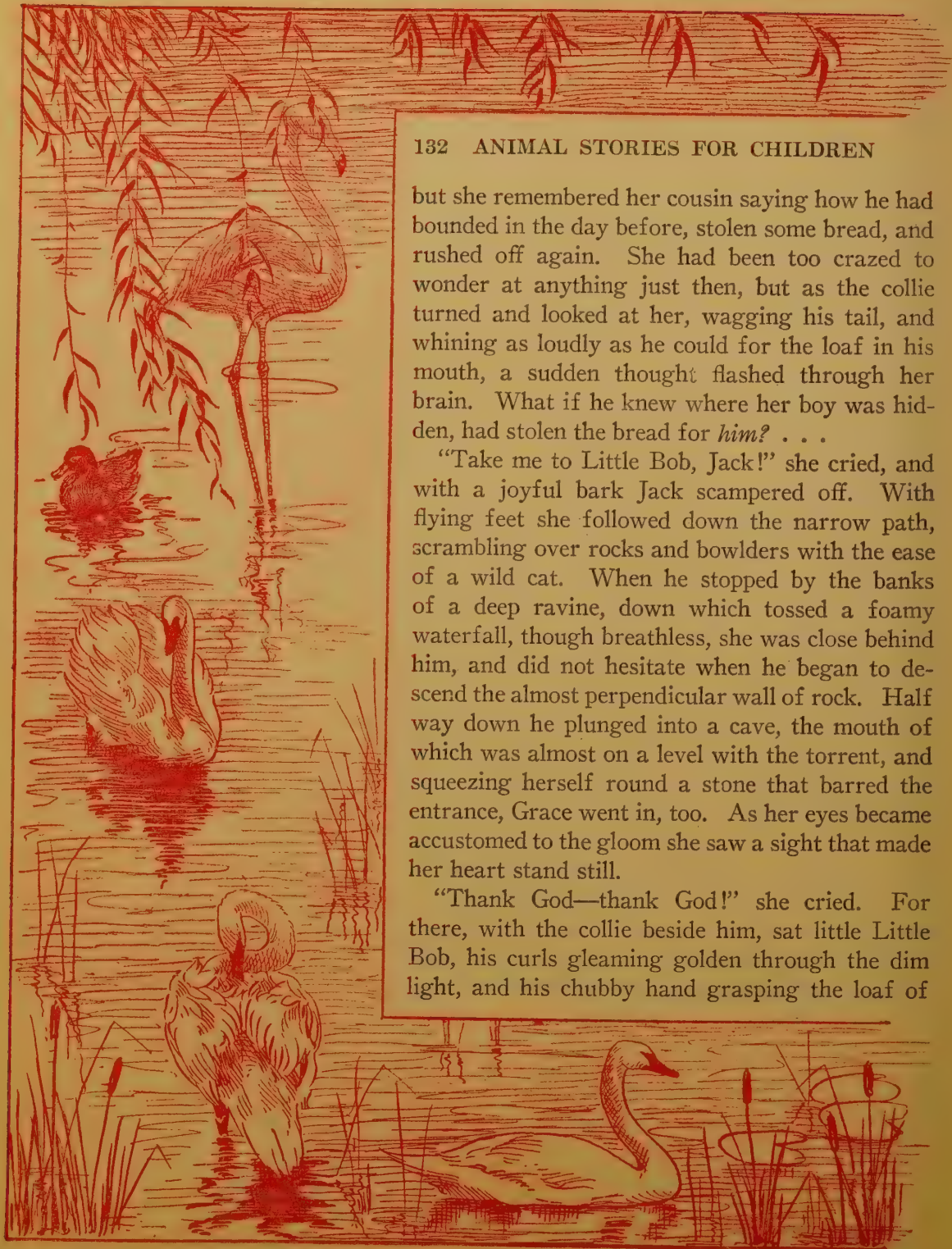
On the morning after his visit, Grace roused herself from her lethargy of grief, and entered the kitchen to prepare a meal against her husband's return. As she set the door wide open, Jack rushed in, and seized the loaf she had laid on the platter. She had not seen him since Little Bob was lost,



but she remembered her cousin saying how he had bounded in the day before, stolen some bread, and rushed off again. She had been too crazed to wonder at anything just then, but as the collie turned and looked at her, wagging his tail, and whining as loudly as he could for the loaf in his mouth, a sudden thought flashed through her brain. What if he knew where her boy was hidden, had stolen the bread for *him*? . . .

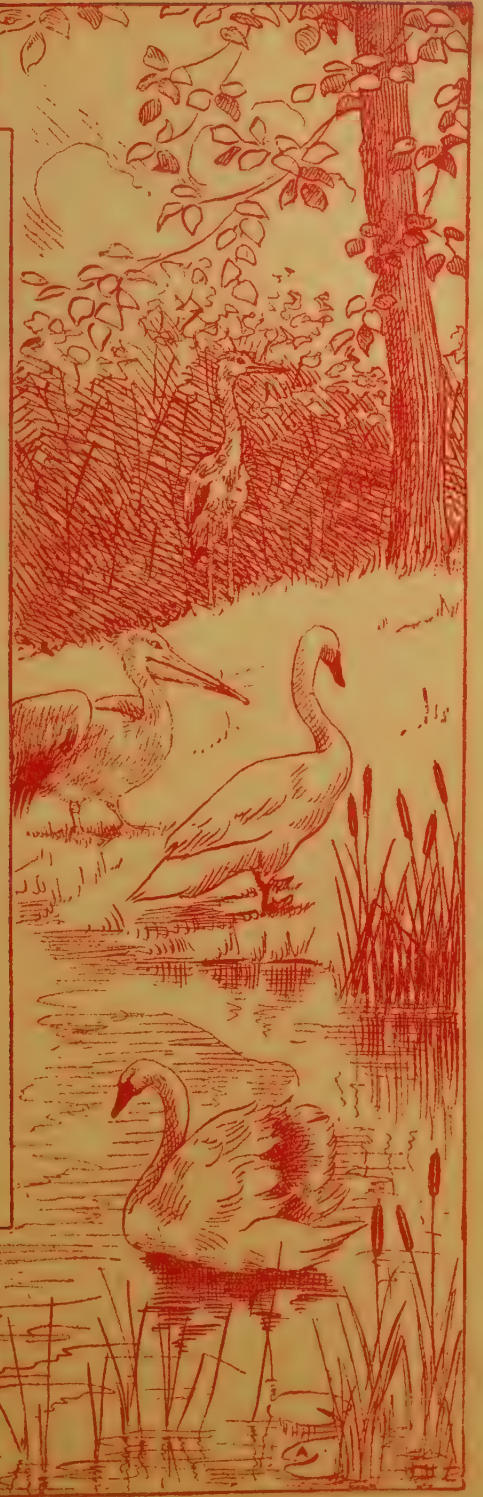
"Take me to Little Bob, Jack!" she cried, and with a joyful bark Jack scampered off. With flying feet she followed down the narrow path, scrambling over rocks and boulders with the ease of a wild cat. When he stopped by the banks of a deep ravine, down which tossed a foamy waterfall, though breathless, she was close behind him, and did not hesitate when he began to descend the almost perpendicular wall of rock. Half way down he plunged into a cave, the mouth of which was almost on a level with the torrent, and squeezing herself round a stone that barred the entrance, Grace went in, too. As her eyes became accustomed to the gloom she saw a sight that made her heart stand still.

"Thank God—thank God!" she cried. For there, with the collie beside him, sat little Little Bob, his curls gleaming golden through the dim light, and his chubby hand grasping the loaf of



bread the dog had brought him. Snatching him to her breast, she covered him with kisses, while Jack looked on with kindly interest, well-pleased for once at her appearance.

It was difficult to tell from Little Bob's baby talk what had actually happened, but he must have either fallen or scrambled down the banks of the torrent, and found it impossible to get back. The dog had tracked him out and kept him company, only forsaking him to bring him food.





HAIRY-FOOT

The True Story of a Baby Polar Bear

ONCE upon a time, there was a little white polar bear that his mother called "Hairy-foot." This was because, though all polar bears have hairs on the soles of their feet, so that they can get a good grip on the slippery ice fields they have to cross, those on her youngster's were almost as thick as fur. There was no fear that he would lose his footing when he sprang on a floating iceberg to see the world, as his sire, Strength-of-ten, had done. Polar bears, you know, sometimes travel far out to sea in this way, and they're such fine swimmers that they have been seen forty miles from the shore, even when there was no ice in sight for them to rest on.

Hairy-foot was born right under the snow, in the snug, deep hole which his mother had dug for herself when she knew the long night of winter was near. All through the brief arctic spring and summer she had wandered with her mate, diving for fish as she swam beside him on the crest of the waves, or feasting on the birds' eggs and juicy

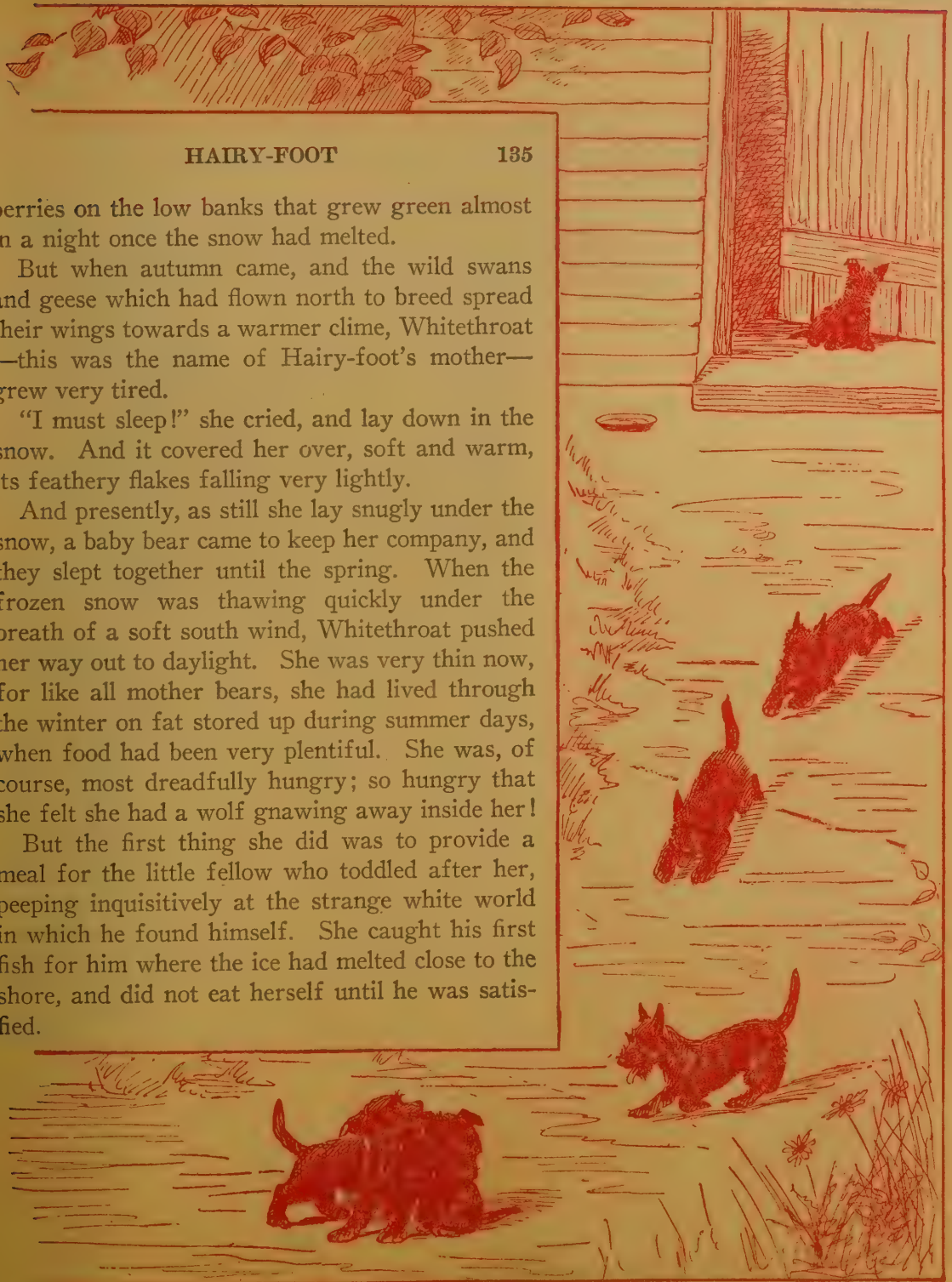
berries on the low banks that grew green almost in a night once the snow had melted.

But when autumn came, and the wild swans and geese which had flown north to breed spread their wings towards a warmer clime, Whitethroat—this was the name of Hairy-foot's mother—grew very tired.

"I must sleep!" she cried, and lay down in the snow. And it covered her over, soft and warm, its feathery flakes falling very lightly.

And presently, as still she lay snugly under the snow, a baby bear came to keep her company, and they slept together until the spring. When the frozen snow was thawing quickly under the breath of a soft south wind, Whitethroat pushed her way out to daylight. She was very thin now, for like all mother bears, she had lived through the winter on fat stored up during summer days, when food had been very plentiful. She was, of course, most dreadfully hungry; so hungry that she felt she had a wolf gnawing away inside her!

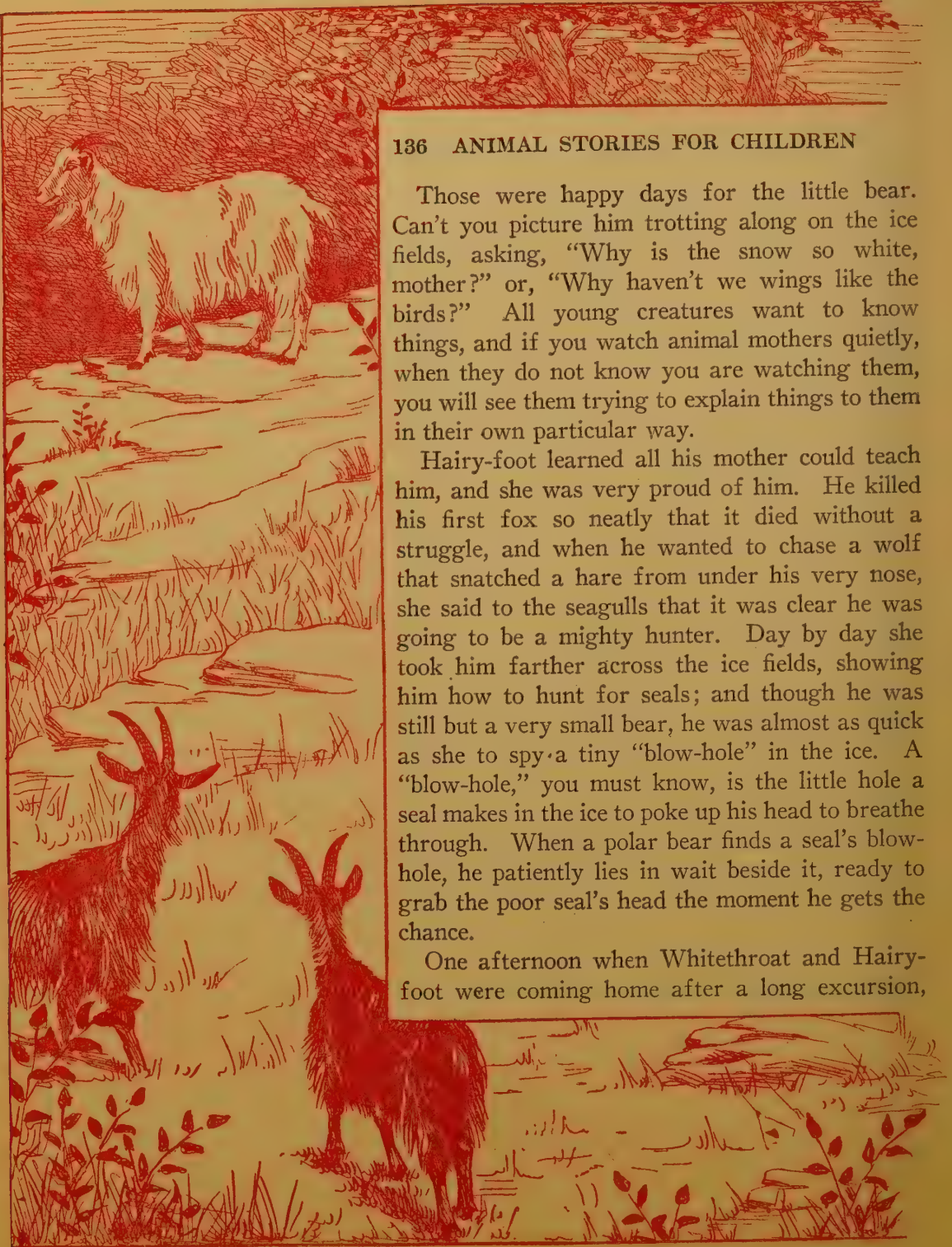
But the first thing she did was to provide a meal for the little fellow who toddled after her, peeping inquisitively at the strange white world in which he found himself. She caught his first fish for him where the ice had melted close to the shore, and did not eat herself until he was satisfied.



Those were happy days for the little bear. Can't you picture him trotting along on the ice fields, asking, "Why is the snow so white, mother?" or, "Why haven't we wings like the birds?" All young creatures want to know things, and if you watch animal mothers quietly, when they do not know you are watching them, you will see them trying to explain things to them in their own particular way.

Hairy-foot learned all his mother could teach him, and she was very proud of him. He killed his first fox so neatly that it died without a struggle, and when he wanted to chase a wolf that snatched a hare from under his very nose, she said to the seagulls that it was clear he was going to be a mighty hunter. Day by day she took him farther across the ice fields, showing him how to hunt for seals; and though he was still but a very small bear, he was almost as quick as she to spy a tiny "blow-hole" in the ice. A "blow-hole," you must know, is the little hole a seal makes in the ice to poke up his head to breathe through. When a polar bear finds a seal's blow-hole, he patiently lies in wait beside it, ready to grab the poor seal's head the moment he gets the chance.

One afternoon when Whitethroat and Hairy-foot were coming home after a long excursion,



the old bear lifted her head and growled. That very keen nose of hers had sniffed a scent she had not smelled before, and something inside her whispered, "Danger! Get away as quick as you can!"

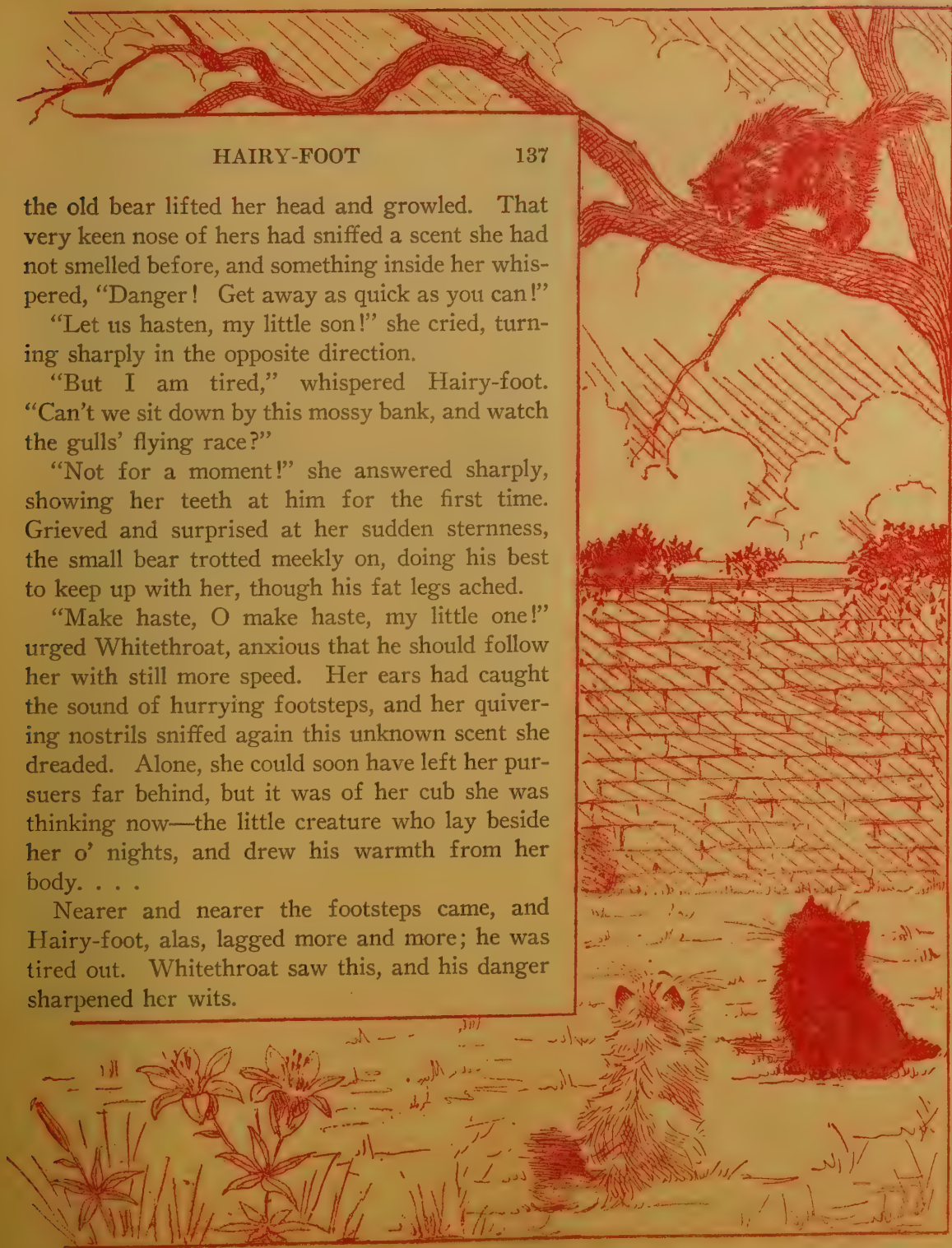
"Let us hasten, my little son!" she cried, turning sharply in the opposite direction.

"But I am tired," whispered Hairy-foot. "Can't we sit down by this mossy bank, and watch the gulls' flying race?"

"Not for a moment!" she answered sharply, showing her teeth at him for the first time. Grieved and surprised at her sudden sternness, the small bear trotted meekly on, doing his best to keep up with her, though his fat legs ached.

"Make haste, O make haste, my little one!" urged Whitethroat, anxious that he should follow her with still more speed. Her ears had caught the sound of hurrying footsteps, and her quivering nostrils sniffed again this unknown scent she dreaded. Alone, she could soon have left her pursuers far behind, but it was of her cub she was thinking now—the little creature who lay beside her o' nights, and drew his warmth from her body. . . .

Nearer and nearer the footsteps came, and Hairy-foot, alas, lagged more and more; he was tired out. Whitethroat saw this, and his danger sharpened her wits.



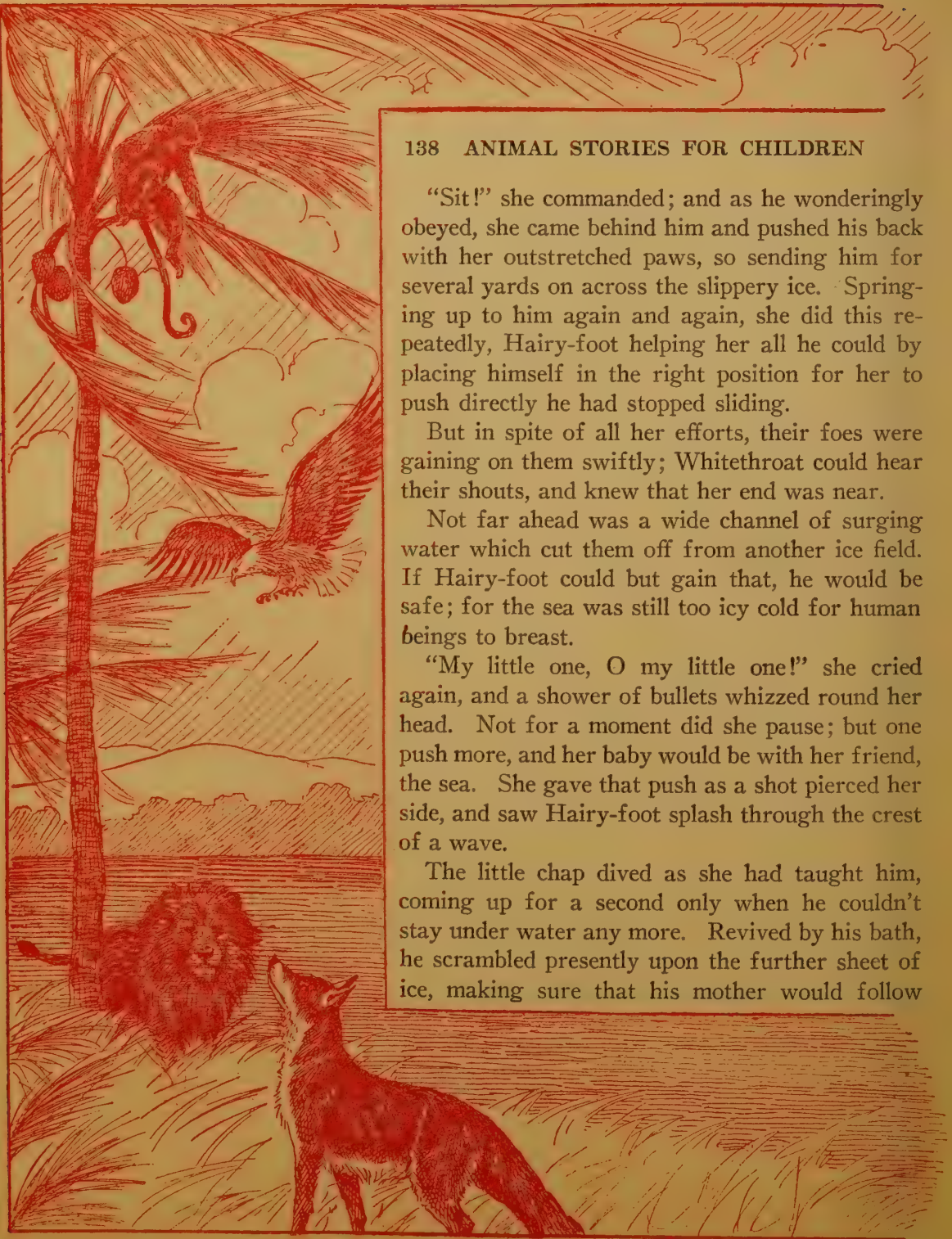
"Sit!" she commanded; and as he wonderingly obeyed, she came behind him and pushed his back with her outstretched paws, so sending him for several yards on across the slippery ice. Springing up to him again and again, she did this repeatedly, Hairy-foot helping her all he could by placing himself in the right position for her to push directly he had stopped sliding.

But in spite of all her efforts, their foes were gaining on them swiftly; Whitethroat could hear their shouts, and knew that her end was near.

Not far ahead was a wide channel of surging water which cut them off from another ice field. If Hairy-foot could but gain that, he would be safe; for the sea was still too icy cold for human beings to breast.

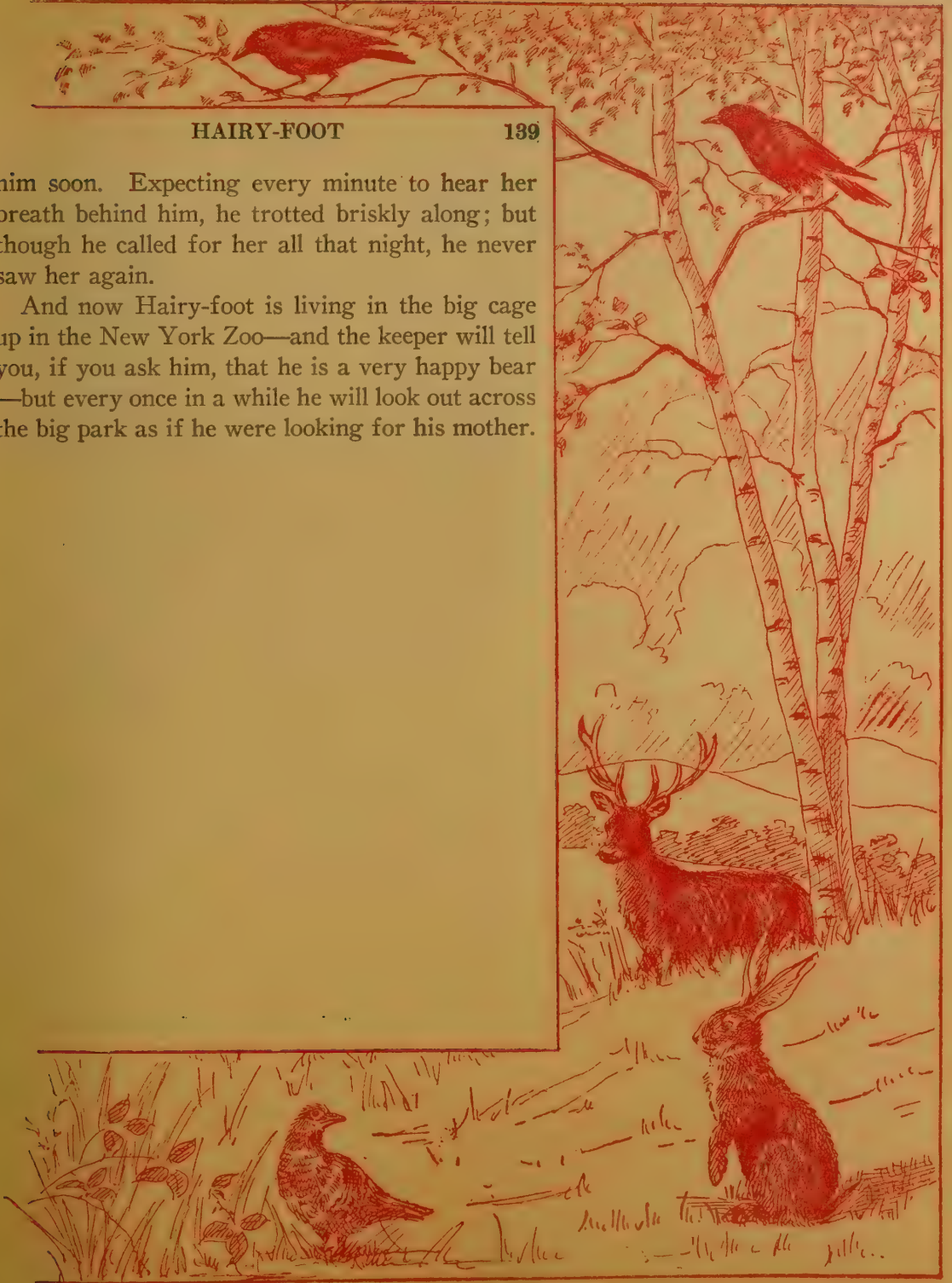
"My little one, O my little one!" she cried again, and a shower of bullets whizzed round her head. Not for a moment did she pause; but one push more, and her baby would be with her friend, the sea. She gave that push as a shot pierced her side, and saw Hairy-foot splash through the crest of a wave.

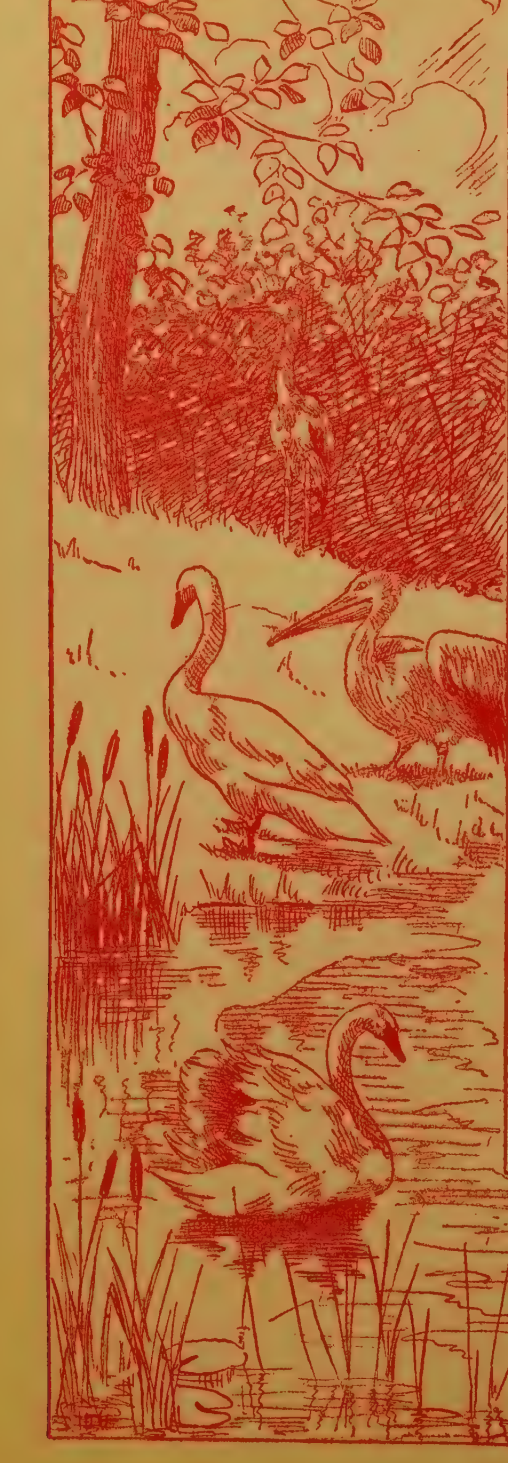
The little chap dived as she had taught him, coming up for a second only when he couldn't stay under water any more. Revived by his bath, he scrambled presently upon the further sheet of ice, making sure that his mother would follow



him soon. Expecting every minute to hear her breath behind him, he trotted briskly along; but though he called for her all that night, he never saw her again.

And now Hairy-foot is living in the big cage up in the New York Zoo—and the keeper will tell you, if you ask him, that he is a very happy bear—but every once in a while he will look out across the big park as if he were looking for his mother.





THE EAGLE

The Story of the King of the Birds

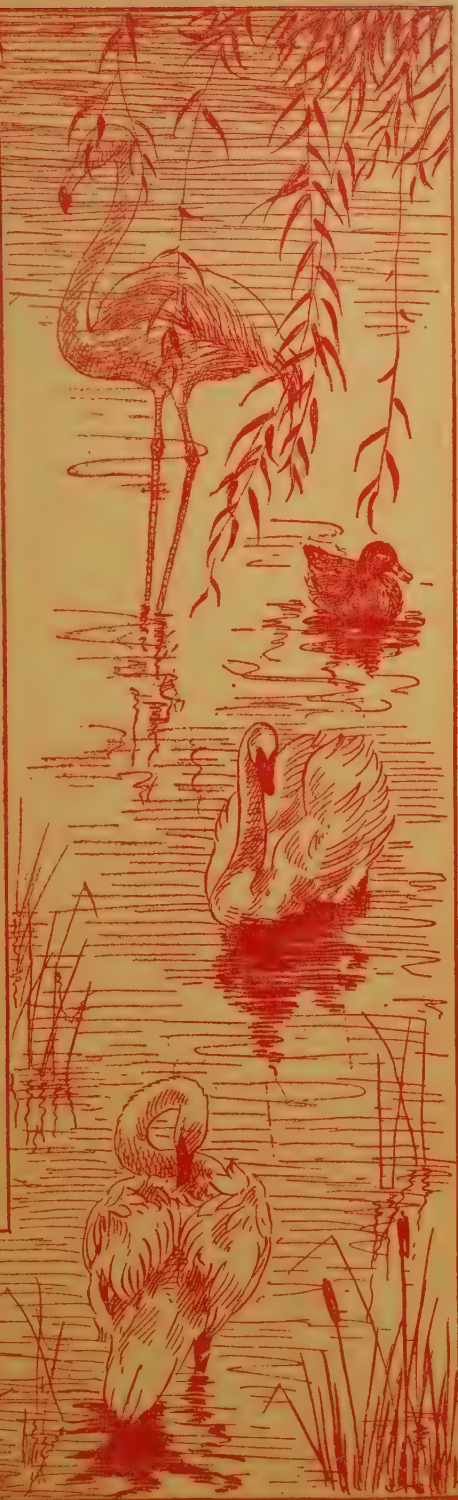
THE hawk tribe, to which the eagle belongs, includes quite three hundred birds of prey, and he is the most famous huntsman of them all. In Scotland and some wild parts of Ireland, eagles are found still, and on the barren hills to the north of the Tweed the golden eagle is lord of the heights. Deer forests are his favorite haunts, and many a young deer falls a victim to his hunger. For hours he will hover about a herd till he sees one stray from his mother's side; then down he hurls himself through the air, falling upon him with beak and talons so fiercely that he is soon dead. If the hind is near, the golden eagle does not find his task so easy, for there is nothing she would not face when her little one is in danger. And though she has no horns, she has very sharp hoofs, so by hitting out at him with her front feet, she not uncommonly beats him off.

This eagle will attack even a full-grown deer if he can swoop upon him while he treads some narrow path close to the edge of a precipice. Feel-

ing those cruel claws fixed in his back, the deer is stricken with fear, and in his wild struggles to throw off his enemy, loses his balance and is hurled below. And the golden eagle has no more trouble, for his meal is ready for him.

Though not quite so large as a sea eagle, he is the most magnificent bird of his tribe. When seen in full daylight, the golden tips to his rich brown feathers make him look "a prince of the sun," and there's something particularly grand in his bearing. He nests high up on the mountain side, in rocky places so difficult for men to reach that if they mean to take his eggs they must be content to risk their lives. Their only way of getting at them is by letting themselves down from some crag above by means of a stout rope, and woe to the man the parent birds find near their eyrie when they return.

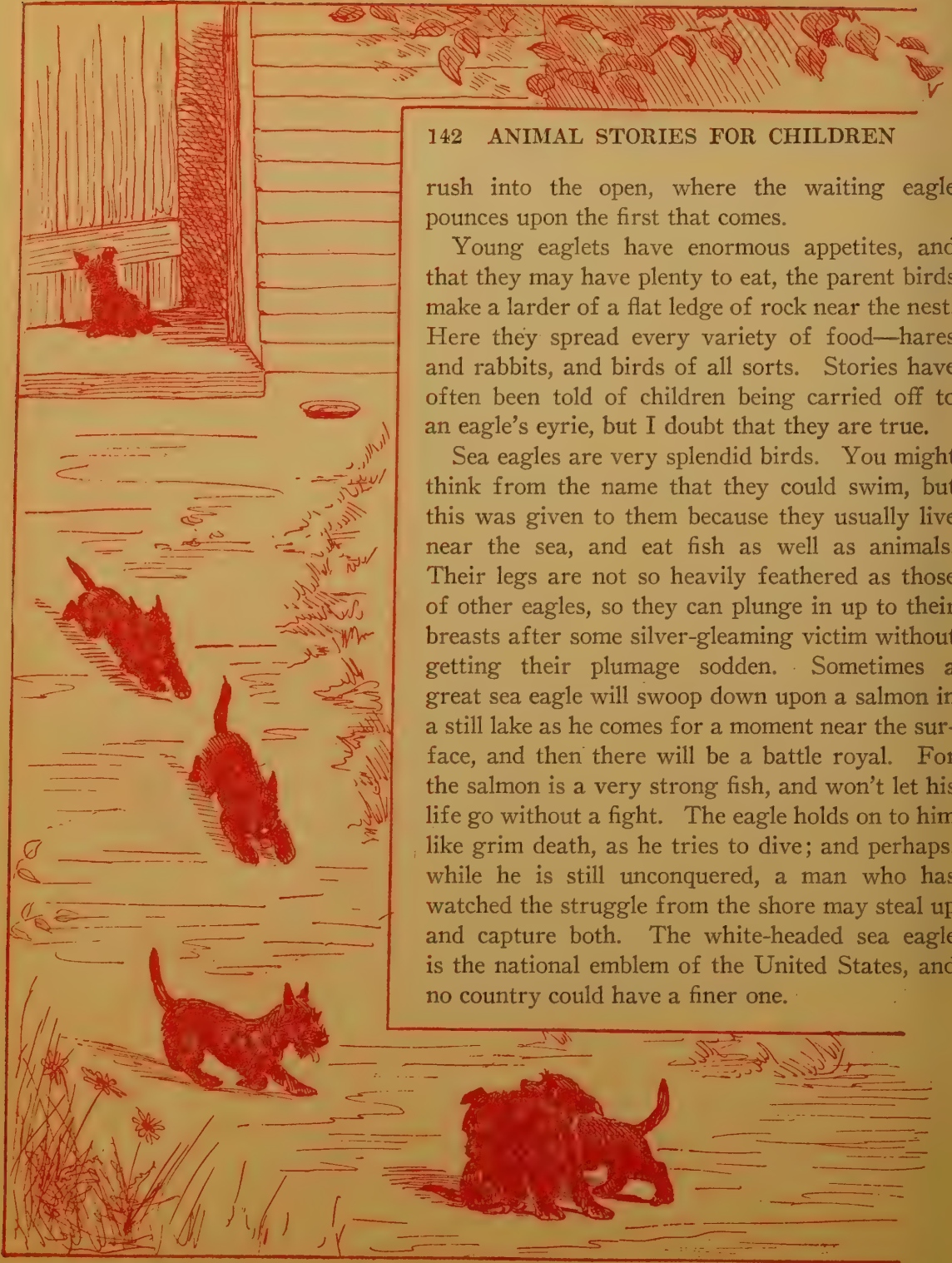
A golden eagle pairs for life. His mate is rather bigger than he, as is the case with most birds of prey; her wings, when outspread, often measure ten feet across. Sometimes these eagles hunt in pairs, one lying in ambush close at hand while the other dashes in amongst the long grass and bracken where timid Hares are hiding in their forms. Scared out of their wits by the hoarse cries so near them—golden eagles can "bark" as well as shriek—the foolish creatures



rush into the open, where the waiting eagle pounces upon the first that comes.

Young eaglets have enormous appetites, and that they may have plenty to eat, the parent birds make a larder of a flat ledge of rock near the nest. Here they spread every variety of food—hares and rabbits, and birds of all sorts. Stories have often been told of children being carried off to an eagle's eyrie, but I doubt that they are true.

Sea eagles are very splendid birds. You might think from the name that they could swim, but this was given to them because they usually live near the sea, and eat fish as well as animals. Their legs are not so heavily feathered as those of other eagles, so they can plunge in up to their breasts after some silver-gleaming victim without getting their plumage sodden. Sometimes a great sea eagle will swoop down upon a salmon in a still lake as he comes for a moment near the surface, and then there will be a battle royal. For the salmon is a very strong fish, and won't let his life go without a fight. The eagle holds on to him like grim death, as he tries to dive; and perhaps, while he is still unconquered, a man who has watched the struggle from the shore may steal up and capture both. The white-headed sea eagle is the national emblem of the United States, and no country could have a finer one.



THE CAT WITH THE BLACK COAT

How Nellie Baxter Learned to Take Care of Her New Kitten

LITTLE Nellie had always wanted a kitten, and so her father, who never liked cats, gave her a dog. Of course, Nellie liked the dog, but she still wanted a kitten. And so when her father went away to see about his orange groves in lower California, Nellie's mother promised her she could have a kitten.

"If you want a kitten," they had told Nellie in the village, "you had better go over to Smith's Ranch. Madam's sure to have one, but she'll only gi'e it to you 'gin she's sure that you'll treat it proper."

"Mother wouldn't let me have it unless," said Nellie with dignity, and set out to find the farm. She had wanted a kitten ever since she could remember, but only to-day, and because it was her birthday, had mother consented to her keeping two pets. And she couldn't *possibly* give up Rover.

"Now mind," said Mother, who was very busy



unpacking huge piles of luggage, "if he chases it you must give it back. I won't have it made unhappy."

"Rover won't," Nellie promised. "He'll love it as much as I shall, and by the time we go back to town they will be quite used to each other."

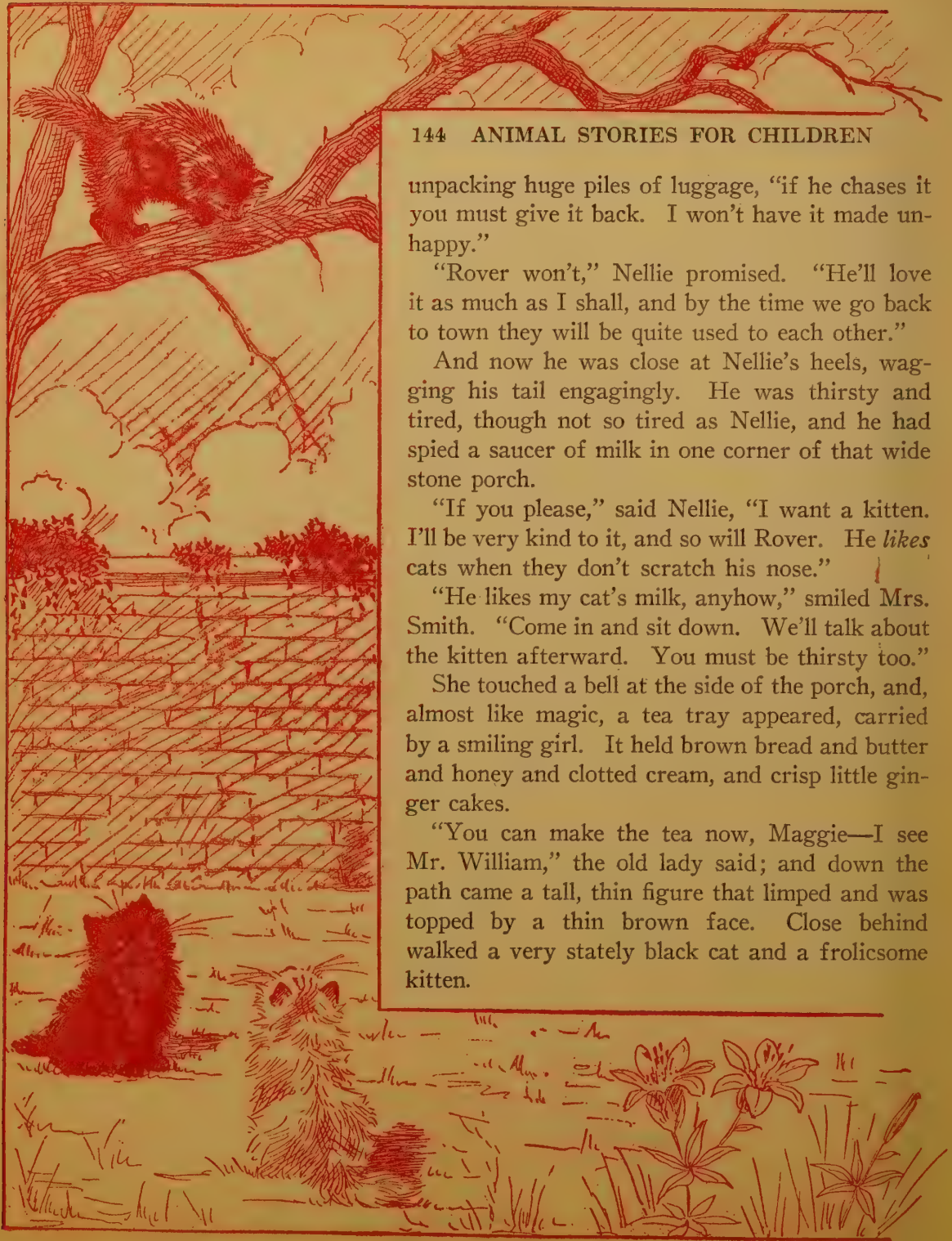
And now he was close at Nellie's heels, wagging his tail engagingly. He was thirsty and tired, though not so tired as Nellie, and he had spied a saucer of milk in one corner of that wide stone porch.

"If you please," said Nellie, "I want a kitten. I'll be very kind to it, and so will Rover. He *likes* cats when they don't scratch his nose."

"He likes my cat's milk, anyhow," smiled Mrs. Smith. "Come in and sit down. We'll talk about the kitten afterward. You must be thirsty too."

She touched a bell at the side of the porch, and, almost like magic, a tea tray appeared, carried by a smiling girl. It held brown bread and butter and honey and clotted cream, and crisp little ginger cakes.

"You can make the tea now, Maggie—I see Mr. William," the old lady said; and down the path came a tall, thin figure that limped and was topped by a thin brown face. Close behind walked a very stately black cat and a frolicsome kitten.



THE CAT WITH THE BLACK COAT 145

"My grandson, Black Lady, and Nig," said Mrs. Smith with a wave of her hand toward them. "William, you must bring a chair for yourself, and Black Lady would like her basket. Little Nig, come here. I shouldn't be surprised if this young lady were your new mistress."

Rover pricked up his ears, but his eyes were occupied with those very nice-looking cakes, and not even when Little Nig lay on Nellie's lap did he trouble to utter a protest. The cat took no notice of him at all, but stretched herself lazily in the patch of sunshine that fell by the young man's chair. She was purring loudly, for she was pleased. She had just caught two mice.

"Well, my beauty," said William, as he tickled her throat with one of his lean brown fingers, "your musical box is quite good for its size but Moustache would have beaten you with his. Moustache," he told Nellie, handing her the scones, "was a cat that I met in Belgium. He came out of the dark when it poured cats and dogs, and jumped into our trench, purring like a band, as comfortable as you please.

"We'd been pretty well fed up with the wet and cold, and waiting for relief that didn't come, but somehow that purring made us feel different men as soon as he turned it on. It reminded us of home, and hot cakes, and boiling tea, and nice old



ladies with lavender ribbons—now, what are you chuckling at, Grandmother?"

"Oh, do go on!" cried Nellie, for he had stopped, and she did want to hear the rest. "How long did he stay? And wasn't he frightened when he heard the sound of the guns?"

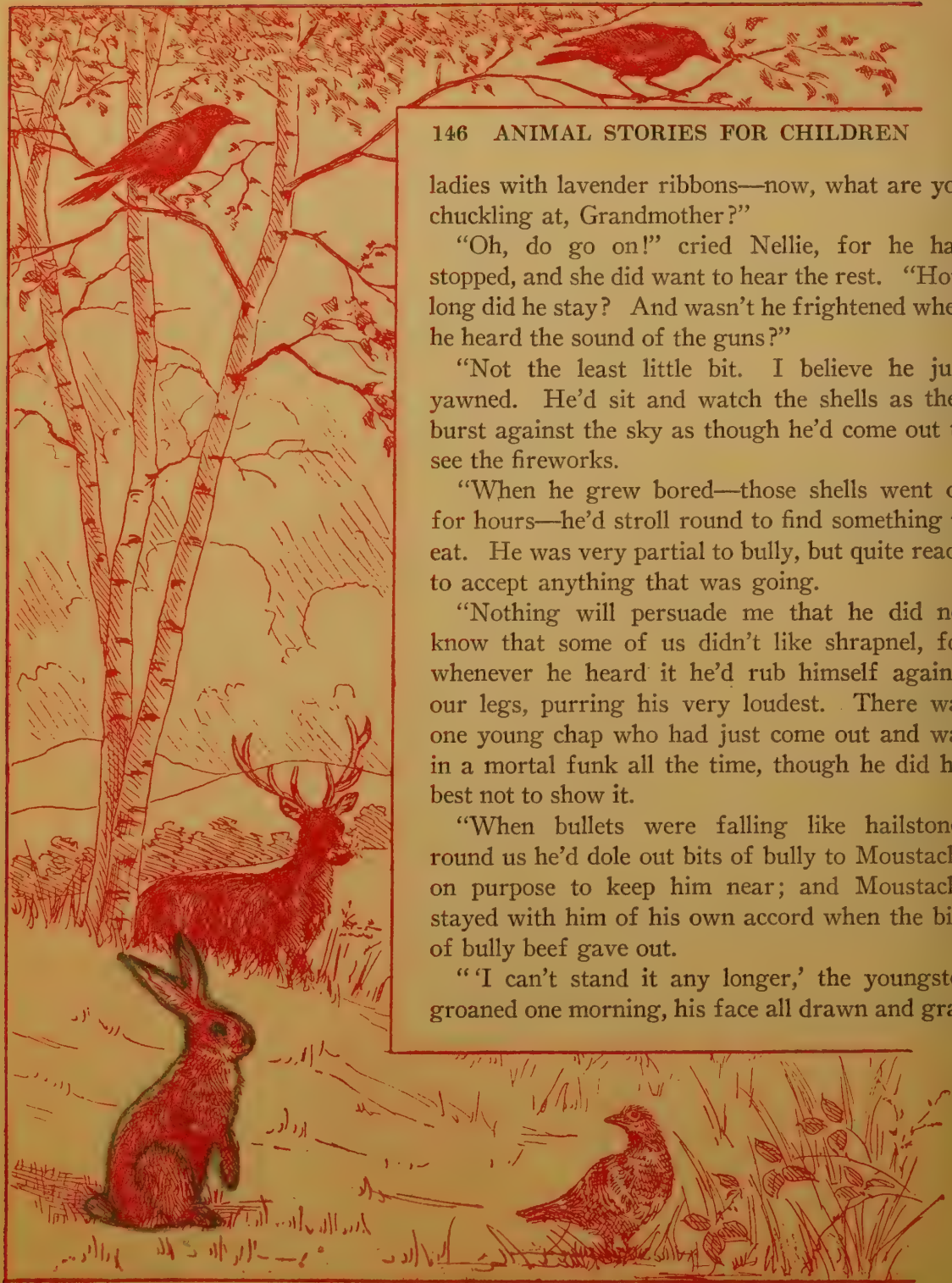
"Not the least little bit. I believe he just yawned. He'd sit and watch the shells as they burst against the sky as though he'd come out to see the fireworks.

"When he grew bored—those shells went on for hours—he'd stroll round to find something to eat. He was very partial to bully, but quite ready to accept anything that was going.

"Nothing will persuade me that he did not know that some of us didn't like shrapnel, for whenever he heard it he'd rub himself against our legs, purring his very loudest. There was one young chap who had just come out and was in a mortal funk all the time, though he did his best not to show it.

"When bullets were falling like hailstones round us he'd dole out bits of bully to Moustache on purpose to keep him near; and Moustache stayed with him of his own accord when the bits of bully beef gave out.

"I can't stand it any longer,' the youngster groaned one morning, his face all drawn and gray



with fright. The firing had never ceased for hours, and two of his chums were done for. I didn't say a word, for the Boches were still at it, but I pointed to Moustache, who was fast asleep on the edge of a ruined wall. At that moment a shell burst close beside him, covering him with rubbish.

"D'you think it scared him? Not a bit of it! He just got up and shook himself, and then flopped down again as if it wasn't worth noticing. That did more to steady the young chap's nerves than folks at home would ever guess. . . . What! Is that five already? Sorry I must be going. See you again soon, Grandmother."

He kissed the old lady, and smiled at Nellie, who was hugging Nig very close.

"Oughtn't I to go too?" she asked.

"Not yet, my dear, unless you're tired of an old woman's company," said Mrs. Smith. "I'll send you home presently in the Ford. Yes, I know where you're staying—at the Mill House. I saw you in church on Sunday."

Black Lady had followed William down the lane. Nellie watched her admiringly till she disappeared; she looked just like a small black tiger.

Rover had gone to explore the kitchen, whence he guessed the cakes had come, and Nig, curled



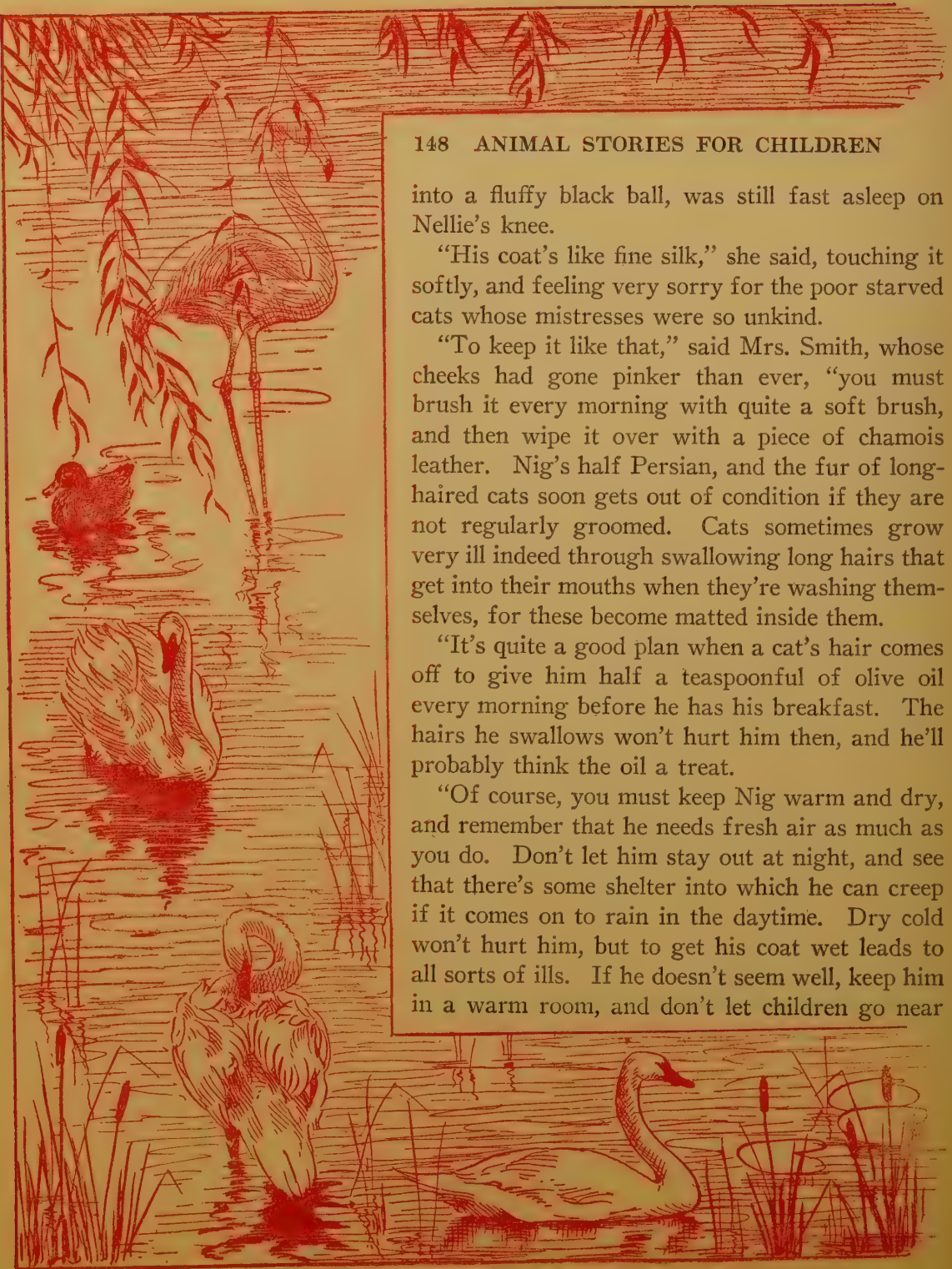
into a fluffy black ball, was still fast asleep on Nellie's knee.

"His coat's like fine silk," she said, touching it softly, and feeling very sorry for the poor starved cats whose mistresses were so unkind.

"To keep it like that," said Mrs. Smith, whose cheeks had gone pinker than ever, "you must brush it every morning with quite a soft brush, and then wipe it over with a piece of chamois leather. Nig's half Persian, and the fur of long-haired cats soon gets out of condition if they are not regularly groomed. Cats sometimes grow very ill indeed through swallowing long hairs that get into their mouths when they're washing themselves, for these become matted inside them.

"It's quite a good plan when a cat's hair comes off to give him half a teaspoonful of olive oil every morning before he has his breakfast. The hairs he swallows won't hurt him then, and he'll probably think the oil a treat.

"Of course, you must keep Nig warm and dry, and remember that he needs fresh air as much as you do. Don't let him stay out at night, and see that there's some shelter into which he can creep if it comes on to rain in the daytime. Dry cold won't hurt him, but to get his coat wet leads to all sorts of ills. If he doesn't seem well, keep him in a warm room, and don't let children go near



THE CAT WITH THE BLACK COAT 149

him. He may be all right in a day or two, but if not, you must send for the vet. A sick cat may pass on a cold, and sometimes a very bad sore throat, all through the house.

"Fill his bowl with clean water every morning, so that he can drink when he likes. It isn't enough to give him milk, you know, as so many people imagine.

"And even if you want him chiefly as a mouser, you must see he has plenty to eat. The best hunters are cats that are thoroughly well fed; half-starved ones have neither strength nor pluck.

"Boiled rice and a little milk for breakfast—rice is much better for them than bread if it is thoroughly well cooked—would be a good beginning for the day; for dinner he must have a little lean meat—not cat's meat; this isn't wholesome.

"An ounce will be enough, and you can give him liver or fresh fish—he must never have salt. A saucer of milk would do for him at night, or vegetables, or scraps, with bread crumbs and gravy. You can vary these as is most convenient, and you'll soon find what's best for him.

"Nig will give you no trouble at all so far as his behavior in the house is concerned; but if ever you have to punish a kitten don't strike it. Hold its head to the ground by pressing your hand on the back of its neck, and keep it so for some min-



utes while you scold it, speaking very gently and sadly.

"With most kittens this will be quite enough to make them understand that they've done wrong; but if one should misbehave again, when you have scolded it bump its nose on the ground several times, though not hard enough to hurt it.

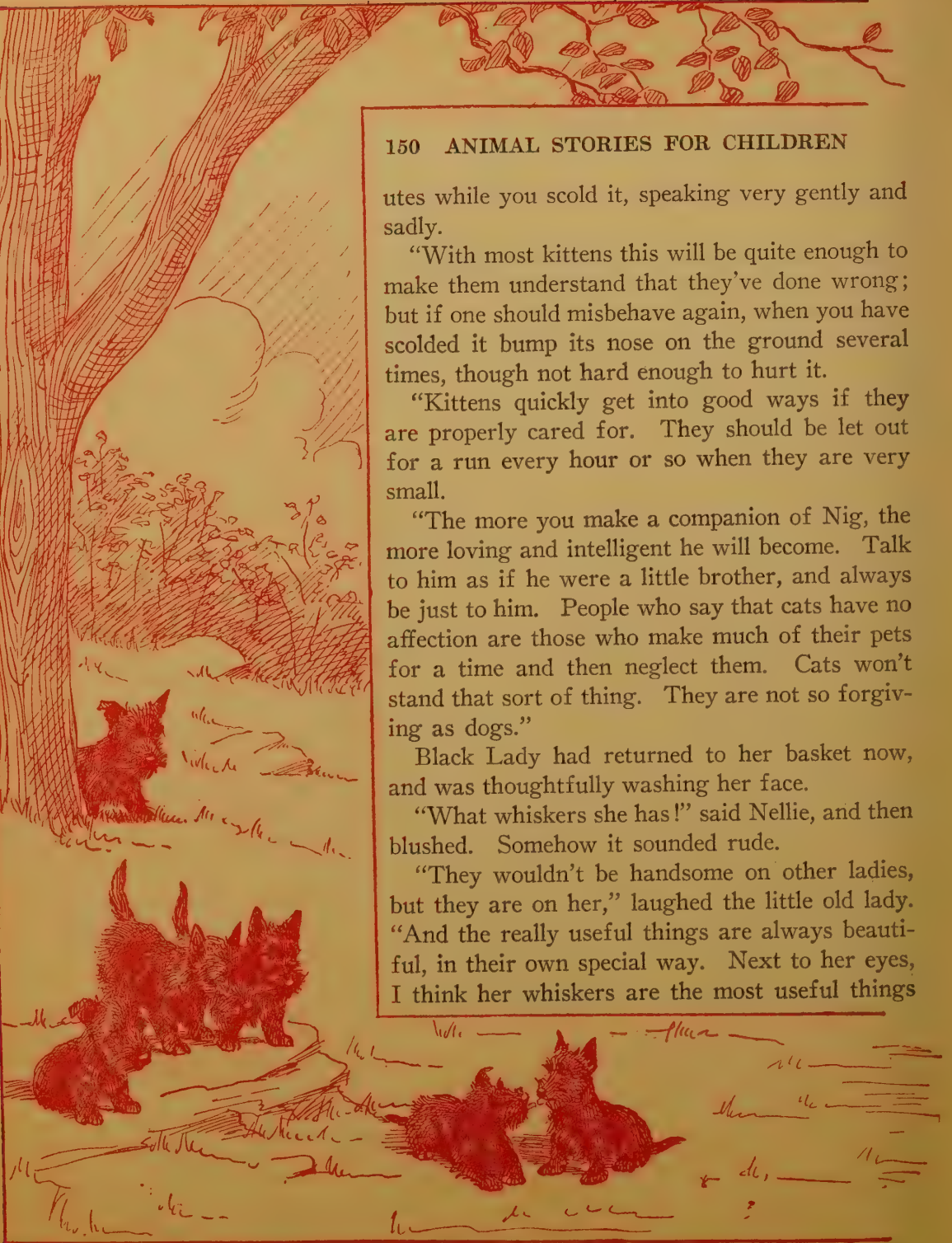
"Kittens quickly get into good ways if they are properly cared for. They should be let out for a run every hour or so when they are very small.

"The more you make a companion of Nig, the more loving and intelligent he will become. Talk to him as if he were a little brother, and always be just to him. People who say that cats have no affection are those who make much of their pets for a time and then neglect them. Cats won't stand that sort of thing. They are not so forgiving as dogs."

Black Lady had returned to her basket now, and was thoughtfully washing her face.

"What whiskers she has!" said Nellie, and then blushed. Somehow it sounded rude.

"They wouldn't be handsome on other ladies, but they are on her," laughed the little old lady. "And the really useful things are always beautiful, in their own special way. Next to her eyes, I think her whiskers are the most useful things





THE CAT WITH THE BLACK COAT 151

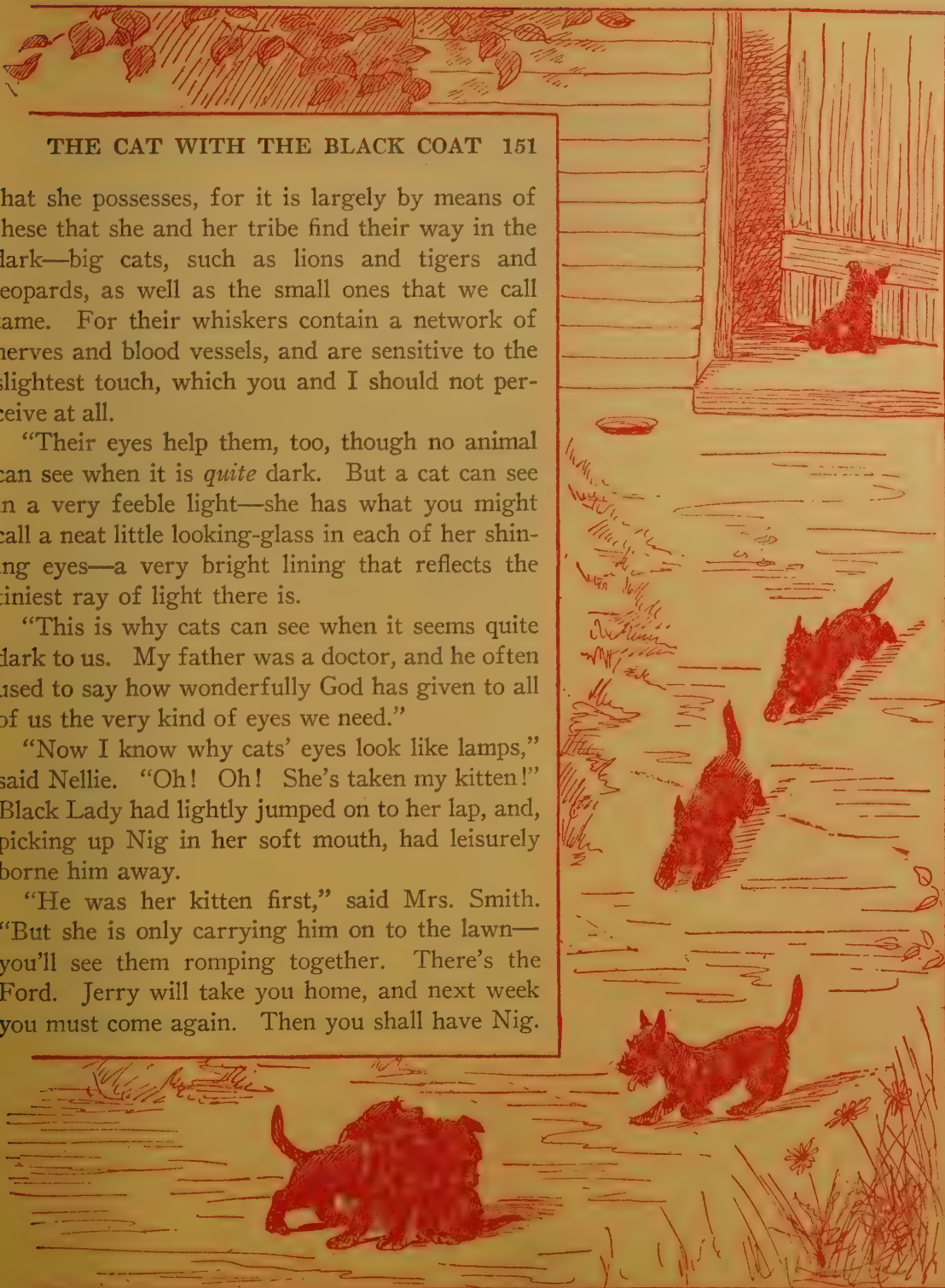
that she possesses, for it is largely by means of these that she and her tribe find their way in the dark—big cats, such as lions and tigers and leopards, as well as the small ones that we call tame. For their whiskers contain a network of nerves and blood vessels, and are sensitive to the slightest touch, which you and I should not perceive at all.

"Their eyes help them, too, though no animal can see when it is *quite* dark. But a cat can see in a very feeble light—she has what you might call a neat little looking-glass in each of her shining eyes—a very bright lining that reflects the tiniest ray of light there is.

"This is why cats can see when it seems quite dark to us. My father was a doctor, and he often used to say how wonderfully God has given to all of us the very kind of eyes we need."

"Now I know why cats' eyes look like lamps," said Nellie. "Oh! Oh! She's taken my kitten!" Black Lady had lightly jumped on to her lap, and, picking up Nig in her soft mouth, had leisurely borne him away.

"He was her kitten first," said Mrs. Smith. "But she is only carrying him on to the lawn—you'll see them romping together. There's the Ford. Jerry will take you home, and next week you must come again. Then you shall have Nig.



152 ANIMAL STORIES FOR CHILDREN

He's too young now to be separated from his mother."

That week seemed to Nellie as if it would never go, though she and Rover took long walks together when Mother was too busy to come. "How *can* you want a kitten when you have me?" he barked—at least, so Nellie imagined. *I* think that all the time she talked of Nig *he* was thinking of nice plump rats.

When Saturday came round again the Ford appeared quite soon after breakfast with a note for Nellie's mother from Mrs. Smith. Might Nellie spend the day at the farm, it said. If so, she would send her back in the evening. And Mother, who was going to town to meet the boys, was quite pleased to let Nellie go.

Even in one week Nig had grown, and was, if possible, more frolicsome than before. He was quite impertinent to Black Lady, jumping over her back when she wanted to doze, until at last she sat up and boxed his ears, which sobered him for a while. But soon he was pretending that her tail was a mouse, nibbling at it and darting away.

Black Lady walked to the wicket gate; she was watching for William, who would soon be coming.

"How does she know it is tea time?" asked

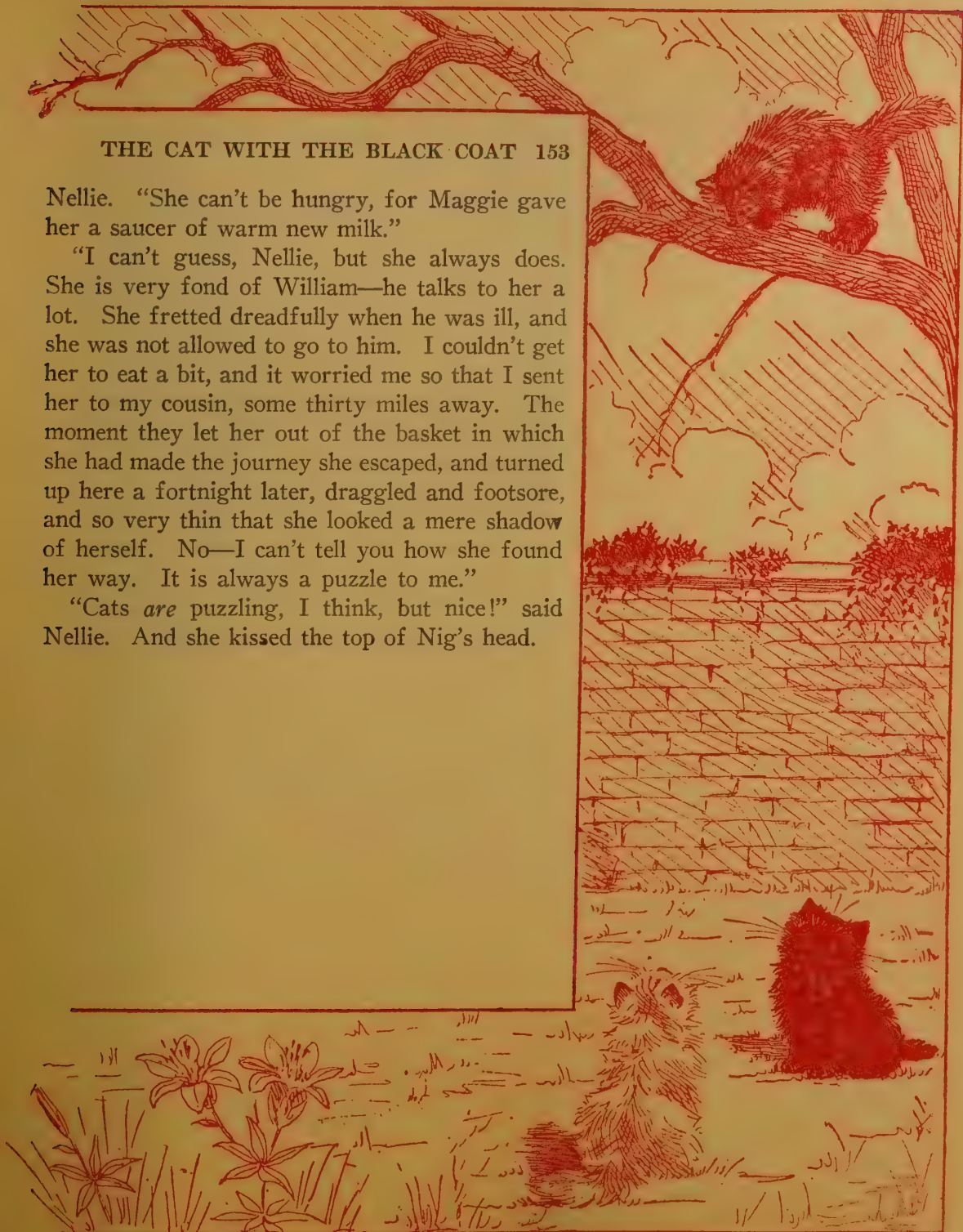


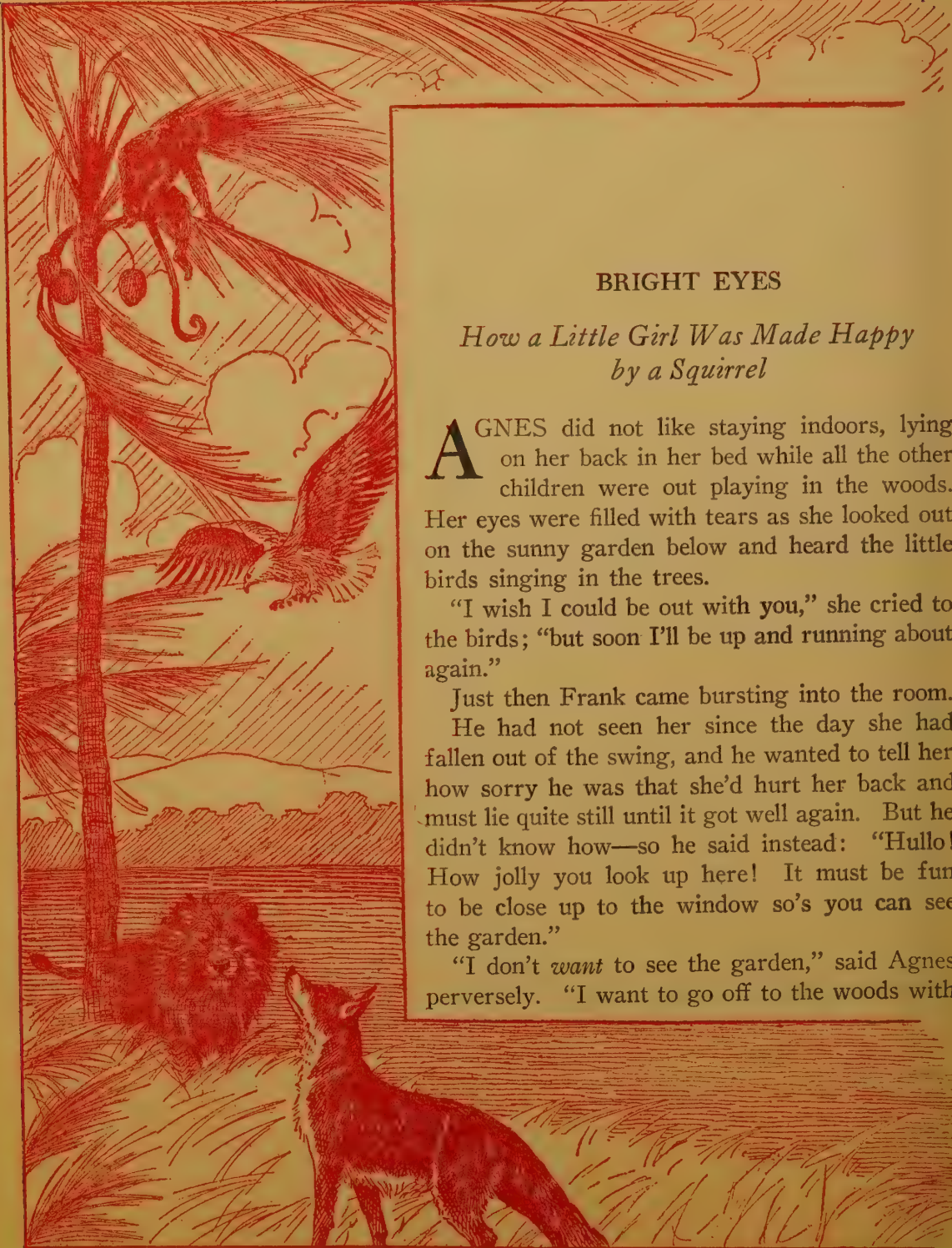
THE CAT WITH THE BLACK COAT 153

Nellie. "She can't be hungry, for Maggie gave her a saucer of warm new milk."

"I can't guess, Nellie, but she always does. She is very fond of William—he talks to her a lot. She fretted dreadfully when he was ill, and she was not allowed to go to him. I couldn't get her to eat a bit, and it worried me so that I sent her to my cousin, some thirty miles away. The moment they let her out of the basket in which she had made the journey she escaped, and turned up here a fortnight later, draggled and footsore, and so very thin that she looked a mere shadow of herself. No—I can't tell you how she found her way. It is always a puzzle to me."

"Cats *are* puzzling, I think, but nice!" said Nellie. And she kissed the top of Nig's head.





BRIGHT EYES

How a Little Girl Was Made Happy by a Squirrel

AGNES did not like staying indoors, lying on her back in her bed while all the other children were out playing in the woods. Her eyes were filled with tears as she looked out on the sunny garden below and heard the little birds singing in the trees.

"I wish I could be out with you," she cried to the birds; "but soon I'll be up and running about again."

Just then Frank came bursting into the room.

He had not seen her since the day she had fallen out of the swing, and he wanted to tell her how sorry he was that she'd hurt her back and must lie quite still until it got well again. But he didn't know how—so he said instead: "Hullo! How jolly you look up here! It must be fun to be close up to the window so's you can see the garden."

"I don't *want* to see the garden," said Agnes perversely. "I want to go off to the woods with

the others; they're going to be out all day."

"Well, I've brought you something you'll like," said Frank, undoing the top button of his rough tweed jacket. Out popped a saucy little red-brown head, with two bright eyes that were full of mischief as they glanced quickly round the room. Next moment a squirrel leaped from Frank's arm to the edge of Agnes' couch, where he hovered, ready for instant flight if she showed any sign of moving.

Agnes lay quite still—she'd seen Bright Eyes before, when he was just a ball of silky down with sharp wee white teeth that bit you. The wind had blown him out of his nest one wild gusty morning in March; his ears were unfeathered, he could only just see, and his tail was the merest apology for one.

Frank had found him and brought him home; he fed him with warm milk and water hour by hour, and presently Bright Eyes revived.

Soon he could manage to eat grated nuts, and at sixteen months old was the joy of his master's heart. And now he was giving him to Agnes.

"Oh, Frank, you don't mean that I'm to keep him!" she cried, as Bright Eyes, deciding that he rather liked her, ran to her shoulder to nibble at her hair.

"That's it," said Frank, and for fear that she



would thank him he went on talking very quickly.

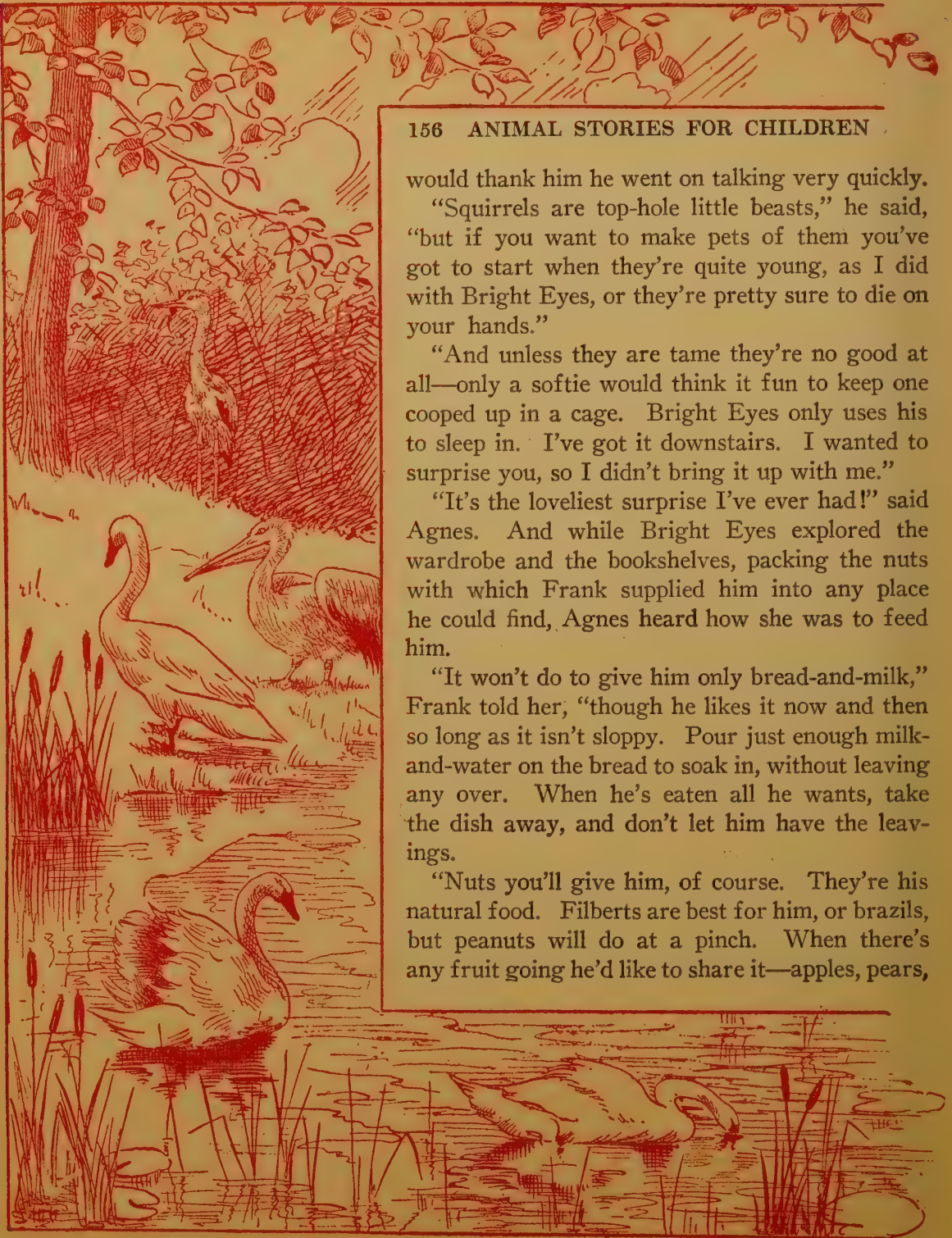
"Squirrels are top-hole little beasts," he said, "but if you want to make pets of them you've got to start when they're quite young, as I did with Bright Eyes, or they're pretty sure to die on your hands."

"And unless they are tame they're no good at all—only a softie would think it fun to keep one cooped up in a cage. Bright Eyes only uses his to sleep in. I've got it downstairs. I wanted to surprise you, so I didn't bring it up with me."

"It's the loveliest surprise I've ever had!" said Agnes. And while Bright Eyes explored the wardrobe and the bookshelves, packing the nuts with which Frank supplied him into any place he could find, Agnes heard how she was to feed him.

"It won't do to give him only bread-and-milk," Frank told her; "though he likes it now and then so long as it isn't sloppy. Pour just enough milk-and-water on the bread to soak in, without leaving any over. When he's eaten all he wants, take the dish away, and don't let him have the leavings."

"Nuts you'll give him, of course. They're his natural food. Filberts are best for him, or brazils, but peanuts will do at a pinch. When there's any fruit going he'd like to share it—apples, pears,



grapes, bananas—he's keen on them all, and dates too when he can get them. He likes carrots and greens and maize and oats. Father says that one reason why Bright Eyes has done so well is that he has such a mixed diet. He'd eat all sorts of things if he were wild, you know, and so he should have them now.

"I don't shut him up at all in the day—he goes wherever he likes. If he wants to come in, and the window is shut, he taps on the glass, and gets quite annoyed if some one doesn't open it at once. One day when, to see what he would do, I pretended I didn't hear, he scampered off after a minute or two. I thought perhaps he'd gone to the woods, and could have punched my silly head.

"He'll come back when he's hungry," said Father, and he was right. For when I went upstairs to brush my hair for dinner, down the chimney plopped Bright Eyes, as black as soot! And what d'you think he did next? Why, raced downstairs before I could catch him and ran up Daddy's sleeve on to his shoulder! Daddy wasn't a bit pleased, but Bright Eyes seemed to think it the greatest fun when Daddy had to go upstairs and change his collar."

"Tell me what else he did," said Agnes, speaking very softly, for Bright Eyes was busy hiding nuts in the soft brown masses of her hair.

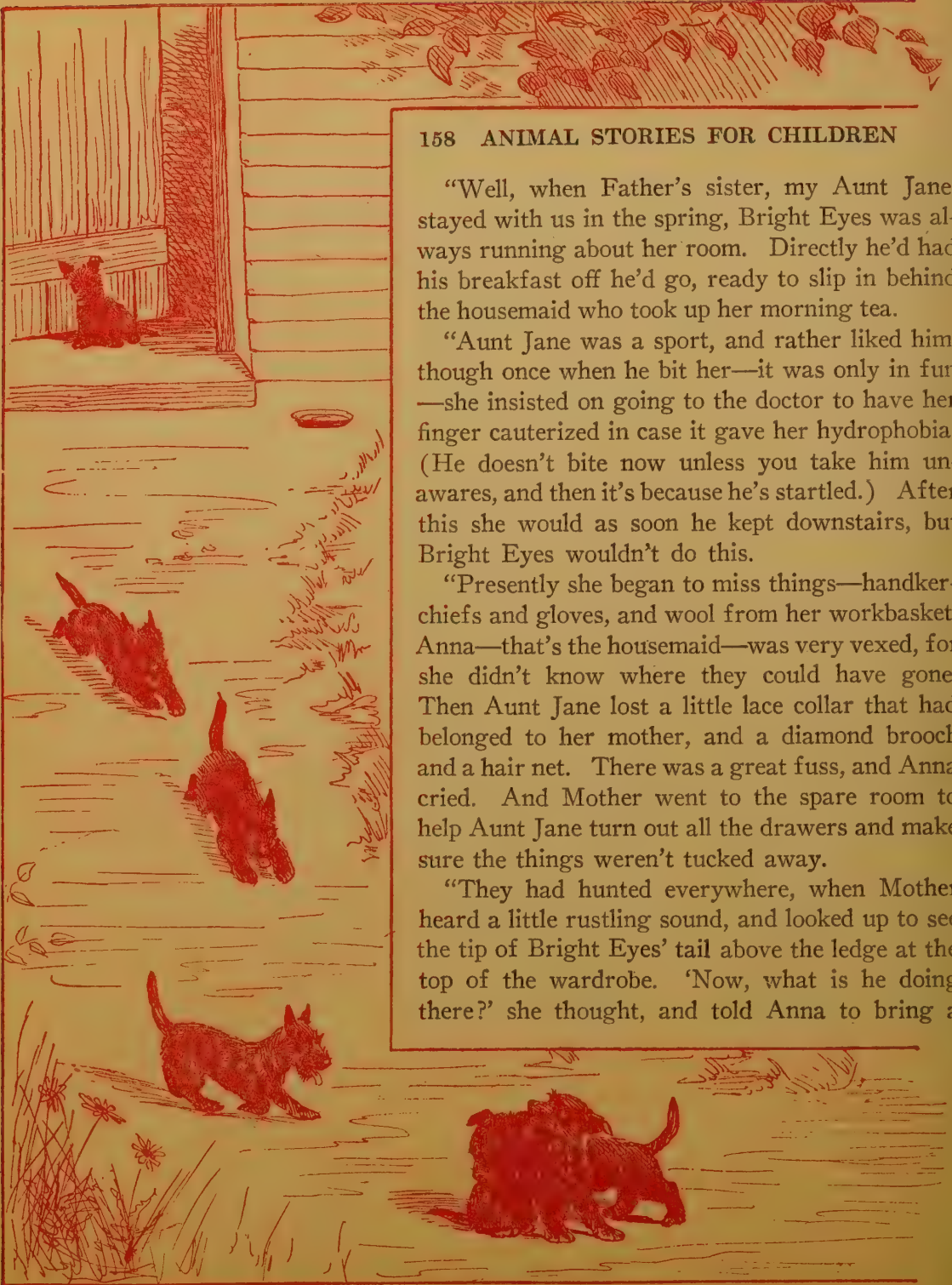


"Well, when Father's sister, my Aunt Jane, stayed with us in the spring, Bright Eyes was always running about her room. Directly he'd had his breakfast off he'd go, ready to slip in behind the housemaid who took up her morning tea.

"Aunt Jane was a sport, and rather liked him, though once when he bit her—it was only in fun—she insisted on going to the doctor to have her finger cauterized in case it gave her hydrophobia. (He doesn't bite now unless you take him unawares, and then it's because he's startled.) After this she would as soon he kept downstairs, but Bright Eyes wouldn't do this.

"Presently she began to miss things—handkerchiefs and gloves, and wool from her workbasket. Anna—that's the housemaid—was very vexed, for she didn't know where they could have gone. Then Aunt Jane lost a little lace collar that had belonged to her mother, and a diamond brooch and a hair net. There was a great fuss, and Anna cried. And Mother went to the spare room to help Aunt Jane turn out all the drawers and make sure the things weren't tucked away.

"They had hunted everywhere, when Mother heard a little rustling sound, and looked up to see the tip of Bright Eyes' tail above the ledge at the top of the wardrobe. 'Now, what is he doing there?' she thought, and told Anna to bring a



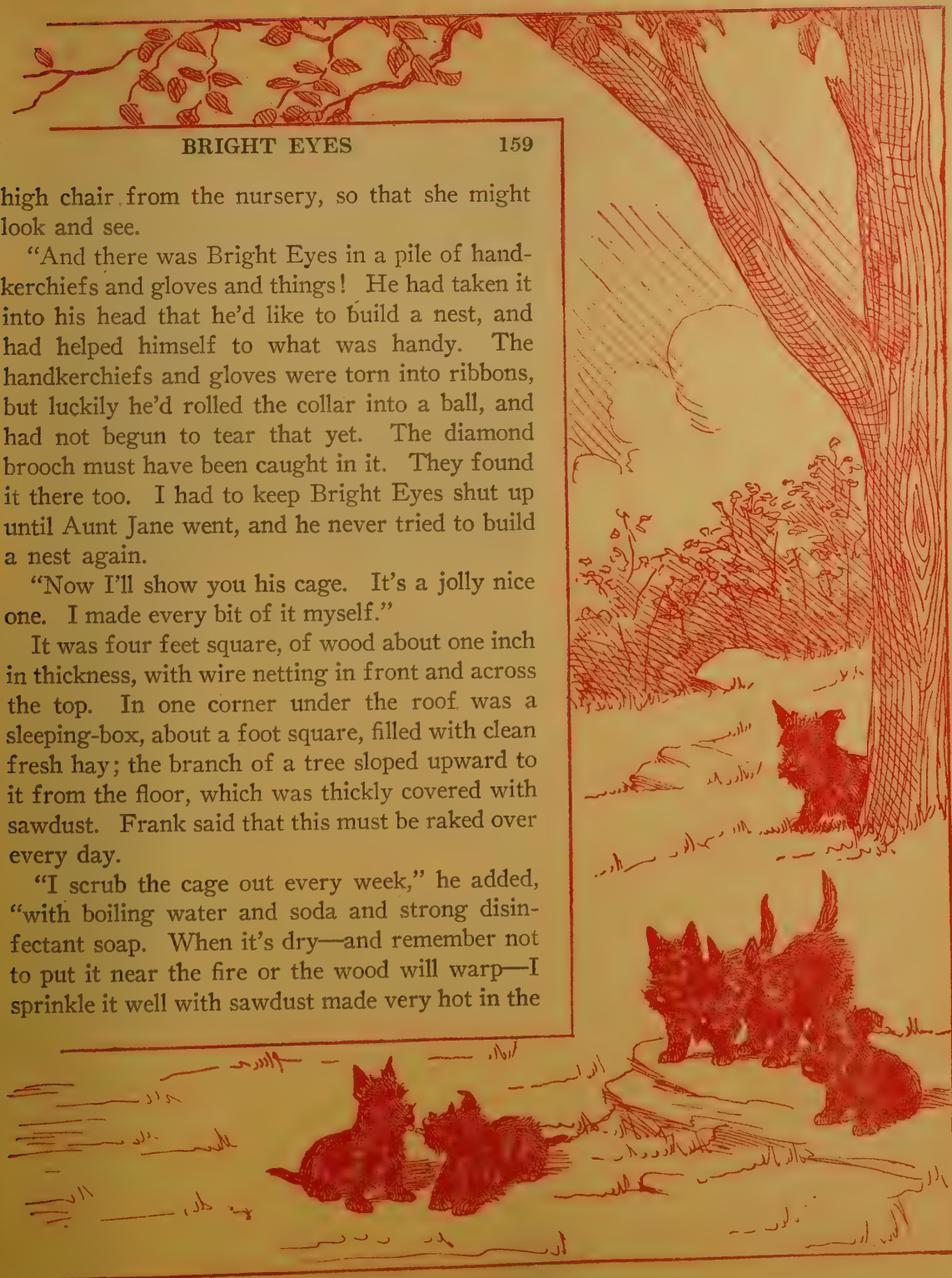
high chair from the nursery, so that she might look and see.

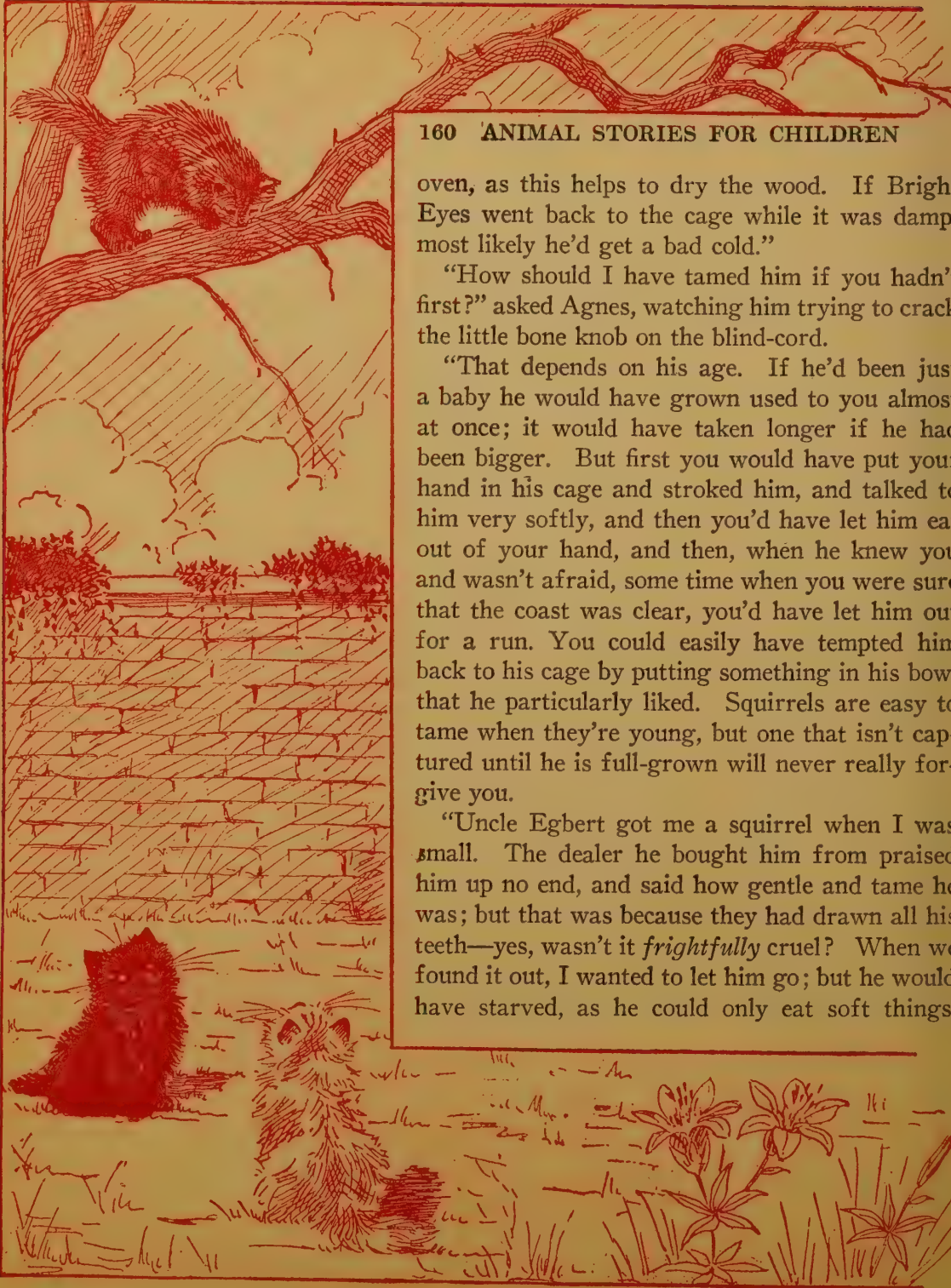
"And there was Bright Eyes in a pile of handkerchiefs and gloves and things! He had taken it into his head that he'd like to build a nest, and had helped himself to what was handy. The handkerchiefs and gloves were torn into ribbons, but luckily he'd rolled the collar into a ball, and had not begun to tear that yet. The diamond brooch must have been caught in it. They found it there too. I had to keep Bright Eyes shut up until Aunt Jane went, and he never tried to build a nest again.

"Now I'll show you his cage. It's a jolly nice one. I made every bit of it myself."

It was four feet square, of wood about one inch in thickness, with wire netting in front and across the top. In one corner under the roof was a sleeping-box, about a foot square, filled with clean fresh hay; the branch of a tree sloped upward to it from the floor, which was thickly covered with sawdust. Frank said that this must be raked over every day.

"I scrub the cage out every week," he added, "with boiling water and soda and strong disinfectant soap. When it's dry—and remember not to put it near the fire or the wood will warp—I sprinkle it well with sawdust made very hot in the





oven, as this helps to dry the wood. If Bright Eyes went back to the cage while it was damp, most likely he'd get a bad cold."

"How should I have tamed him if you hadn't first?" asked Agnes, watching him trying to crack the little bone knob on the blind-cord.

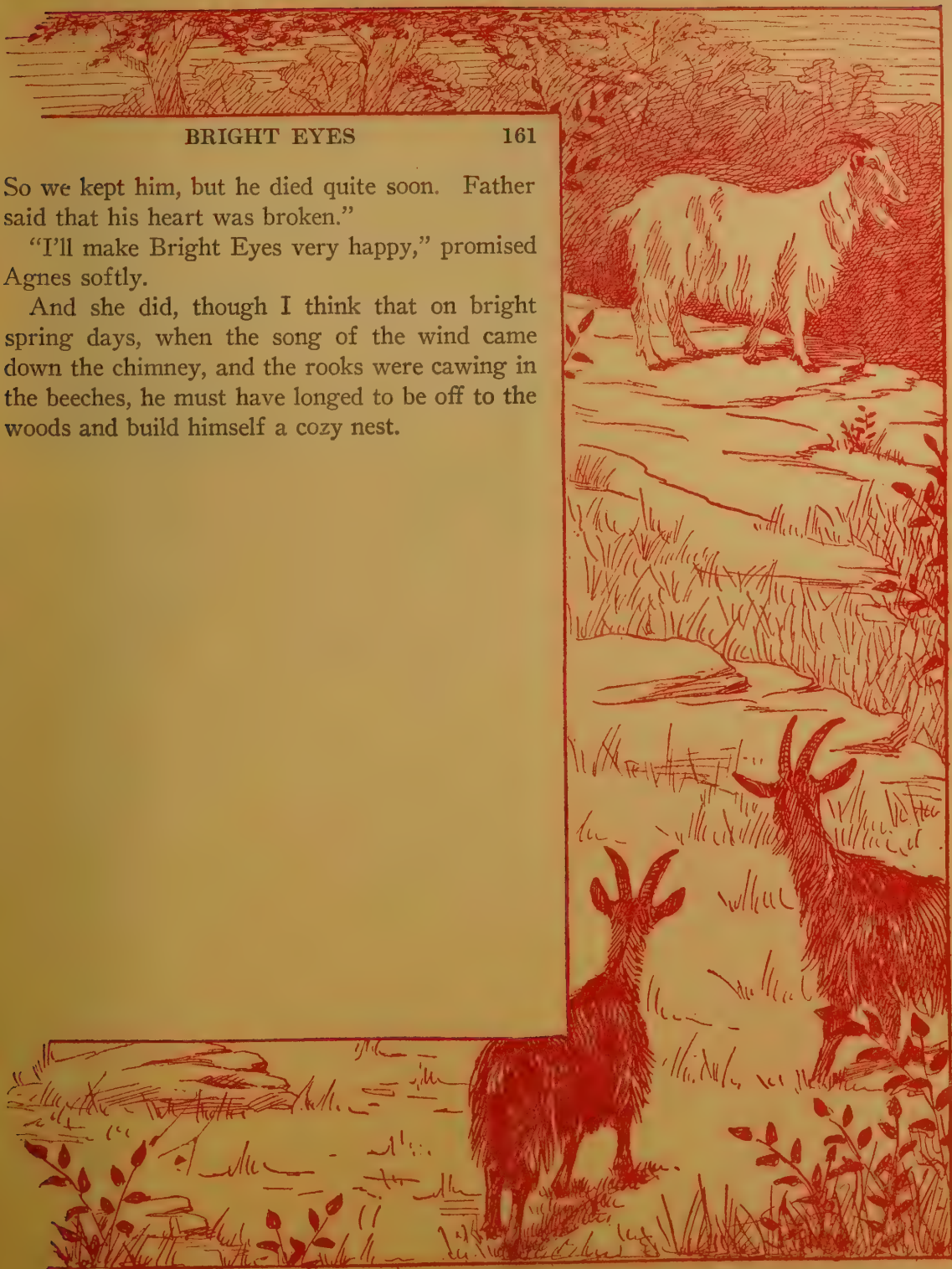
"That depends on his age. If he'd been just a baby he would have grown used to you almost at once; it would have taken longer if he had been bigger. But first you would have put your hand in his cage and stroked him, and talked to him very softly, and then you'd have let him eat out of your hand, and then, when he knew you and wasn't afraid, some time when you were sure that the coast was clear, you'd have let him out for a run. You could easily have tempted him back to his cage by putting something in his bowl that he particularly liked. Squirrels are easy to tame when they're young, but one that isn't captured until he is full-grown will never really forgive you.

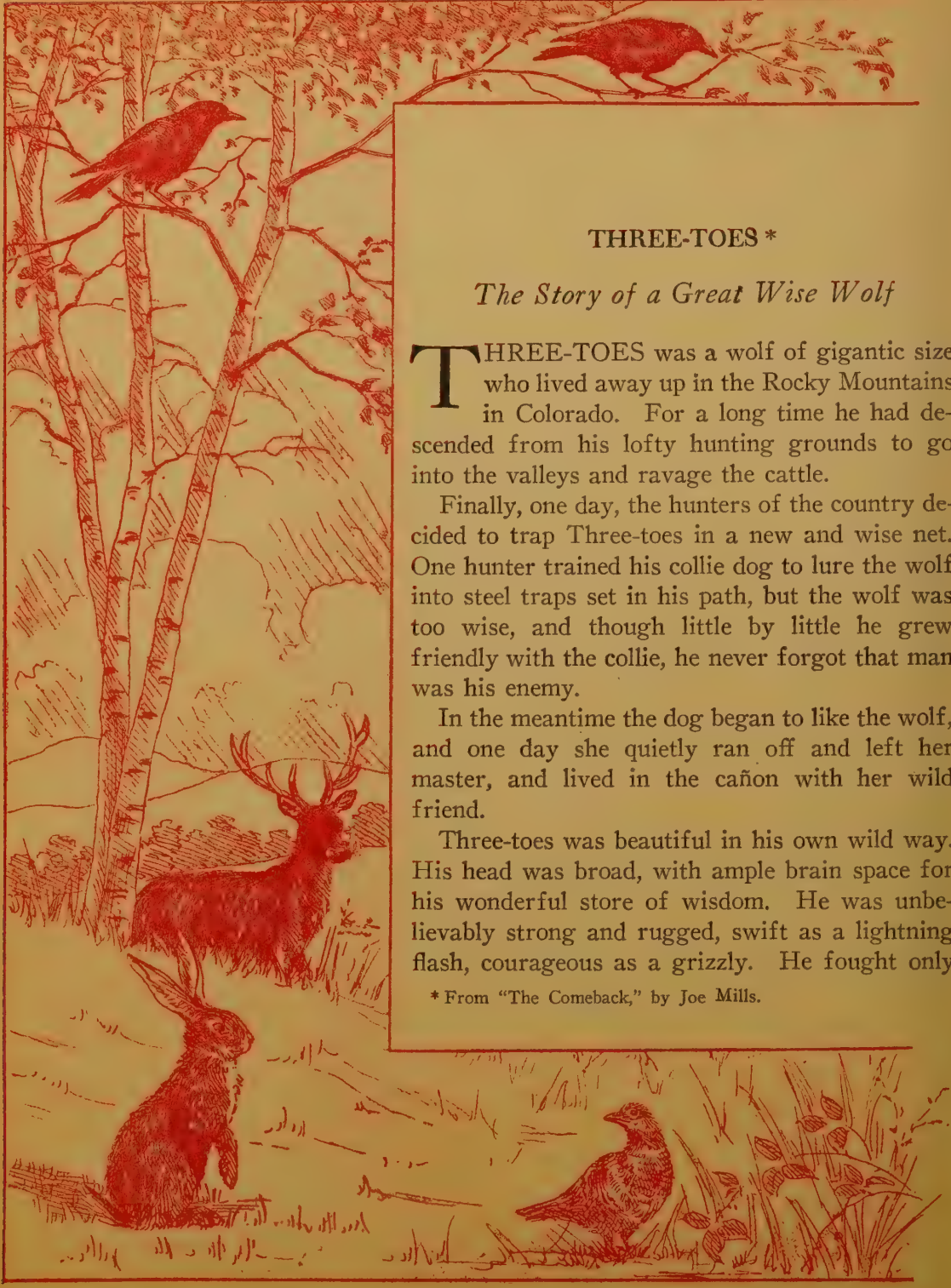
"Uncle Egbert got me a squirrel when I was small. The dealer he bought him from praised him up no end, and said how gentle and tame he was; but that was because they had drawn all his teeth—yes, wasn't it *frightfully* cruel? When we found it out, I wanted to let him go; but he would have starved, as he could only eat soft things.

So we kept him, but he died quite soon. Father said that his heart was broken."

"I'll make Bright Eyes very happy," promised Agnes softly.

And she did, though I think that on bright spring days, when the song of the wind came down the chimney, and the rooks were cawing in the beeches, he must have longed to be off to the woods and build himself a cozy nest.





THREE-TOES *

The Story of a Great Wise Wolf

THREE-TOES was a wolf of gigantic size who lived away up in the Rocky Mountains in Colorado. For a long time he had descended from his lofty hunting grounds to go into the valleys and ravage the cattle.

Finally, one day, the hunters of the country decided to trap Three-toes in a new and wise net. One hunter trained his collie dog to lure the wolf into steel traps set in his path, but the wolf was too wise, and though little by little he grew friendly with the collie, he never forgot that man was his enemy.

In the meantime the dog began to like the wolf, and one day she quietly ran off and left her master, and lived in the cañon with her wild friend.

Three-toes was beautiful in his own wild way. His head was broad, with ample brain space for his wonderful store of wisdom. He was unbelievably strong and rugged, swift as a lightning flash, courageous as a grizzly. He fought only

* From "The Comeback," by Joe Mills.

when it was necessary; then he was the aggressor, unafraid, bold, dauntless. When he fought, he drew himself into the fray with that wild abandon that marks his breed.

He was elusive as an elf—though nothing about him was elflike. Sometimes settlers far down the narrow mountain valleys heard the distant howl that drifted, faint from distance, down to them from the heights. He traveled tirelessly. His wolf trot or his long lope, carrying him over the ground with such apparent ease, seemed slow; but he could go on and on for hours, holding a steady pace up hill and down, and across the roughest country.

As soon as he had eaten his fill he retired immediately to some high point where he bedded down for the day. Thus he escaped men bent on his destruction by riding him down whenever there was tracking snow.

A wolf, gorged to capacity with fresh meat, can often be run down by mounted men. And of this fact Three-toes seemed aware, for he never gave his enemies an opportunity to run him in the open. From his lofty lookout he kept watch of the valleys below. If a man appeared, he left his bed at a run; and by the time the man had trailed him up the slope, he would be far away, following a course that a horse could not travel.

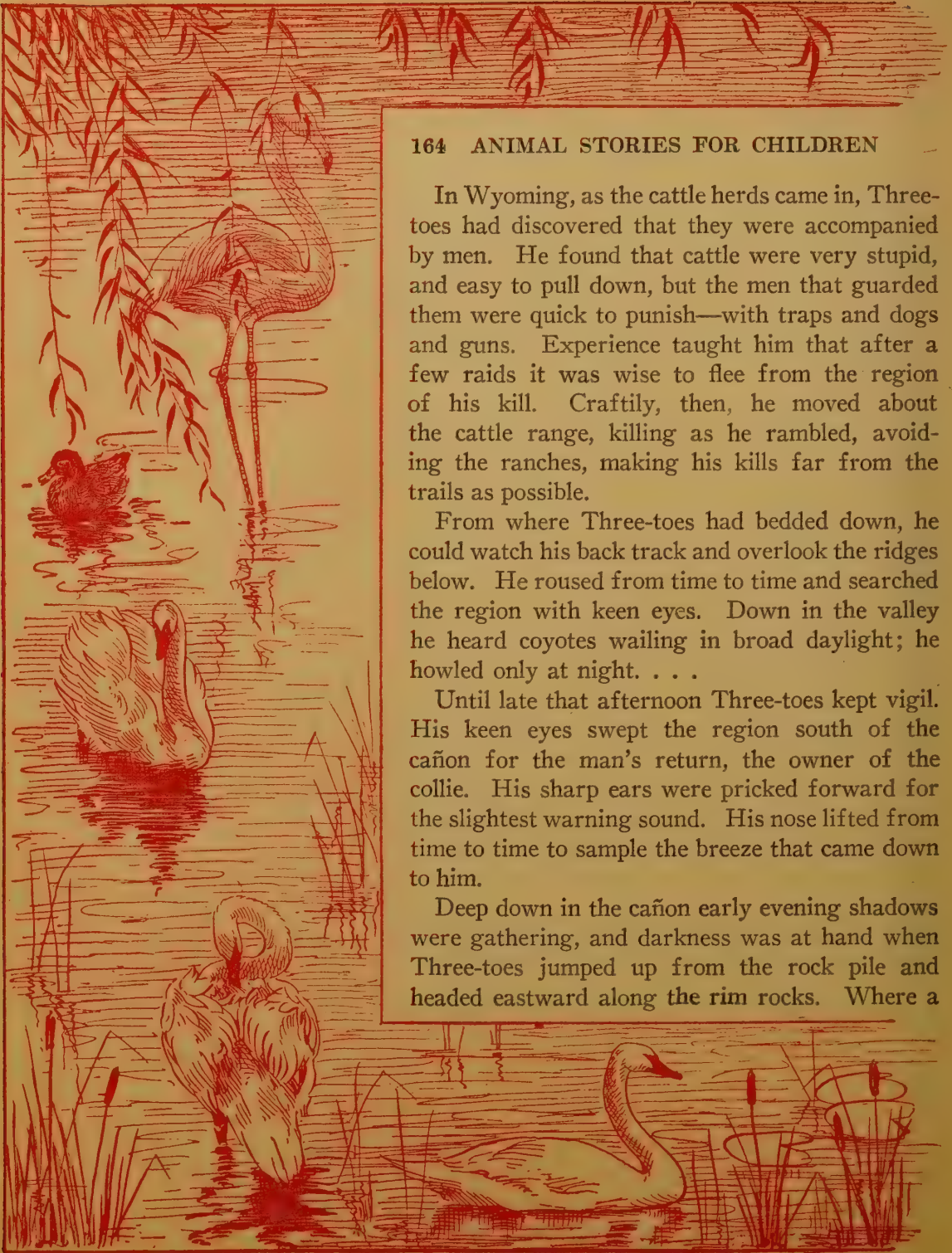


In Wyoming, as the cattle herds came in, Three-toes had discovered that they were accompanied by men. He found that cattle were very stupid, and easy to pull down, but the men that guarded them were quick to punish—with traps and dogs and guns. Experience taught him that after a few raids it was wise to flee from the region of his kill. Craftily, then, he moved about the cattle range, killing as he rambled, avoiding the ranches, making his kills far from the trails as possible.

From where Three-toes had bedded down, he could watch his back track and overlook the ridges below. He roused from time to time and searched the region with keen eyes. Down in the valley he heard coyotes wailing in broad daylight; he howled only at night. . . .

Until late that afternoon Three-toes kept vigil. His keen eyes swept the region south of the cañon for the man's return, the owner of the collie. His sharp ears were pricked forward for the slightest warning sound. His nose lifted from time to time to sample the breeze that came down to him.

Deep down in the cañon early evening shadows were gathering, and darkness was at hand when Three-toes jumped up from the rock pile and headed eastward along the rim rocks. Where a



little "wash" cut into the apparent level of the mesa, he went down into the thickening gloom.

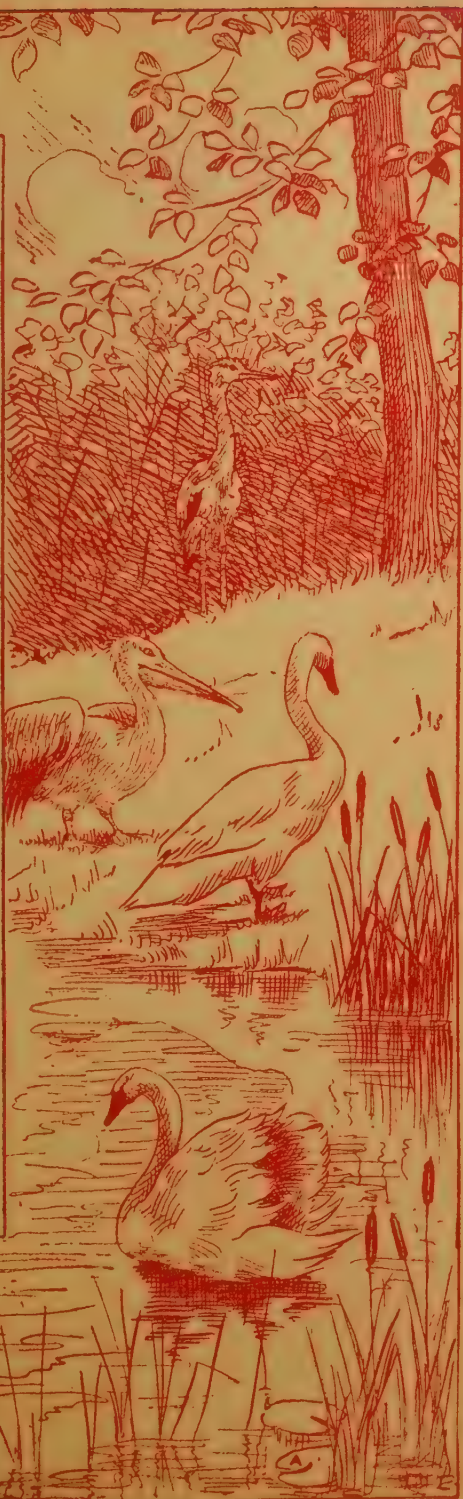
At the approach of her mate the collie whined and crept forth from the tangle of vines where she had been hiding throughout the day. They touched noses briefly; then she lay down while the great wolf licked her wounded foot.

When her mate slipped away at length, she knew instinctively that she was to wait for his return before moving. An hour later he trotted back proudly, bearing a snowshoe rabbit which he placed on the ground beside her.

Then he stretched out ten feet away and watched her tear greedily at the meat. Her confidence in him was mounting daily. First he had warned her away from the cabin; and he had tried to prevent her from venturing near the camp of her former master. The rifle shot that had smashed her foot had strengthened her confidence in his judgment. Now he had brought her food at a time when she was helpless to forage for herself.

When the goblin moon peered at them through a notch in the cañon's rim, it was near midnight. Three-toes urged his mate to rise and then led her slowly along a game-trail to the river.

The Poudre roared through the gorge, and the crippled dog did not dare attempt to cross the



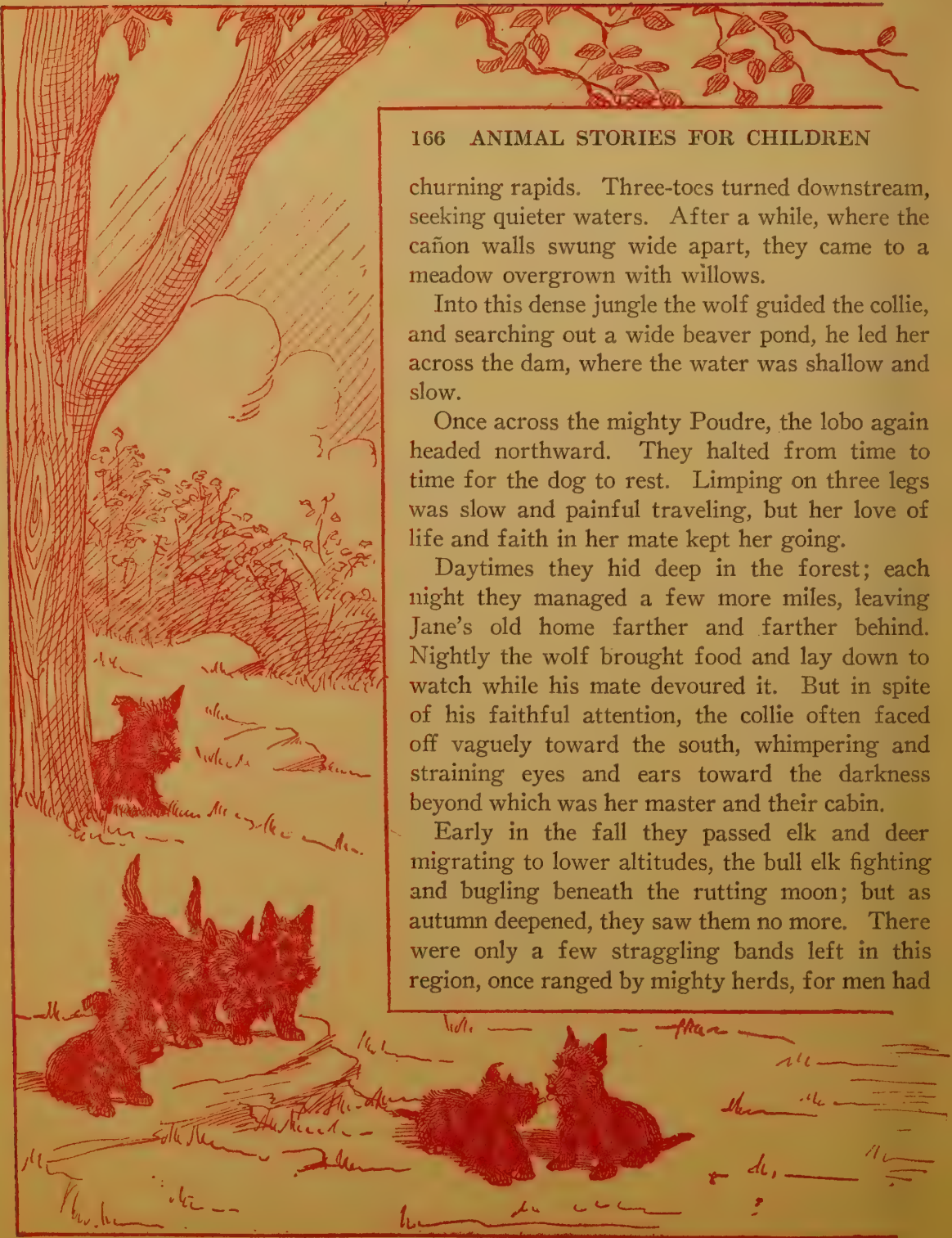
churning rapids. Three-toes turned downstream, seeking quieter waters. After a while, where the cañon walls swung wide apart, they came to a meadow overgrown with willows.

Into this dense jungle the wolf guided the collie, and searching out a wide beaver pond, he led her across the dam, where the water was shallow and slow.

Once across the mighty Poudre, the lobo again headed northward. They halted from time to time for the dog to rest. Limping on three legs was slow and painful traveling, but her love of life and faith in her mate kept her going.

Daytimes they hid deep in the forest; each night they managed a few more miles, leaving Jane's old home farther and farther behind. Nightly the wolf brought food and lay down to watch while his mate devoured it. But in spite of his faithful attention, the collie often faced off vaguely toward the south, whimpering and straining eyes and ears toward the darkness beyond which was her master and their cabin.

Early in the fall they passed elk and deer migrating to lower altitudes, the bull elk fighting and bugling beneath the rutting moon; but as autumn deepened, they saw them no more. There were only a few straggling bands left in this region, once ranged by mighty herds, for men had



ruthlessly slain them until curbed by belated legislation. These surviving remnants had escaped annihilation by taking refuge in the higher, more inaccessible mountains.

Slowly the collie's foot healed, and she began to use it, cautiously. When they came to smooth, sandy stretches, she put it down gingerly, walking slowly while she tried it out, and now and then halting with a whimper, for the slightest twist shot it through with pain. As storms came down from the north and piled snow upon the higher ranges, they forsook the upper reaches of the Poudre and descended to the foothills, where they overtook the game bands that had deserted the heights before them. They had fed on rabbits and grouse, and Three-toes had pulled down occasional stray cattle they encountered. But now the grouse had migrated also—to the spruce groves at timberline.

They were trotting slowly along a bare ridge top one day when suddenly Three-toes stood still. Jane stopped and looked at him inquiringly. Three hundreds yards away a small band of elk were scattered, feeding.

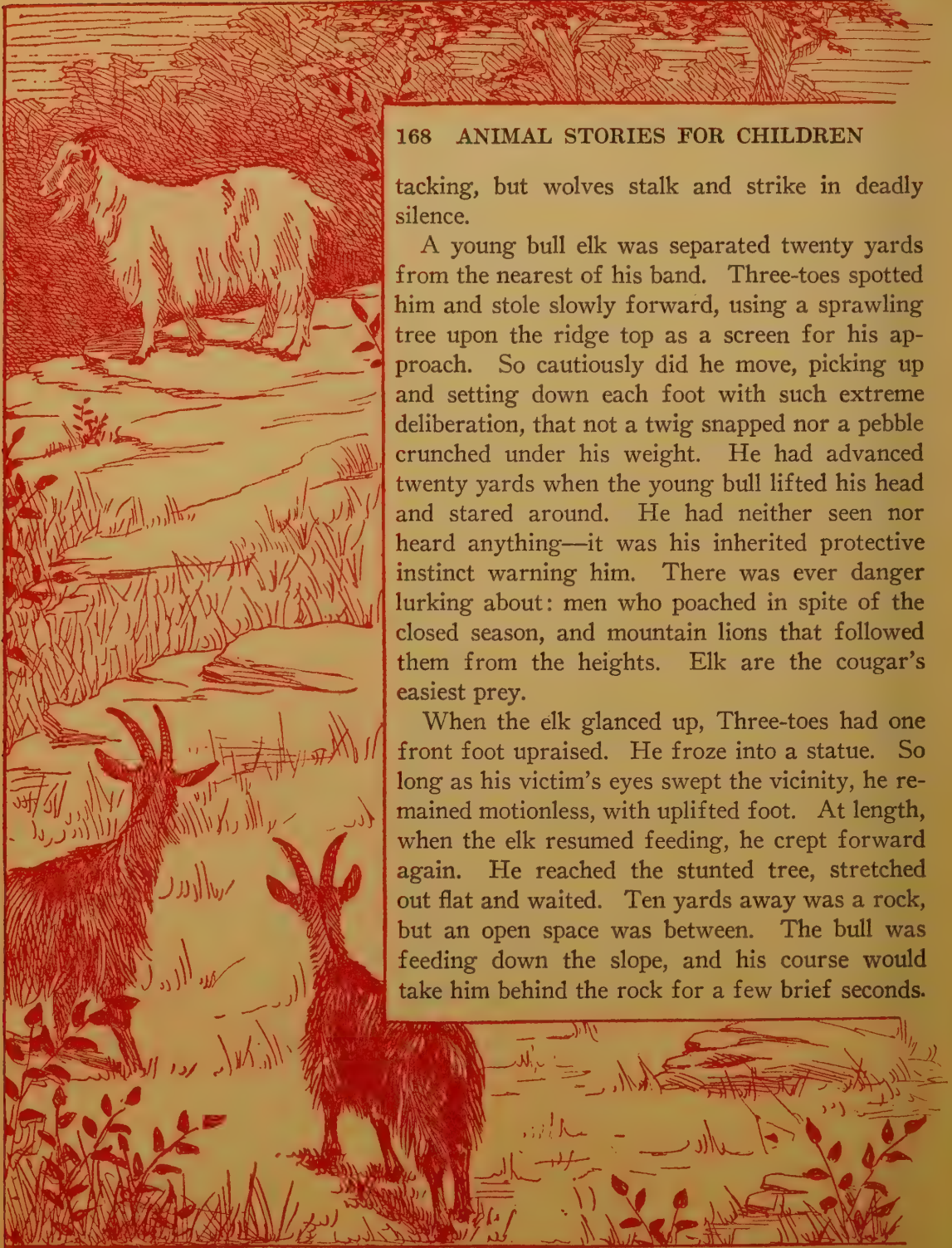
The furtive action of her mate warned the collie to caution. Instinctively she flattened down and lay motionless while the lobo stalked the elk. Dogs commonly make much fuss and noise in at-



tacking, but wolves stalk and strike in deadly silence.

A young bull elk was separated twenty yards from the nearest of his band. Three-toes spotted him and stole slowly forward, using a sprawling tree upon the ridge top as a screen for his approach. So cautiously did he move, picking up and setting down each foot with such extreme deliberation, that not a twig snapped nor a pebble crunched under his weight. He had advanced twenty yards when the young bull lifted his head and stared around. He had neither seen nor heard anything—it was his inherited protective instinct warning him. There was ever danger lurking about: men who poached in spite of the closed season, and mountain lions that followed them from the heights. Elk are the cougar's easiest prey.

When the elk glanced up, Three-toes had one front foot upraised. He froze into a statue. So long as his victim's eyes swept the vicinity, he remained motionless, with uplifted foot. At length, when the elk resumed feeding, he crept forward again. He reached the stunted tree, stretched out flat and waited. Ten yards away was a rock, but an open space was between. The bull was feeding down the slope, and his course would take him behind the rock for a few brief seconds.



Craftily, Three-toes waited. When the elk moved slowly out of sight behind the boulder, he rose and trotted swiftly forward. He stopped at the rock which sheltered him from the eyes of his victim. The wind was toward him, so that no telltale scent revealed his nearness to his quarry.

Patiently Three-toes waited until his prey fed out of sight behind a screen of young spruces. Instantly he advanced. His quarry was moving from right to left, so he went around the grove toward the left. Ten minutes later the elk emerged from behind the grove and looked carefully about. Nothing moved except the members of his own tribe scattered far down the slope. He dropped his head and started feeding.

From behind a bush five yards uphill sprang the murderous form of Three-toes.

The young bull spun around and fled on long legs, jumping high above the bushes and jumbled rocks. With the wolf almost at his flank, he leaped into the spruces. Three-toes lunged after him, directing a quick, chopping bite which would have opened the paunch had it reached its mark. But his teeth barely grazed the hide, and the elk went thrashing his way through the trees. His escape seemed certain, but his pursuer was not yet ready to abandon the chase. He craftily withdrew, cunningly circled the grove, and was wait-

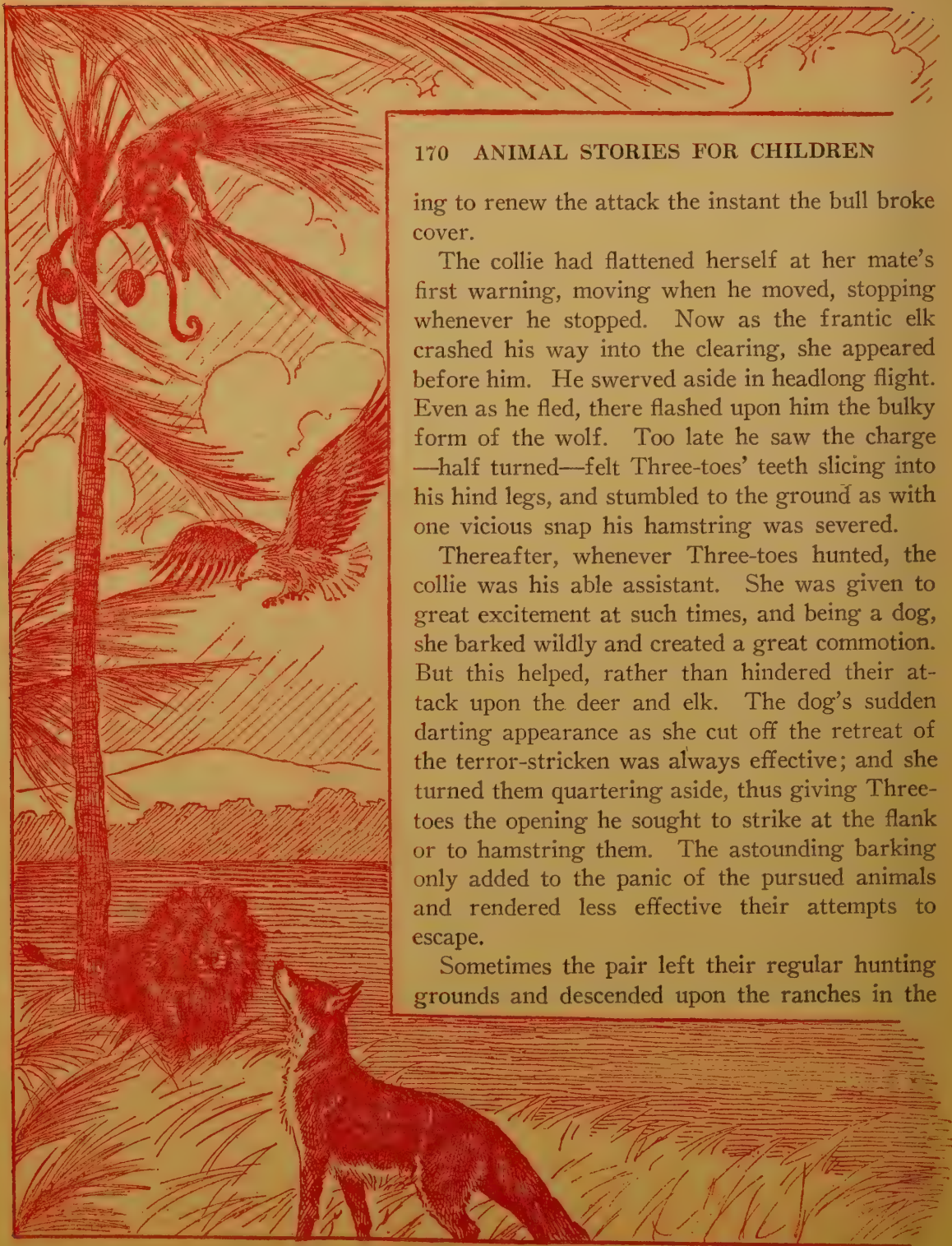


ing to renew the attack the instant the bull broke cover.

The collie had flattened herself at her mate's first warning, moving when he moved, stopping whenever he stopped. Now as the frantic elk crashed his way into the clearing, she appeared before him. He swerved aside in headlong flight. Even as he fled, there flashed upon him the bulky form of the wolf. Too late he saw the charge—half turned—felt Three-toes' teeth slicing into his hind legs, and stumbled to the ground as with one vicious snap his hamstring was severed.

Thereafter, whenever Three-toes hunted, the collie was his able assistant. She was given to great excitement at such times, and being a dog, she barked wildly and created a great commotion. But this helped, rather than hindered their attack upon the deer and elk. The dog's sudden darting appearance as she cut off the retreat of the terror-stricken was always effective; and she turned them quartering aside, thus giving Three-toes the opening he sought to strike at the flank or to hamstring them. The astounding barking only added to the panic of the pursued animals and rendered less effective their attempts to escape.

Sometimes the pair left their regular hunting grounds and descended upon the ranches in the

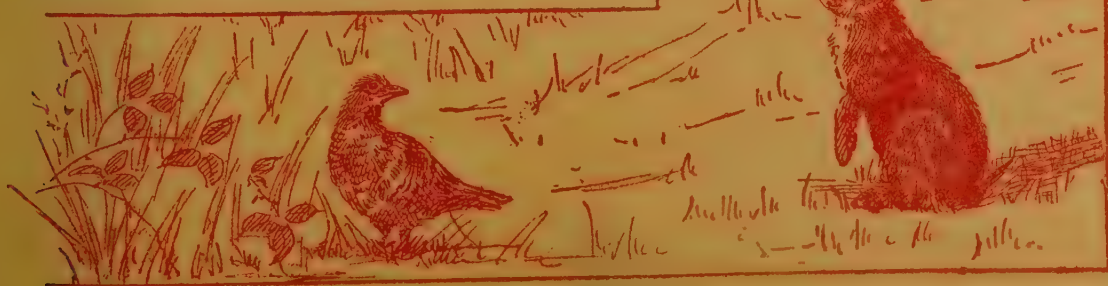


valleys. On such visits they delayed their raids until after dark, striking where least expected. Several times the collie trotted boldly up to the house and lured the foolish, barking dogs to their death, leading them far from the protection of the buildings to where the savage Three-toes waited. Whenever his mate ventured so near a ranch, the great wolf kept vigil to cover her retreat. But he never risked accompanying her.

Often, when starting out to hunt, Three-toes lifted his voice in a long, blood-curdling howl. Some ancestral impulse prompted him. Down in the valley coyotes and crossbreeds answered the call—but Three-toes slipped from the ridge top and hunted with his mate. He preferred to remain aloof from the pack.

The gathering in the foothills of the coyotes and the crossbreeds caused the ranchers to take up arms. They set out traps, but these coyotes were the battle-scarred survivors from many packs, and were trap wise. Failing in this, the stockmen resorted to poison. This bait, coming as it did at the end of winter, caused the coyotes and the crossbreeds to abandon all their caution. . . .

Three-toes and Jane were skirting a snow bank on the north slope of a wooded hill. A pair of magpies swept overhead and darted down suddenly. From another direction several long-

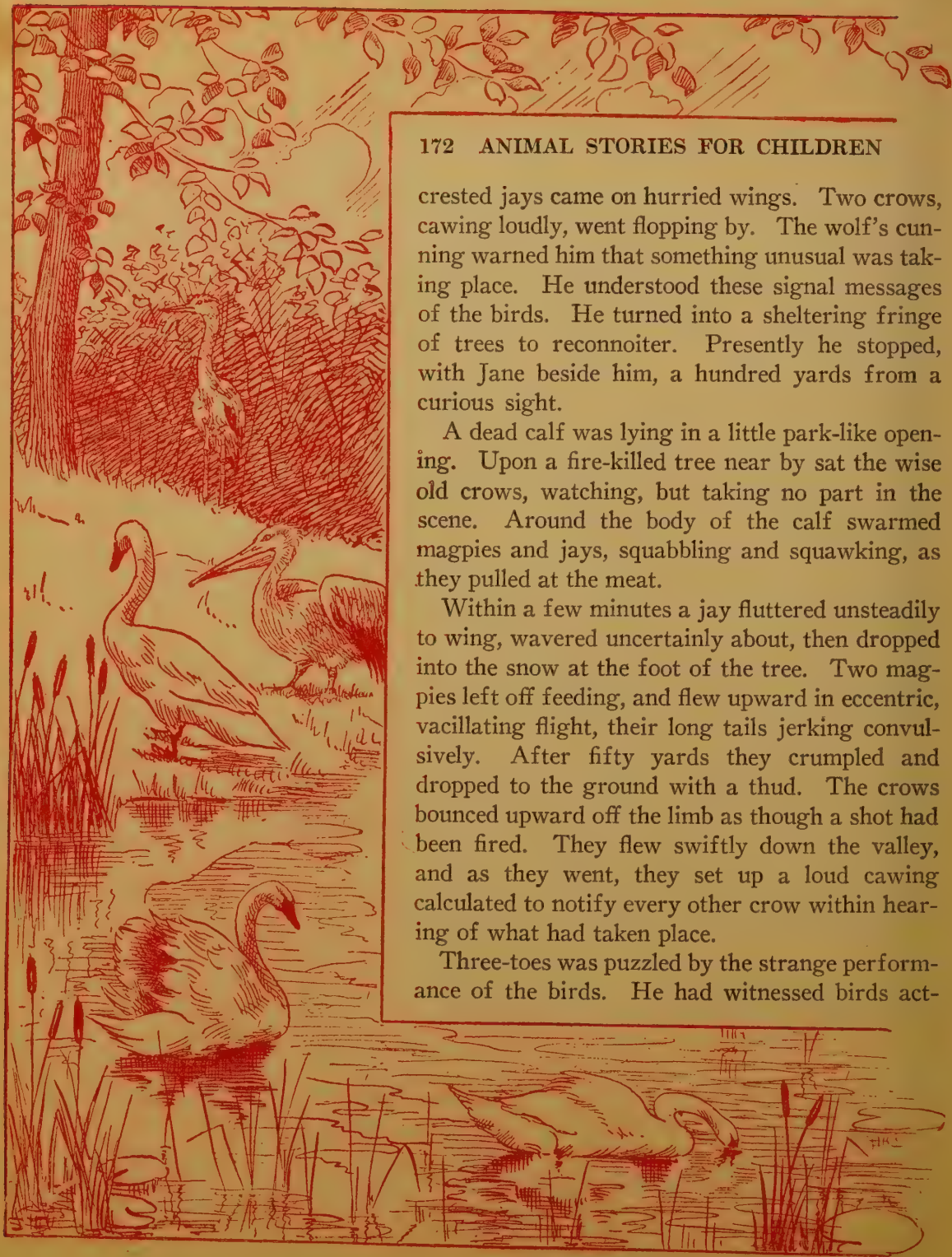


crested jays came on hurried wings. Two crows, cawing loudly, went flopping by. The wolf's cunning warned him that something unusual was taking place. He understood these signal messages of the birds. He turned into a sheltering fringe of trees to reconnoiter. Presently he stopped, with Jane beside him, a hundred yards from a curious sight.

A dead calf was lying in a little park-like opening. Upon a fire-killed tree near by sat the wise old crows, watching, but taking no part in the scene. Around the body of the calf swarmed magpies and jays, squabbling and squawking, as they pulled at the meat.

Within a few minutes a jay fluttered unsteadily to wing, wavered uncertainly about, then dropped into the snow at the foot of the tree. Two magpies left off feeding, and flew upward in eccentric, vacillating flight, their long tails jerking convulsively. After fifty yards they crumpled and dropped to the ground with a thud. The crows bounced upward off the limb as though a shot had been fired. They flew swiftly down the valley, and as they went, they set up a loud cawing calculated to notify every other crow within hearing of what had taken place.

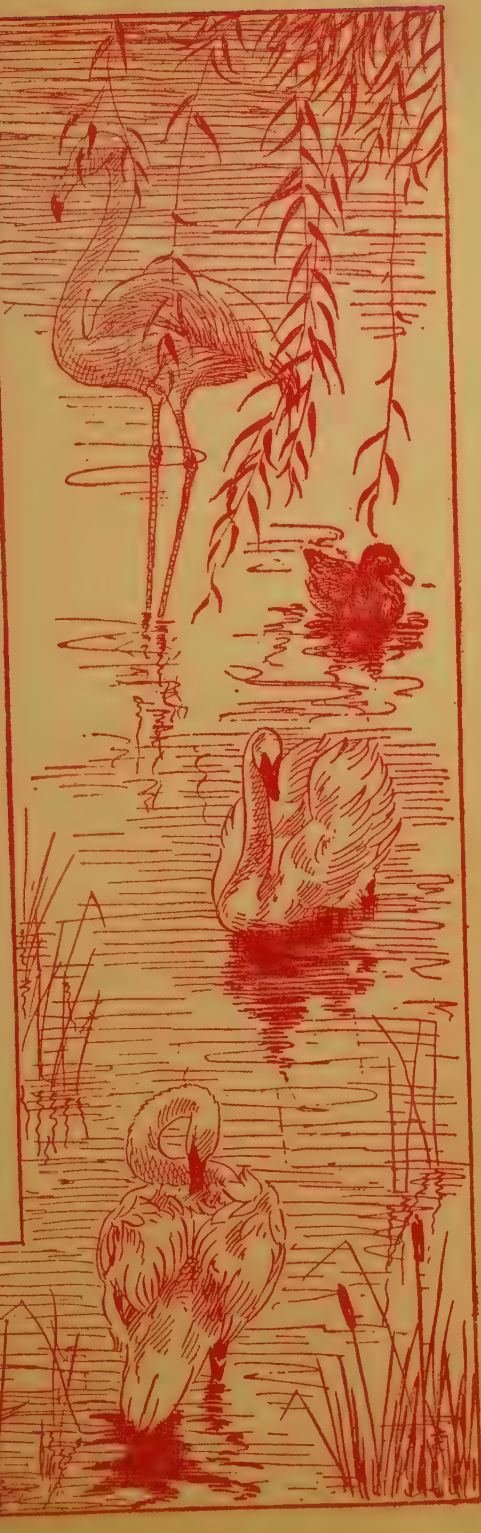
Three-toes was puzzled by the strange performance of the birds. He had witnessed birds act-



ing like this before—flapping about helplessly in crazy, unnatural flight—then dropping lifeless to the ground. Often he had sniffed at these baits. But he played safe regarding all tempting food he found upon the range—he never tasted it. Perhaps it was only curiosity that impelled him to investigate them, but he was most systematic about it. He also dug up concealed traps, and exposed them without endangering himself. He had a talent for prying into the unnatural—and avoiding it thereafter. Behind his actions there was purpose.

All at once Three-toes turned and ran, Jane hard at his heels. The sight of the dying birds filled him with foreboding. It recalled to him glazed-eyed coyotes whirling about in death dances, foam slaverling from their mouths and wild maniacal shrieks issuing from their convulsed throats.

Within a short time the coyotes and crossbreeds were "wise" to the poison bait strung out in the foothills. In some mysterious manner the intelligence spread—and at once they avoided all meat they did not kill themselves. The experiment cost the cattlemen dearly. Coyotes, under the leadership of crossbreeds, killed wantonly, isolated cows with young calves being their especial prey. Though not so many cattle were pulled down as

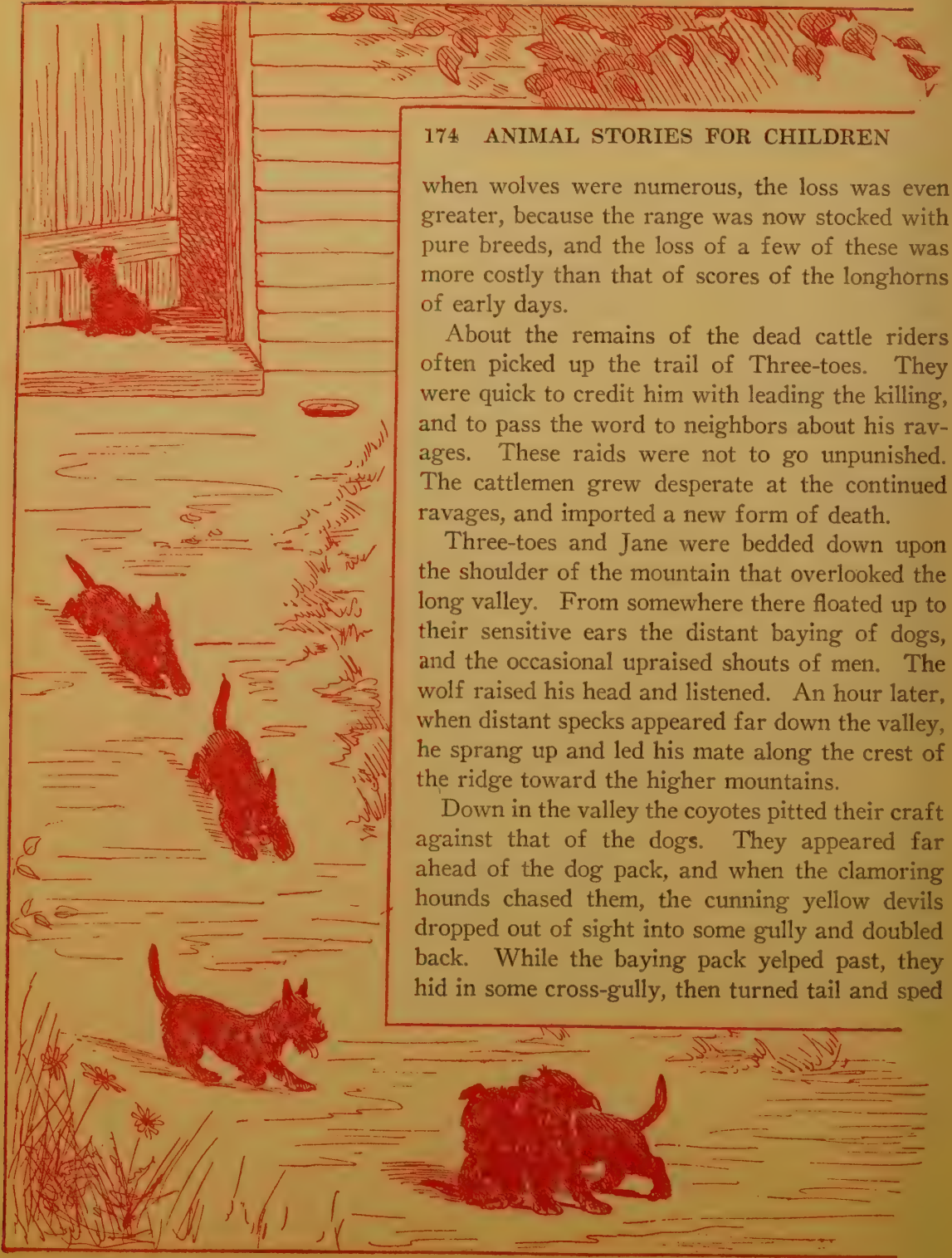


when wolves were numerous, the loss was even greater, because the range was now stocked with pure breeds, and the loss of a few of these was more costly than that of scores of the longhorns of early days.

About the remains of the dead cattle riders often picked up the trail of Three-toes. They were quick to credit him with leading the killing, and to pass the word to neighbors about his ravages. These raids were not to go unpunished. The cattlemen grew desperate at the continued ravages, and imported a new form of death.

Three-toes and Jane were bedded down upon the shoulder of the mountain that overlooked the long valley. From somewhere there floated up to their sensitive ears the distant baying of dogs, and the occasional upraised shouts of men. The wolf raised his head and listened. An hour later, when distant specks appeared far down the valley, he sprang up and led his mate along the crest of the ridge toward the higher mountains.

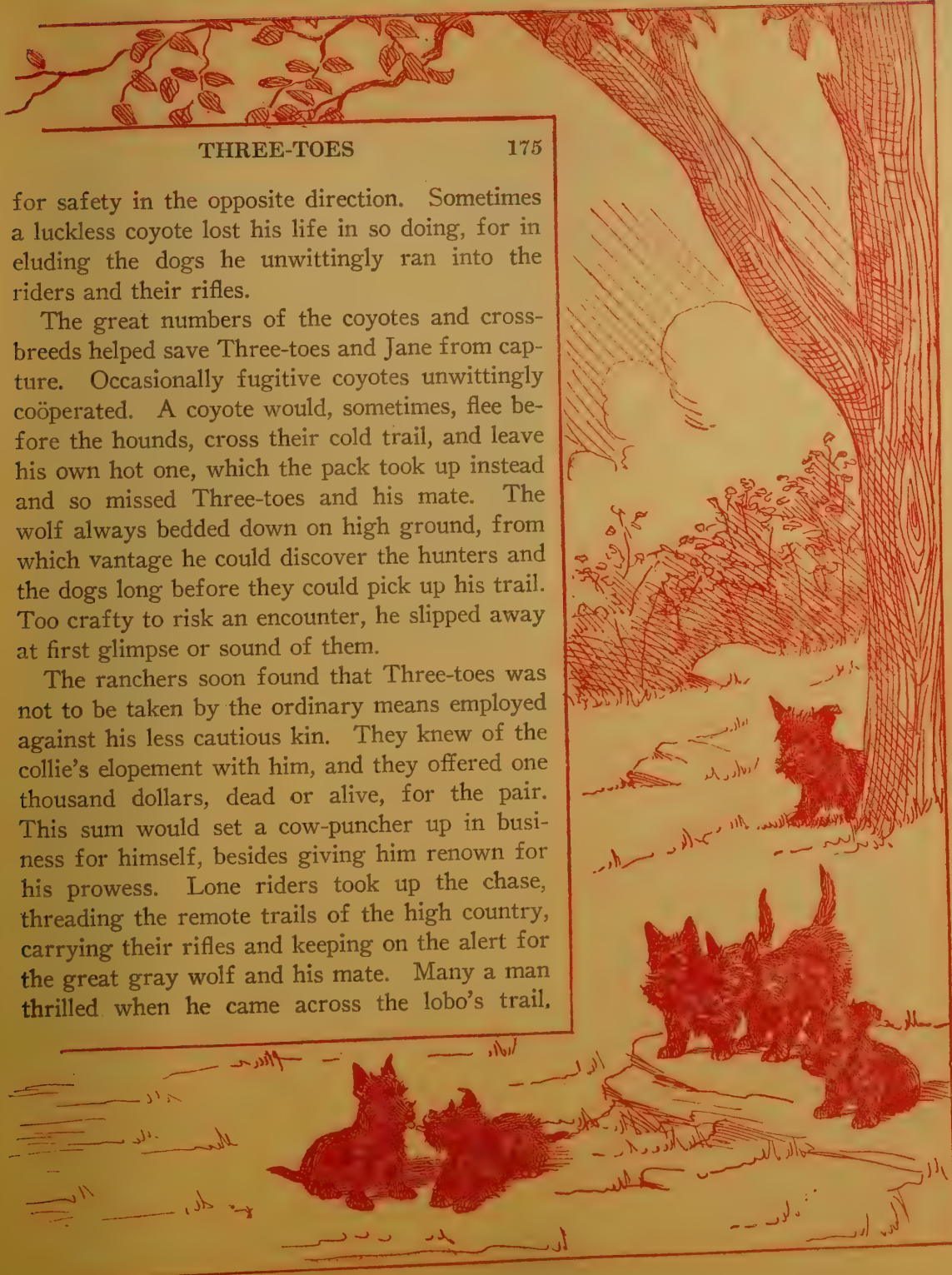
Down in the valley the coyotes pitted their craft against that of the dogs. They appeared far ahead of the dog pack, and when the clamoring hounds chased them, the cunning yellow devils dropped out of sight into some gully and doubled back. While the baying pack yelped past, they hid in some cross-gully, then turned tail and sped



for safety in the opposite direction. Sometimes a luckless coyote lost his life in so doing, for in eluding the dogs he unwittingly ran into the riders and their rifles.

The great numbers of the coyotes and cross-breeds helped save Three-toes and Jane from capture. Occasionally fugitive coyotes unwittingly coöperated. A coyote would, sometimes, flee before the hounds, cross their cold trail, and leave his own hot one, which the pack took up instead and so missed Three-toes and his mate. The wolf always bedded down on high ground, from which vantage he could discover the hunters and the dogs long before they could pick up his trail. Too crafty to risk an encounter, he slipped away at first glimpse or sound of them.

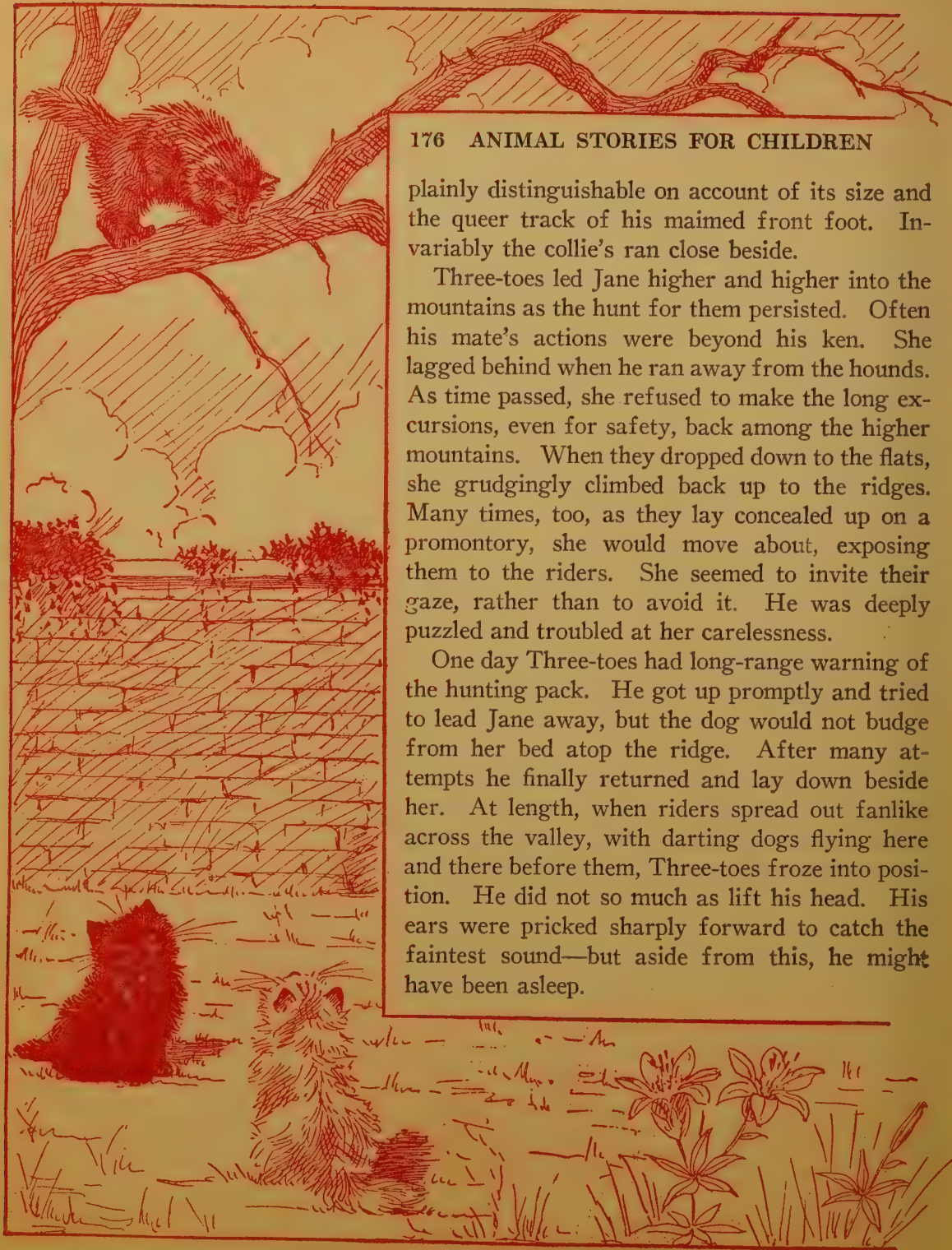
The ranchers soon found that Three-toes was not to be taken by the ordinary means employed against his less cautious kin. They knew of the collie's elopement with him, and they offered one thousand dollars, dead or alive, for the pair. This sum would set a cow-puncher up in business for himself, besides giving him renown for his prowess. Lone riders took up the chase, threading the remote trails of the high country, carrying their rifles and keeping on the alert for the great gray wolf and his mate. Many a man thrilled when he came across the lobo's trail.



plainly distinguishable on account of its size and the queer track of his maimed front foot. Invariably the collie's ran close beside.

Three-toes led Jane higher and higher into the mountains as the hunt for them persisted. Often his mate's actions were beyond his ken. She lagged behind when he ran away from the hounds. As time passed, she refused to make the long excursions, even for safety, back among the higher mountains. When they dropped down to the flats, she grudgingly climbed back up to the ridges. Many times, too, as they lay concealed up on a promontory, she would move about, exposing them to the riders. She seemed to invite their gaze, rather than to avoid it. He was deeply puzzled and troubled at her carelessness.

One day Three-toes had long-range warning of the hunting pack. He got up promptly and tried to lead Jane away, but the dog would not budge from her bed atop the ridge. After many attempts he finally returned and lay down beside her. At length, when riders spread out fanlike across the valley, with darting dogs flying here and there before them, Three-toes froze into position. He did not so much as lift his head. His ears were pricked sharply forward to catch the faintest sound—but aside from this, he might have been asleep.



But Jane moved about restlessly, whining eagerly as the wind brought the faint scent of the men. She seemed homesick for the ranch and the man she loved, yet was fearful, since that night she had been lured into the circle of firelight and the rifle had cracked. Since then she, like Three-toes, left a telltale track wherever she went. Her broken, twisted foot gave mute evidence of her whereabouts, and prevented her from losing her identity by mingling with the coyotes or the ranch dogs.

From behind, where the ridge shouldered against the higher mountain, came the distant bay of a dog. Three-toes swung his head in that direction. He knew that dogs and men were swarming down the ridge. He left the bed at a run and went straight down the steep slope. And Jane, belated terror seizing her, ran close at his flank. From behind came the sudden outburst of the hounds. Three-toes knew they had struck his fresh trail. He turned sharply westward toward the high mountains. Three minutes later the dogs also turned westward.

All at once he spun around and stopped. His mate was fifty yards behind, and the dogs were gaining rapidly on her. The lobo waited until the collie came up, then urged her forward. But she was already panting heavily and was unable



to increase her speed. Desperate at their plight, Three-toes snapped at her.

The pack broke into sight, and swarmed forward, full voiced. The lanky hound leader bared his teeth and charged headlong.

The collie snarled, but the lobo waited in silence.

The hound launched forward, confident he would kill the gray wolf, even as he had killed many coyotes.

Three-toes sprang aside.

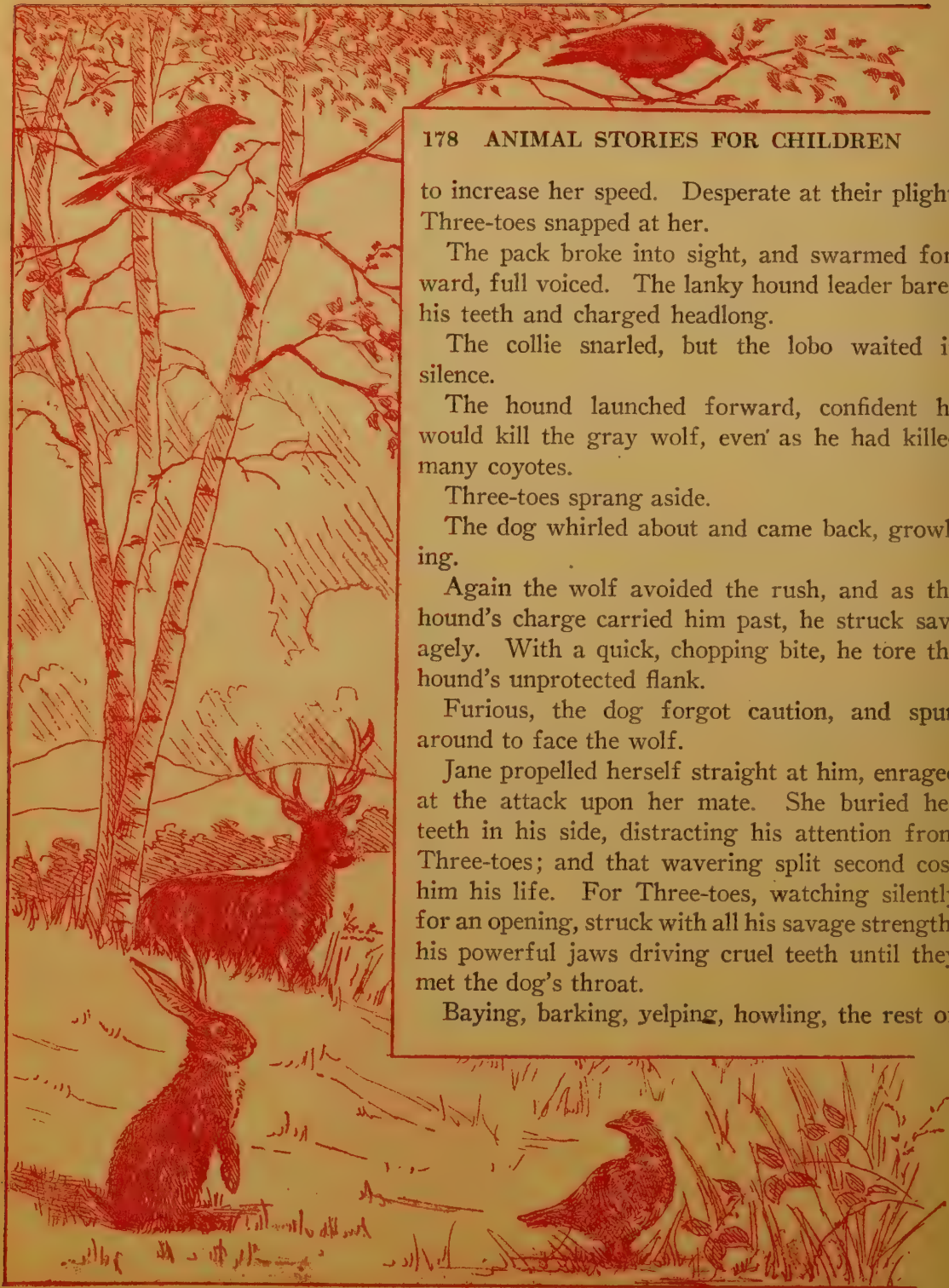
The dog whirled about and came back, growling.

Again the wolf avoided the rush, and as the hound's charge carried him past, he struck savagely. With a quick, chopping bite, he tore the hound's unprotected flank.

Furious, the dog forgot caution, and spun around to face the wolf.

Jane propelled herself straight at him, enraged at the attack upon her mate. She buried her teeth in his side, distracting his attention from Three-toes; and that wavering split second cost him his life. For Three-toes, watching silently for an opening, struck with all his savage strength, his powerful jaws driving cruel teeth until they met the dog's throat.

Baying, barking, yelping, howling, the rest of

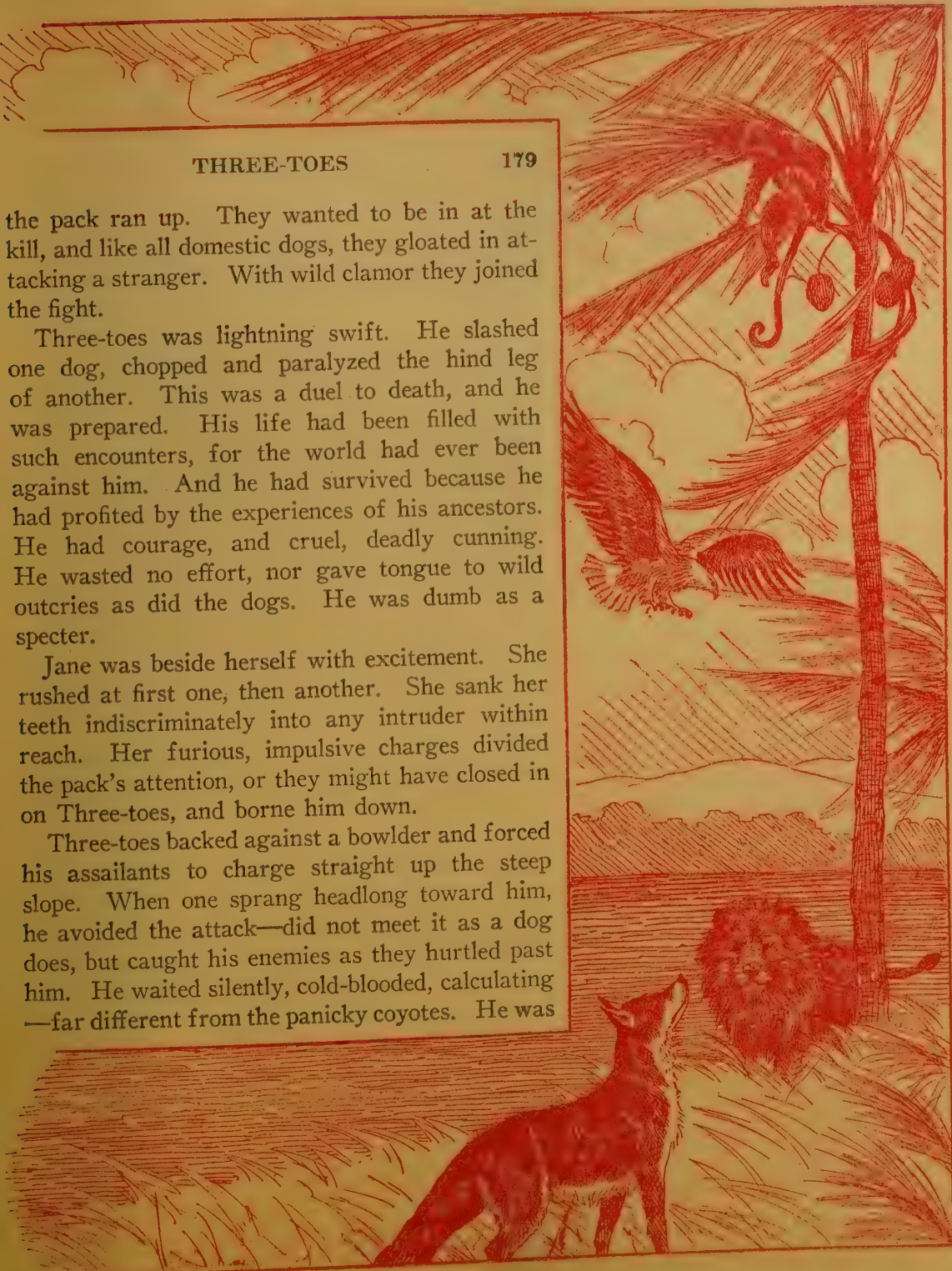


the pack ran up. They wanted to be in at the kill, and like all domestic dogs, they gloated in attacking a stranger. With wild clamor they joined the fight.

Three-toes was lightning swift. He slashed one dog, chopped and paralyzed the hind leg of another. This was a duel to death, and he was prepared. His life had been filled with such encounters, for the world had ever been against him. And he had survived because he had profited by the experiences of his ancestors. He had courage, and cruel, deadly cunning. He wasted no effort, nor gave tongue to wild outcries as did the dogs. He was dumb as a specter.

Jane was beside herself with excitement. She rushed at first one, then another. She sank her teeth indiscriminately into any intruder within reach. Her furious, impulsive charges divided the pack's attention, or they might have closed in on Three-toes, and borne him down.

Three-toes backed against a bowlder and forced his assailants to charge straight up the steep slope. When one sprang headlong toward him, he avoided the attack—did not meet it as a dog does, but caught his enemies as they hurtled past him. He waited silently, cold-blooded, calculating—far different from the panicky coyotes. He was

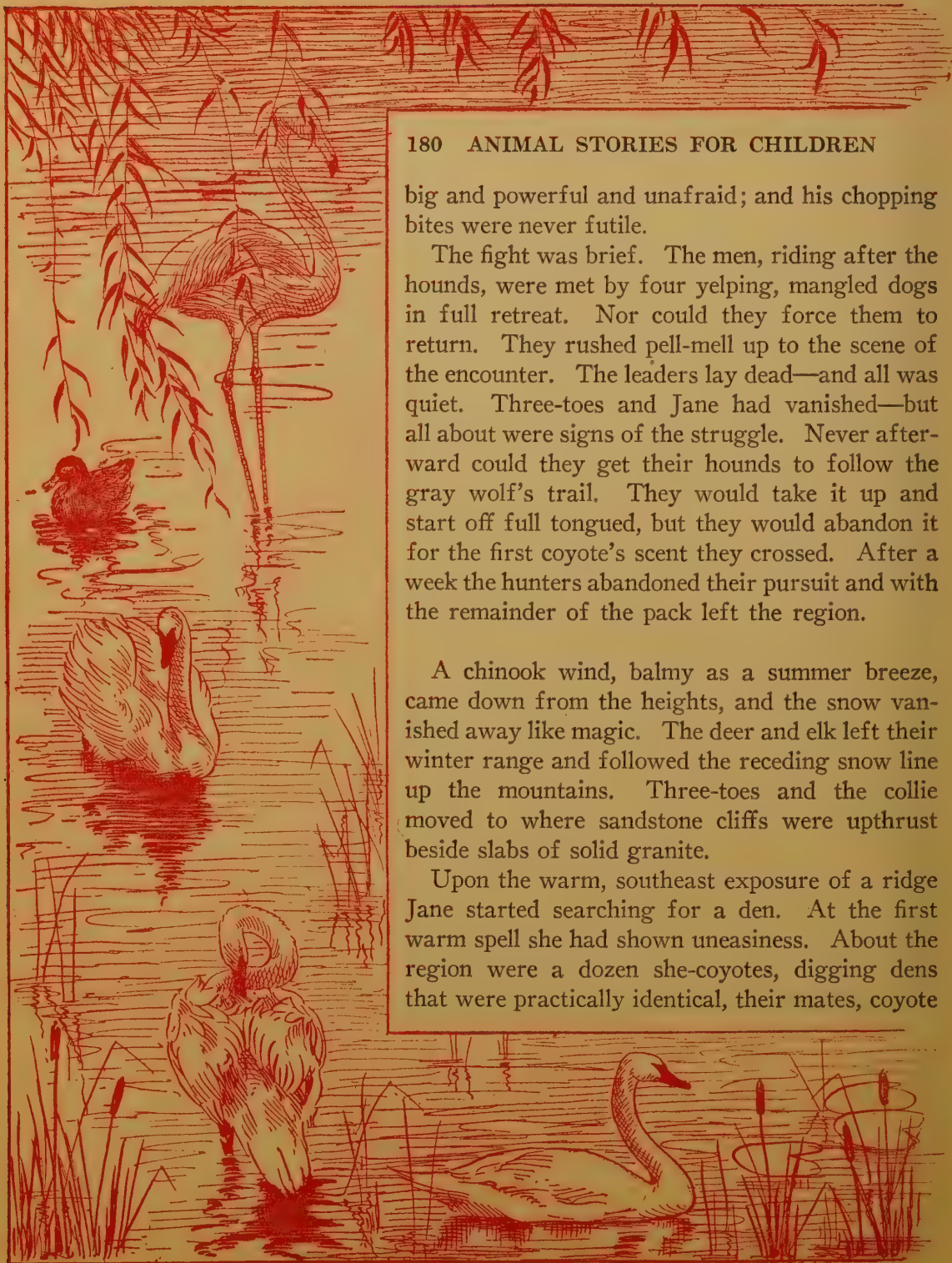


big and powerful and unafraid; and his chopping bites were never futile.

The fight was brief. The men, riding after the hounds, were met by four yelping, mangled dogs in full retreat. Nor could they force them to return. They rushed pell-mell up to the scene of the encounter. The leaders lay dead—and all was quiet. Three-toes and Jane had vanished—but all about were signs of the struggle. Never afterward could they get their hounds to follow the gray wolf's trail. They would take it up and start off full tongued, but they would abandon it for the first coyote's scent they crossed. After a week the hunters abandoned their pursuit and with the remainder of the pack left the region.

A chinook wind, balmy as a summer breeze, came down from the heights, and the snow vanished away like magic. The deer and elk left their winter range and followed the receding snow line up the mountains. Three-toes and the collie moved to where sandstone cliffs were upthrust beside slabs of solid granite.

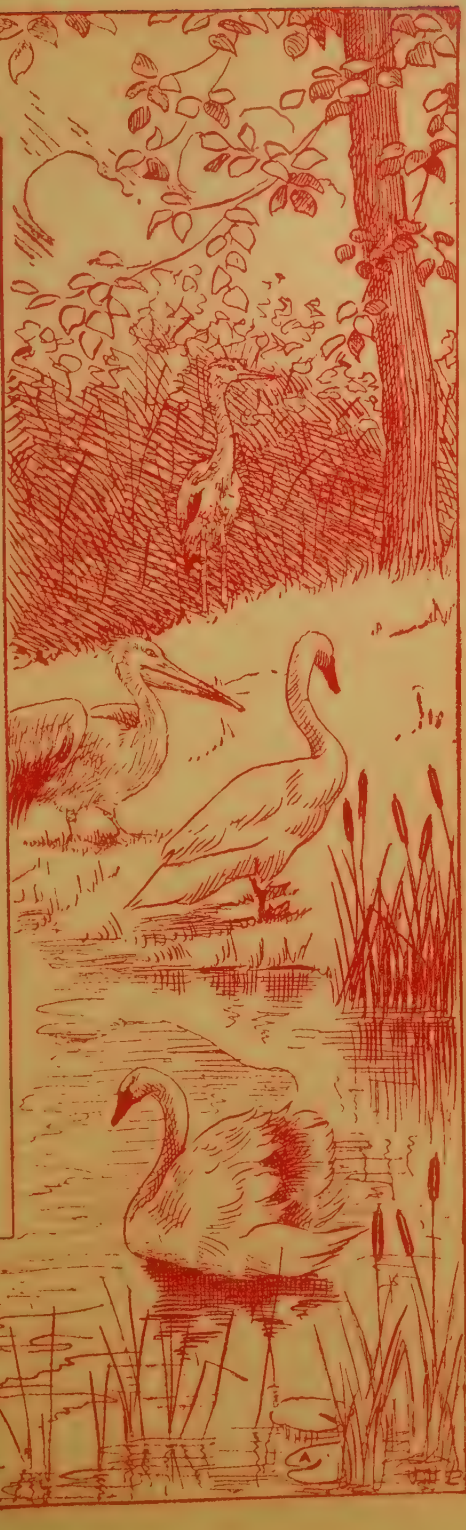
Upon the warm, southeast exposure of a ridge Jane started searching for a den. At the first warm spell she had shown uneasiness. About the region were a dozen she-coyotes, digging dens that were practically identical, their mates, coyote



or crossbreed, helping. The collie searched in and out among the sandstone ledges, seeking a suitable home already built. Instinct from remote ancestors warned her to den up; but long association with mankind clouded her decision. At last she found an acceptable cave, where a bulging wall of sandstone protected a ledge from the slide rock coming down from above. Here she found a tunnel high enough to enter without stooping and extending back along the overhang of the wall. She improved it by scratching out the loose rubble and making a hollow four feet across. But her nest was unlike those of her coyote neighbors, for it had but a single opening. The coyotes had two or three emergency tunnels leading into and out of their dens. Often these safety exits were concealed by bushes or heavy sage clumps or the low limbs of trees.

Three-toes and Jane were forced to search far for food. The coyotes had cleaned out the rabbits; and the population was increasing daily. More coyotes swarmed in from the near-by prairie to raise their young, for the foothills afforded better hiding places and greater safety.

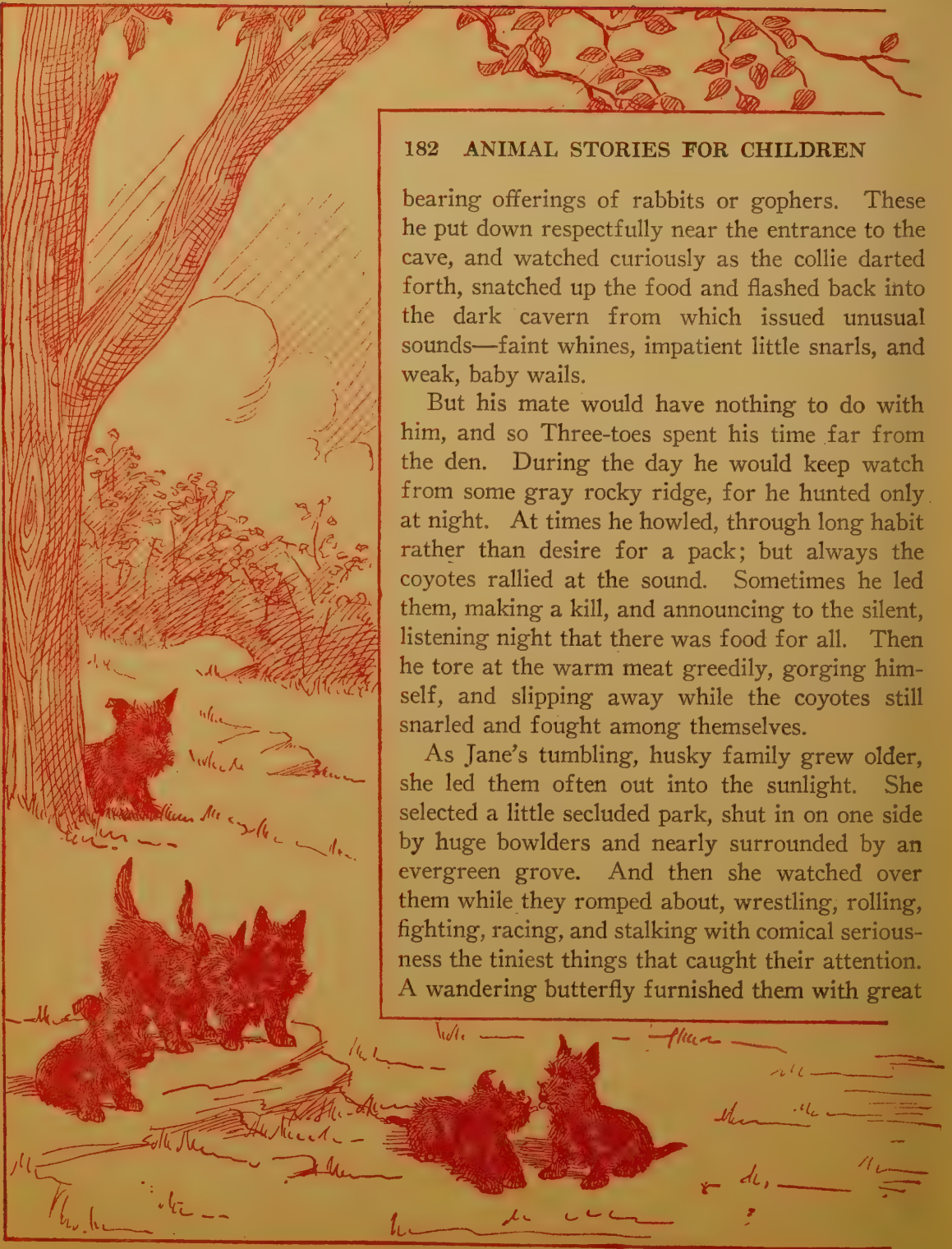
There came a time when Three-toes hunted alone, for Jane had disappeared into her cave. Each night he hunted far from this cliff, and trotted home beneath the paling stars proudly



bearing offerings of rabbits or gophers. These he put down respectfully near the entrance to the cave, and watched curiously as the collie darted forth, snatched up the food and flashed back into the dark cavern from which issued unusual sounds—faint whines, impatient little snarls, and weak, baby wails.

But his mate would have nothing to do with him, and so Three-toes spent his time far from the den. During the day he would keep watch from some gray rocky ridge, for he hunted only at night. At times he howled, through long habit rather than desire for a pack; but always the coyotes rallied at the sound. Sometimes he led them, making a kill, and announcing to the silent, listening night that there was food for all. Then he tore at the warm meat greedily, gorging himself, and slipping away while the coyotes still snarled and fought among themselves.

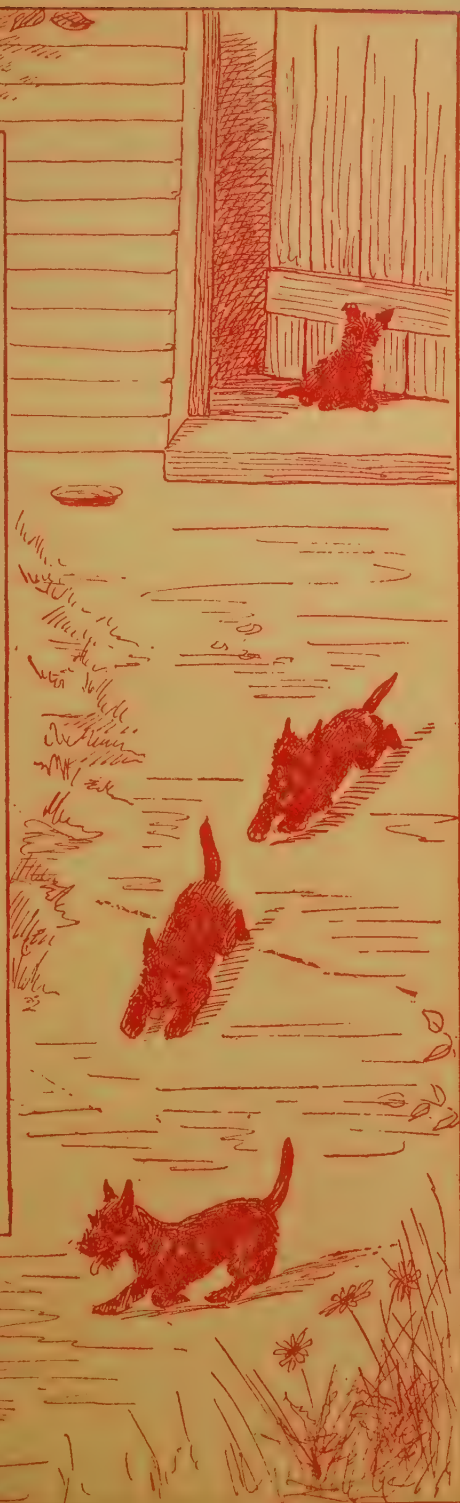
As Jane's tumbling, husky family grew older, she led them often out into the sunlight. She selected a little secluded park, shut in on one side by huge boulders and nearly surrounded by an evergreen grove. And then she watched over them while they romped about, wrestling; rolling, fighting, racing, and stalking with comical seriousness the tiniest things that caught their attention. A wandering butterfly furnished them with great



sport. If it alighted, they would crouch cunningly, then, stooping low, sagging little bellies almost touching the ground, they would creep forward and fling themselves upon it with infantile exaggeration, as though vanquishing a deadly enemy.

One day a bumblebee buzzed across the sunny playground. As it passed close, each pup in turn reared up and struck out with its chubby forepaws. At last it alighted. An unlucky pup made a successful stalk. The instant his tender paws came down, he gave an astonished howl of pain and ran yelping to his mother. The incident did not escape his brothers and sisters. Thereafter, whenever a bee flitted across their path, they took care to keep out of its way and let it go unmolested.

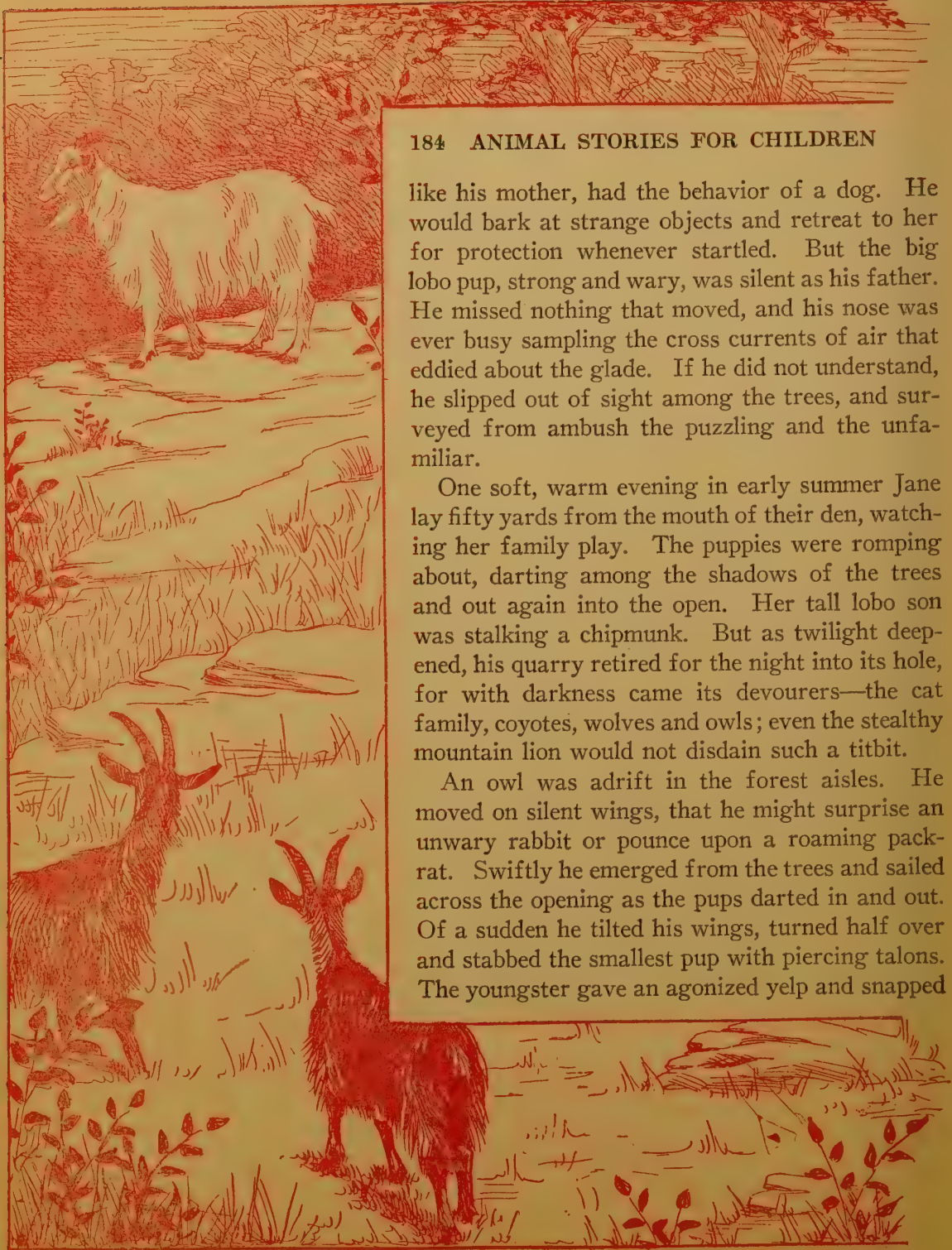
They were growing rapidly and developing pronounced color strains. The smallest was nearly all collie—fluffy and dun-colored; three had traces of both wolf and collie in their markings; one, largest of the five, was pure lobo except for his mother's eyes. He stood an inch taller than the rest; his head was noticeably broader, and his eyes were set wide apart. All of them were beginning to lose their early puffball appearance and to indicate by distinctive mannerisms their predominating individual inheritance. The last one, most



like his mother, had the behavior of a dog. He would bark at strange objects and retreat to her for protection whenever startled. But the big lobo pup, strong and wary, was silent as his father. He missed nothing that moved, and his nose was ever busy sampling the cross currents of air that eddied about the glade. If he did not understand, he slipped out of sight among the trees, and surveyed from ambush the puzzling and the unfamiliar.

One soft, warm evening in early summer Jane lay fifty yards from the mouth of their den, watching her family play. The puppies were romping about, darting among the shadows of the trees and out again into the open. Her tall lobo son was stalking a chipmunk. But as twilight deepened, his quarry retired for the night into its hole, for with darkness came its devourers—the cat family, coyotes, wolves and owls; even the stealthy mountain lion would not disdain such a titbit.

An owl was adrift in the forest aisles. He moved on silent wings, that he might surprise an unwary rabbit or pounce upon a roaming pack-rat. Swiftly he emerged from the trees and sailed across the opening as the pups darted in and out. Of a sudden he tilted his wings, turned half over and stabbed the smallest pup with piercing talons. The youngster gave an agonized yelp and snapped



at his captor's legs with his sharp, little teeth, but he was helpless in that relentless clutch.

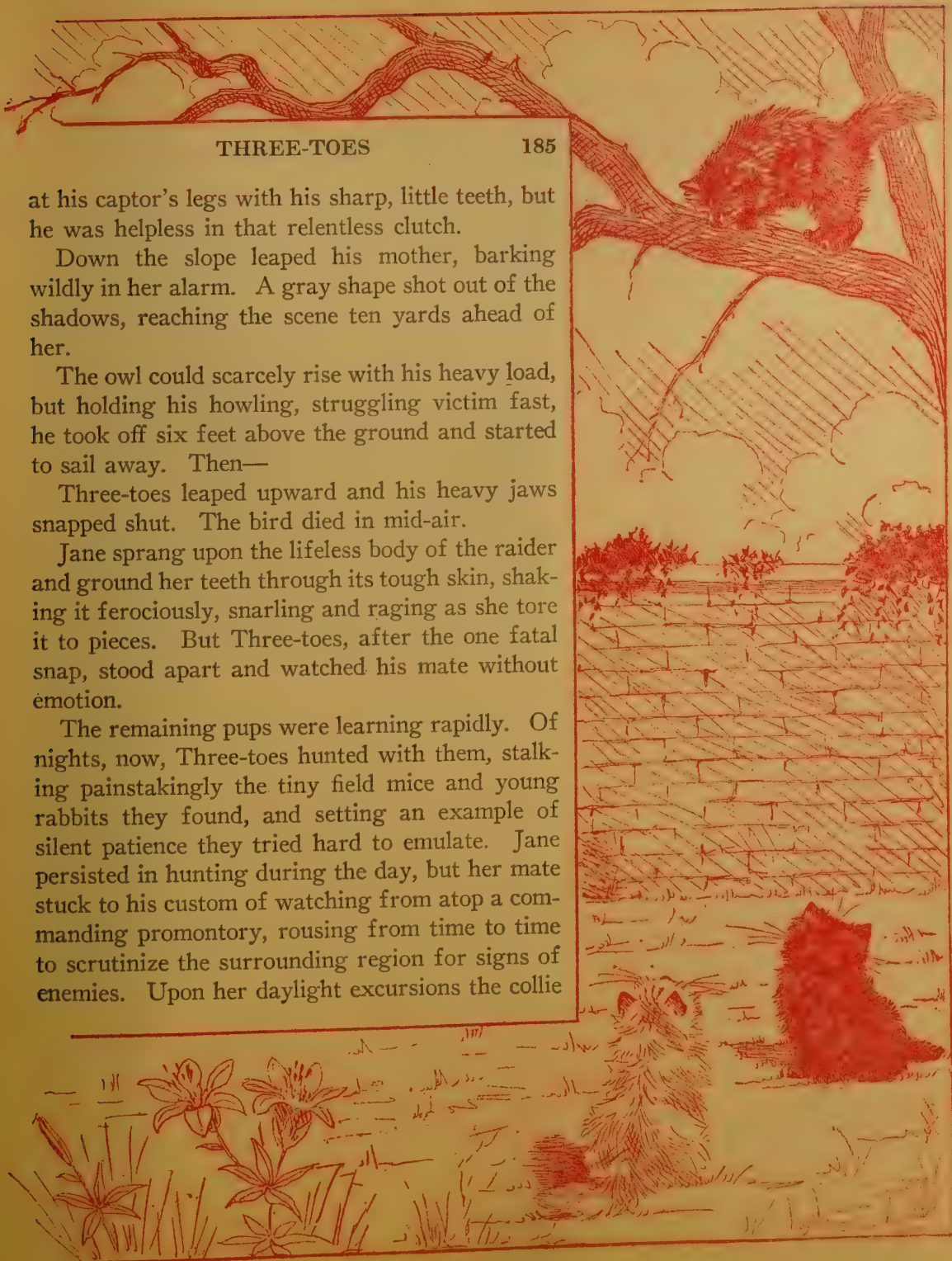
Down the slope leaped his mother, barking wildly in her alarm. A gray shape shot out of the shadows, reaching the scene ten yards ahead of her.

The owl could scarcely rise with his heavy load, but holding his howling, struggling victim fast, he took off six feet above the ground and started to sail away. Then—

Three-toes leaped upward and his heavy jaws snapped shut. The bird died in mid-air.

Jane sprang upon the lifeless body of the raider and ground her teeth through its tough skin, shaking it ferociously, snarling and raging as she tore it to pieces. But Three-toes, after the one fatal snap, stood apart and watched his mate without emotion.

The remaining pups were learning rapidly. Of nights, now, Three-toes hunted with them, stalking painstakingly the tiny field mice and young rabbits they found, and setting an example of silent patience they tried hard to emulate. Jane persisted in hunting during the day, but her mate stuck to his custom of watching from atop a commanding promontory, rousing from time to time to scrutinize the surrounding region for signs of enemies. Upon her daylight excursions the collie

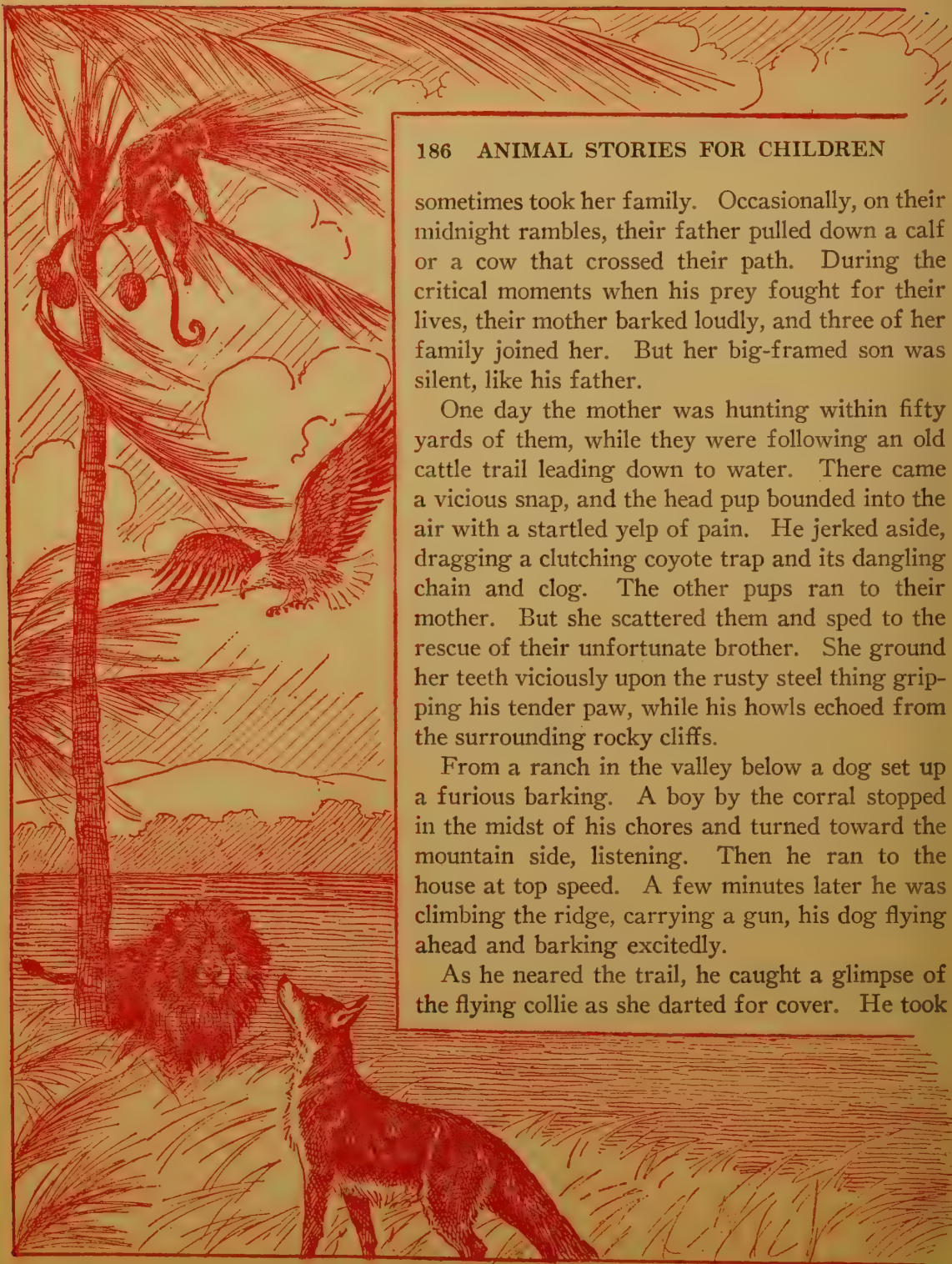


sometimes took her family. Occasionally, on their midnight rambles, their father pulled down a calf or a cow that crossed their path. During the critical moments when his prey fought for their lives, their mother barked loudly, and three of her family joined her. But her big-framed son was silent, like his father.

One day the mother was hunting within fifty yards of them, while they were following an old cattle trail leading down to water. There came a vicious snap, and the head pup bounded into the air with a startled yelp of pain. He jerked aside, dragging a clutching coyote trap and its dangling chain and clog. The other pups ran to their mother. But she scattered them and sped to the rescue of their unfortunate brother. She ground her teeth viciously upon the rusty steel thing gripping his tender paw, while his howls echoed from the surrounding rocky cliffs.

From a ranch in the valley below a dog set up a furious barking. A boy by the corral stopped in the midst of his chores and turned toward the mountain side, listening. Then he ran to the house at top speed. A few minutes later he was climbing the ridge, carrying a gun, his dog flying ahead and barking excitedly.

As he neared the trail, he caught a glimpse of the flying collie as she darted for cover. He took



one quick snapshot as she flipped out of sight behind a granite slab. A minute later came a second shot, and the pup's howls ceased.

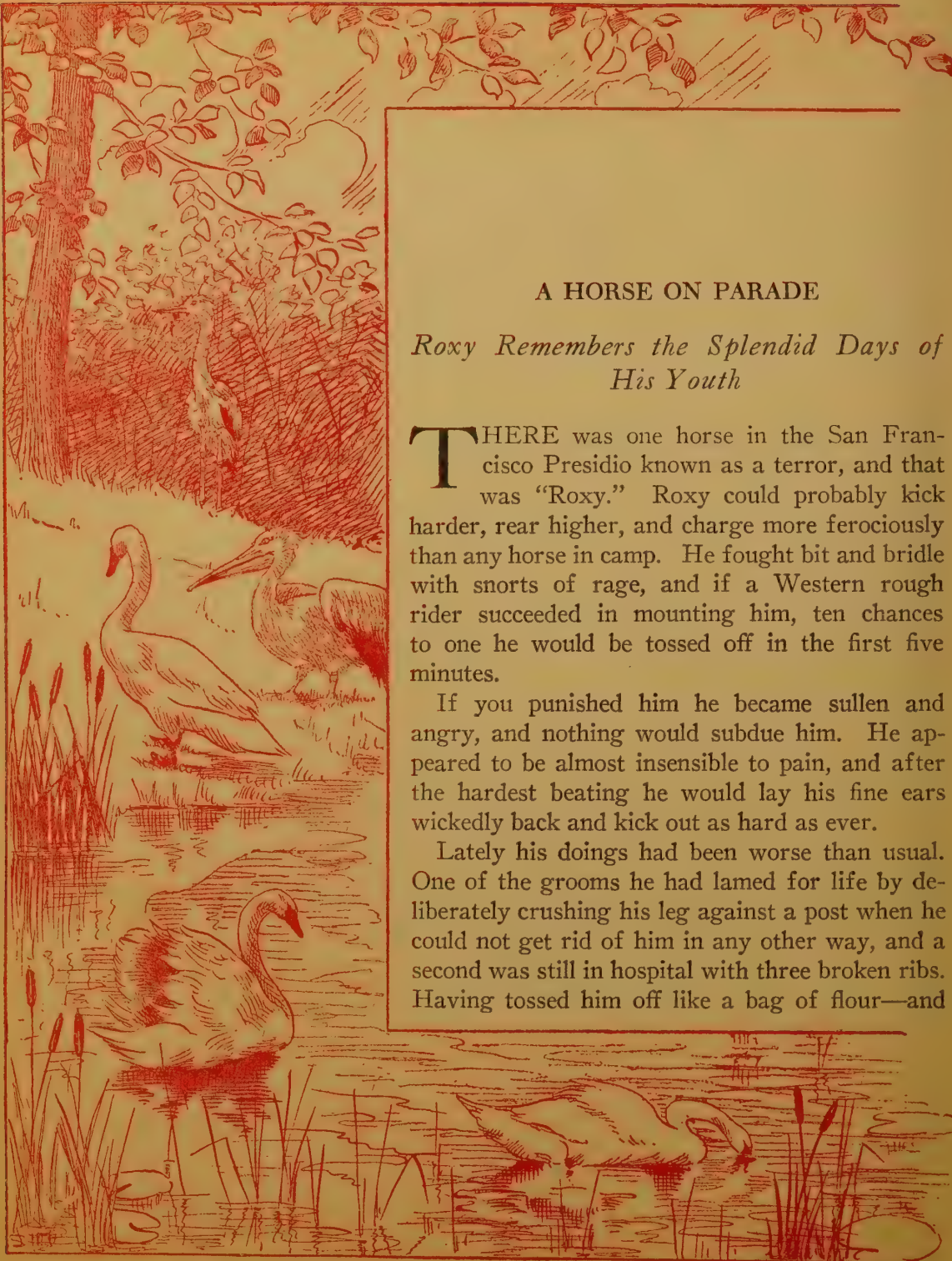
As summer advanced, Three-toes led the family higher and higher. They trailed the deer and the elk to the heights, and sometimes stalked them just below timberline in shady groves of towering spruce.

The pups were big enough now to shift for themselves. Sometimes the family pack hunted together, but more often the pups went off upon errands of their own choosing. Their big lobo brother had out-stripped the other two in size and now stood full six inches taller. He was their leader. In the grassy glades higher up were fat marmots which they delighted in stalking. Sometimes the three of them pulled down a calf, or more rarely, a colt.

Three-toes and Jane once more ran together. Life was easy now. The anxiety of raising the family had passed, and there were no dogs baying along their trail.

And thus this happy family lived for a long, long time—the collie dog mother and the lone wolf father and the strange but wise little puppies.



A red-ink illustration of a pond scene. In the upper left, a tree with many leaves stands on the bank. In the center, two swans are on the grassy bank; one is facing left and the other is facing right. In the foreground, two more swans are in the water. One is on the left, facing right, and the other is on the right, facing left. The water is depicted with simple horizontal lines. The entire illustration is rendered in a single red ink color.

A HORSE ON PARADE

Roxy Remembers the Splendid Days of His Youth

THERE was one horse in the San Francisco Presidio known as a terror, and that was "Roxy." Roxy could probably kick harder, rear higher, and charge more ferociously than any horse in camp. He fought bit and bridle with snorts of rage, and if a Western rough rider succeeded in mounting him, ten chances to one he would be tossed off in the first five minutes.

If you punished him he became sullen and angry, and nothing would subdue him. He appeared to be almost insensible to pain, and after the hardest beating he would lay his fine ears wickedly back and kick out as hard as ever.

Lately his doings had been worse than usual. One of the grooms he had lamed for life by deliberately crushing his leg against a post when he could not get rid of him in any other way, and a second was still in hospital with three broken ribs. Having tossed him off like a bag of flour—and

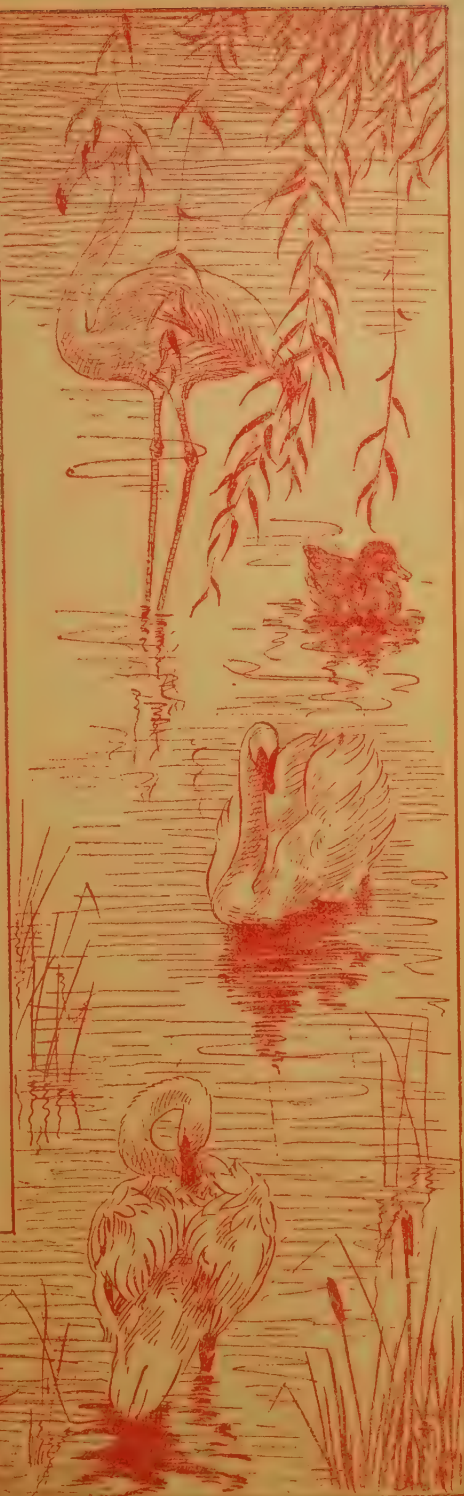
he the best rider in San Francisco!—Roxy had rolled upon him. A favorite trick of his, this.

"He's possessed," growled Private Brown, a well-built young fellow who stood six feet two and was broad in proportion. He had volunteered "to see what he could do" with the redoubtable Roxy, and professed himself prepared to risk his life in getting the better of him.

Nevertheless, as he afterwards owned, when he saw the job in front of him he wished himself back, safe and sound, in the barrack-room.

Roxy sidled round as he approached, anxious to have him comfortably within reach of his hind legs; but seeing that Brown was on his guard, he suddenly changed his tactics. Prone on the ground he flopped himself, with teeth and hoofs in readiness to repel attack. And there he lay until his enemy retired, unmoved by the proddings of sharp-pointed poles, and plainly master of the situation.

That afternoon he bit a stable orderly's shoulder, catching him unawares. Five minutes before, the man had struck him for no particular reason except that he owed him a grudge; but there was no one to plead this excuse on behalf of Roxy when he was brought before the Commanding Officer. At the brief Court of Inquiry which followed he was condemned as incurably vicious,



and ordered to be "cast"—that is, sold out of Uncle Sam's service.

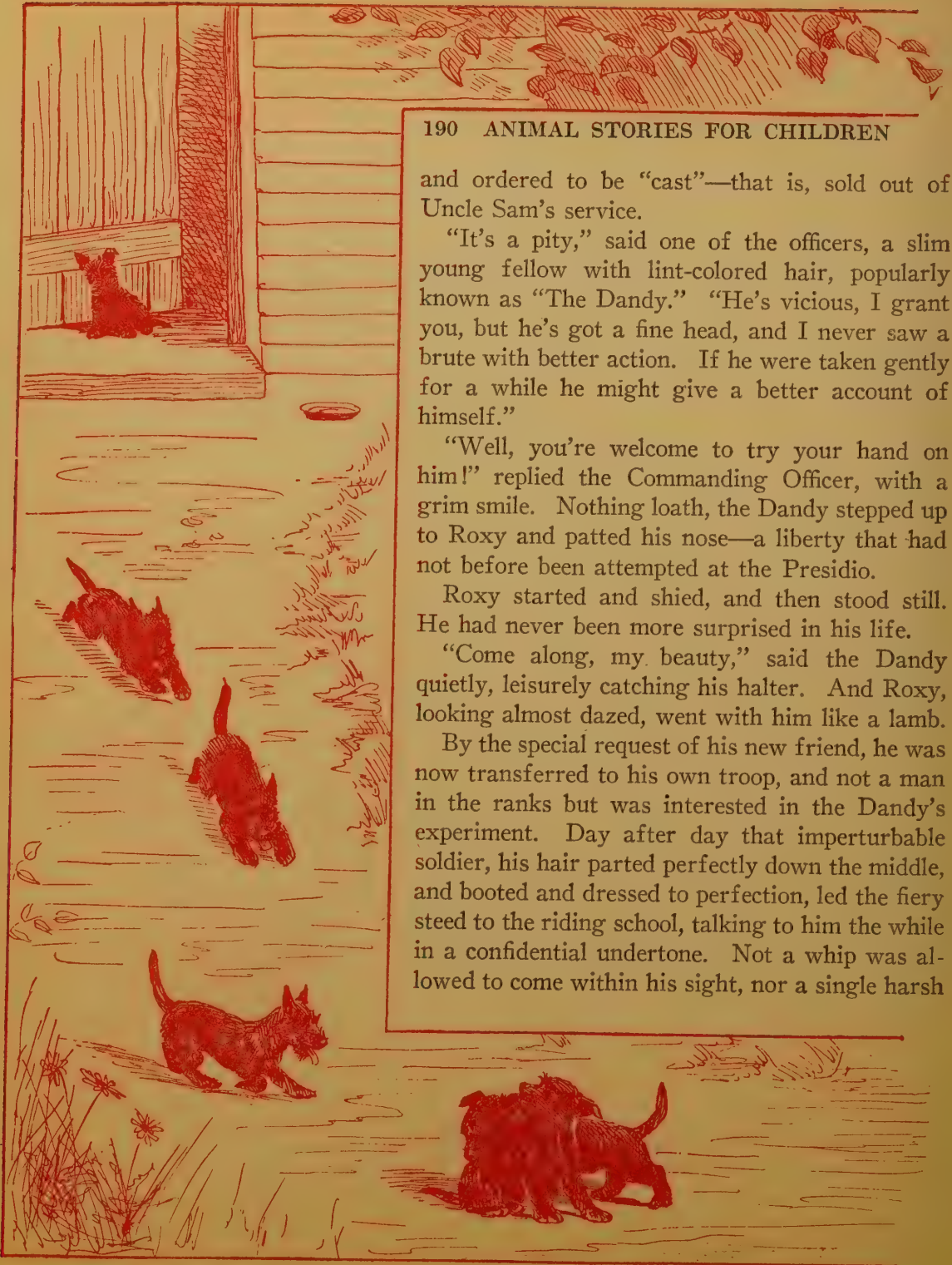
"It's a pity," said one of the officers, a slim young fellow with lint-colored hair, popularly known as "The Dandy." "He's vicious, I grant you, but he's got a fine head, and I never saw a brute with better action. If he were taken gently for a while he might give a better account of himself."

"Well, you're welcome to try your hand on him!" replied the Commanding Officer, with a grim smile. Nothing loath, the Dandy stepped up to Roxy and patted his nose—a liberty that had not before been attempted at the Presidio.

Roxy started and shied, and then stood still. He had never been more surprised in his life.

"Come along, my beauty," said the Dandy quietly, leisurely catching his halter. And Roxy, looking almost dazed, went with him like a lamb.

By the special request of his new friend, he was now transferred to his own troop, and not a man in the ranks but was interested in the Dandy's experiment. Day after day that imperturbable soldier, his hair parted perfectly down the middle, and booted and dressed to perfection, led the fiery steed to the riding school, talking to him the while in a confidential undertone. Not a whip was allowed to come within his sight, nor a single harsh



word to be spoken in his hearing. He was petted and coaxed, and called endearing names; and however stubborn he might be at first, he usually ended by doing what he was told.

At this point he was given a handful of corn, which he accepted with obvious pleasure; and presently, corn or no corn, there was nothing he would not do for this slim young officer who believed in the conquest of evil with good.

It was a proud moment for the Dandy when Roxy, his education completed, stood with perfect docility for him to mount, and then carried him at the head of his troop as if he had been the king. To watch the way in which the thoroughbred moved was a delight to anyone who loved horses, and when, his rider having dismounted, he tucked his nose into his pocket for sugar, the men gave him a round of applause.

Roxy acknowledged the ovation with a friendly whinny, albeit with an air of surprise. And from this time forward he never showed the slightest sign of vice.

His army days came to an end at last owing to the inevitable approach of age, and, with an unblemished character, he was discharged and sold. His purchaser was a frail old minister whose legs refused to carry him any longer when he visited his scattered flock.



Roxy might have served him ill had he been less gentle, for he was full of fierce misery at the loss of his friends; but though he eyed his new master disdainfully, the kindness of the old man's voice disarmed his gathering wrath.

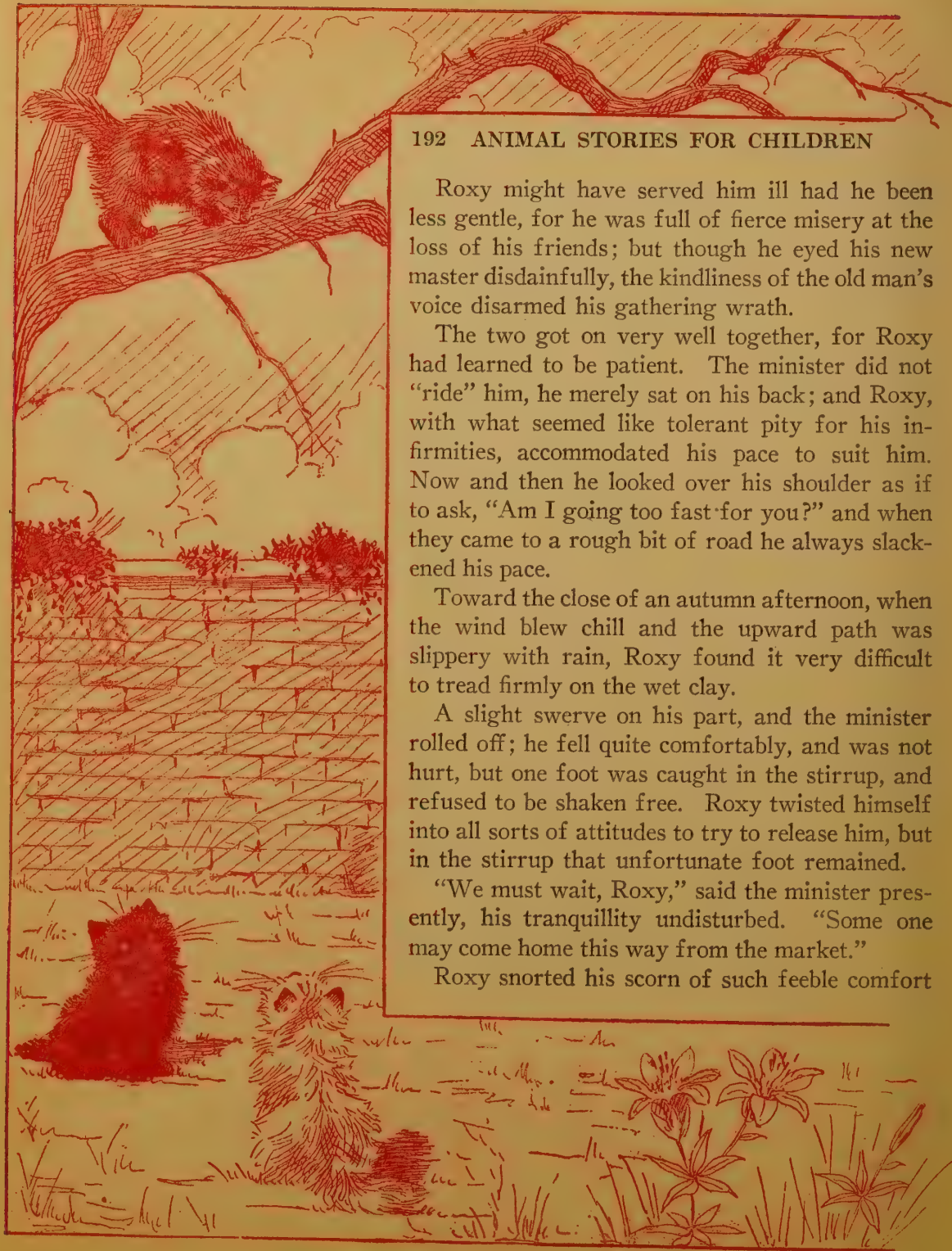
The two got on very well together, for Roxy had learned to be patient. The minister did not "ride" him, he merely sat on his back; and Roxy, with what seemed like tolerant pity for his infirmities, accommodated his pace to suit him. Now and then he looked over his shoulder as if to ask, "Am I going too fast for you?" and when they came to a rough bit of road he always slackened his pace.

Toward the close of an autumn afternoon, when the wind blew chill and the upward path was slippery with rain, Roxy found it very difficult to tread firmly on the wet clay.

A slight swerve on his part, and the minister rolled off; he fell quite comfortably, and was not hurt, but one foot was caught in the stirrup, and refused to be shaken free. Roxy twisted himself into all sorts of attitudes to try to release him, but in the stirrup that unfortunate foot remained.

"We must wait, Roxy," said the minister presently, his tranquillity undisturbed. "Some one may come home this way from the market."

Roxy snorted his scorn of such feeble comfort



—who would willingly cross the hills after dusk? He wanted his stall, and his evening meal, but he was also troubled at his master's plight. He knew it wasn't right he should lie there in the wet, and each moment now it was growing darker.

The wind moaned wearily through the pines that skirted the side of the road, and from the distance came the ringing of church bells. The minister smiled as he listened.

"The evening brings a' hame," he quoted, and he moved his head that he might listen. As he did so, Roxy caught the brim of his wide felt hat between his teeth, and tried so to raise him.

The hat, as was only to be expected, came off in his lips, but Roxy was not yet baffled. He had "got his hand in," so to speak, and knew what he would do next.

"Let be, good creature!" cried the old man feebly. "You can do no good—I must stay where I am!" The next moment he felt his collar firmly gripped, and Roxy had lifted him off the ground.

To raise some 150 pounds, and a dead weight at that, is no easy task for an old horse, but Roxy did it triumphantly. He could not neigh, for his mouth was full, but when he had lifted the old man high enough for him to free his foot, he shook him gently to show his meaning.

Rallying all his strength, the minister kicked



away the stirrup, and, his shoulder still held in Roxy's grip, felt his legs under him once more.

Then Roxy stood for him to mount, as he had stood for the slim young officer whose trust in him had saved him disgrace. Grateful, but almost too spent to wonder, the old man clasped him round the neck, and, making no pretense of finding the reins, clung there and was carried home.

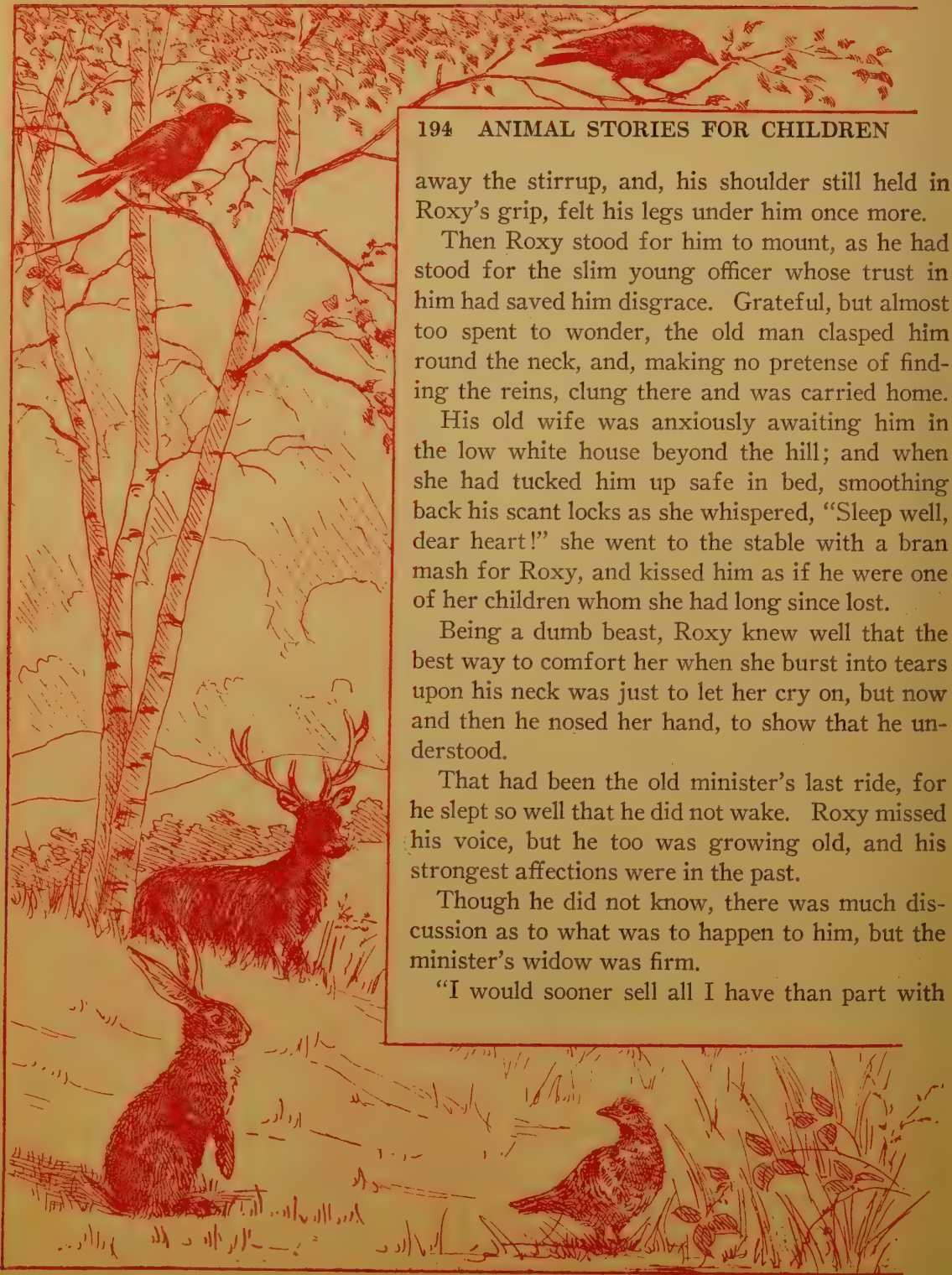
His old wife was anxiously awaiting him in the low white house beyond the hill; and when she had tucked him up safe in bed, smoothing back his scant locks as she whispered, "Sleep well, dear heart!" she went to the stable with a bran mash for Roxy, and kissed him as if he were one of her children whom she had long since lost.

Being a dumb beast, Roxy knew well that the best way to comfort her when she burst into tears upon his neck was just to let her cry on, but now and then he nosed her hand, to show that he understood.

That had been the old minister's last ride, for he slept so well that he did not wake. Roxy missed his voice, but he too was growing old, and his strongest affections were in the past.

Though he did not know, there was much discussion as to what was to happen to him, but the minister's widow was firm.

"I would sooner sell all I have than part with



Roxy!" she cried. And her married niece, who had come over to settle things up for her, knew better than to argue after this.

So Roxy stayed in his homely stable, and later on it was found, to everyone's surprise, that his mistress would have money enough to buy a light cart in which she could drive him. She had never "felt so fine" in all her life as when she first took him into town, and her innocent pleasure in his grand looks made her neighbors smile.

"Eh, he's a grand creature," said one good body, "but take care that he's not too much for you. Where would you be if he took it into his head to run away?"

"Sitting in my chaise, just where I am now!" returned the old dame proudly. She felt as sure of Roxy as she did of her tabby cat, who had slept between the old horse's feet from the first day that he had come.

The widow had driven Roxy for two years, taking her cheery face and homely wisdom wherever she heard of anyone sick or sad, when the married niece sent her a new bonnet. It was black, of course, but nattily trimmed with ribbon instead of crêpe, and a glittering ornament of jet held the central bow in its place.

Now Roxy's mistress had once been extremely pretty, and even at three score years and ten her



pink and white complexion might have been envied by many a girl.

She looked at herself this way and that as she tied the wide strings beneath her chin, and suddenly thought it was high time that she took her second-best shawl into everyday wear.

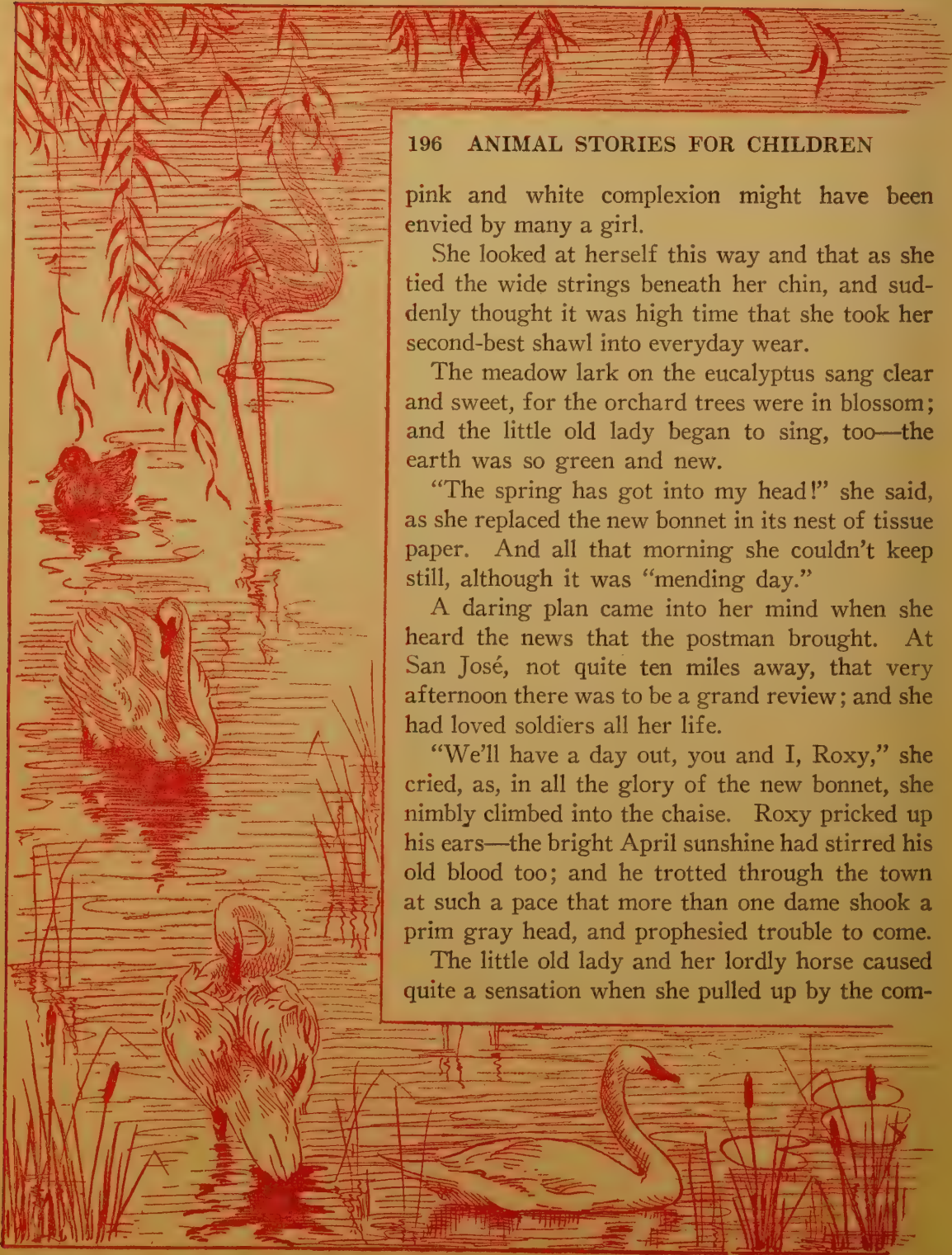
The meadow lark on the eucalyptus sang clear and sweet, for the orchard trees were in blossom; and the little old lady began to sing, too—the earth was so green and new.

"The spring has got into my head!" she said, as she replaced the new bonnet in its nest of tissue paper. And all that morning she couldn't keep still, although it was "mending day."

A daring plan came into her mind when she heard the news that the postman brought. At San José, not quite ten miles away, that very afternoon there was to be a grand review; and she had loved soldiers all her life.

"We'll have a day out, you and I, Roxy," she cried, as, in all the glory of the new bonnet, she nimbly climbed into the chaise. Roxy pricked up his ears—the bright April sunshine had stirred his old blood too; and he trotted through the town at such a pace that more than one dame shook a prim gray head, and prophesied trouble to come.

The little old lady and her lordly horse caused quite a sensation when she pulled up by the com-



mon on which the troops were assembled, for Roxy had never shown to more advantage.

His coat still shone like polished silk, and the noble curves of his finely proportioned limbs had been untouched by age. No one could mistake him for anything but a one-time Servant of the State as he stood with them at attention, and the soldiers who were nearest nudged each other. His mistress was quick to notice their admiring glances, and was humbly thankful to be wearing the new bonnet, in which she felt she did him credit.

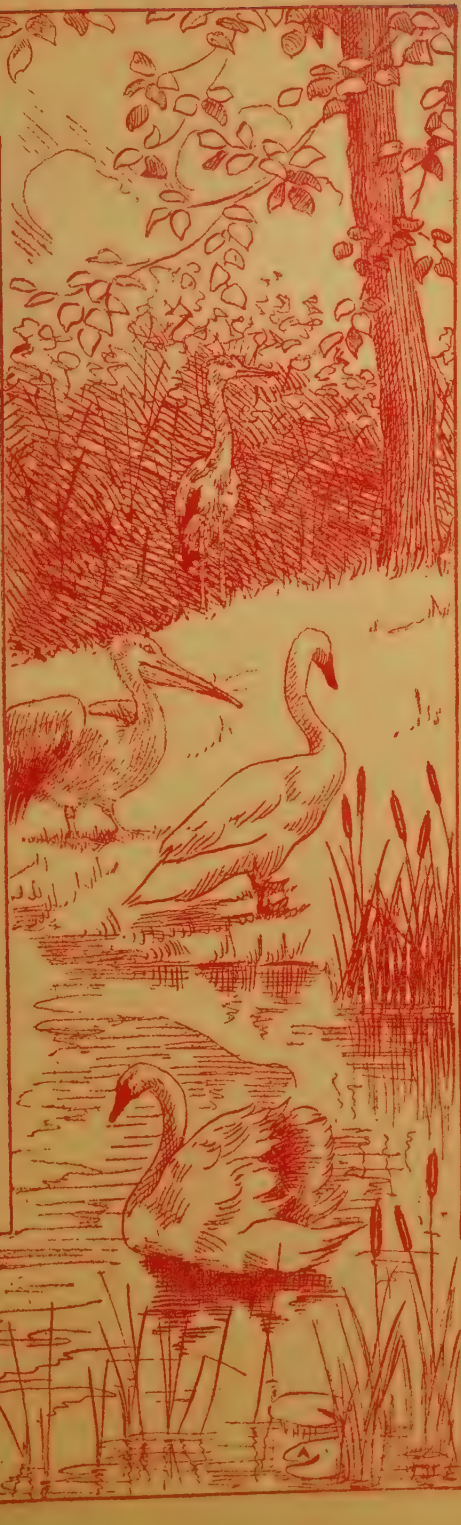
What Roxy's thoughts were no one knew, but his eyes had grown strangely alert and watchful.

Soon there fell on the air a sound he knew—the bugle call that was the preparatory order for a cavalry regiment to charge.

Roxy threw back his head and dashed across the field; the years were forgotten—he was young once more, and that bugle call was for him.

The officer in command was accustomed to come to quick decisions, and guessing at once why Roxy had bolted, opened out his men right and left. In dashed the horse to a place in the rear, taking the correct alignment.

The next order followed; the cavalry charged—so did Roxy, the chaise, and his mistress. Amidst a roar of laughter, half a dozen hands were outstretched to help out the plucky old dame.



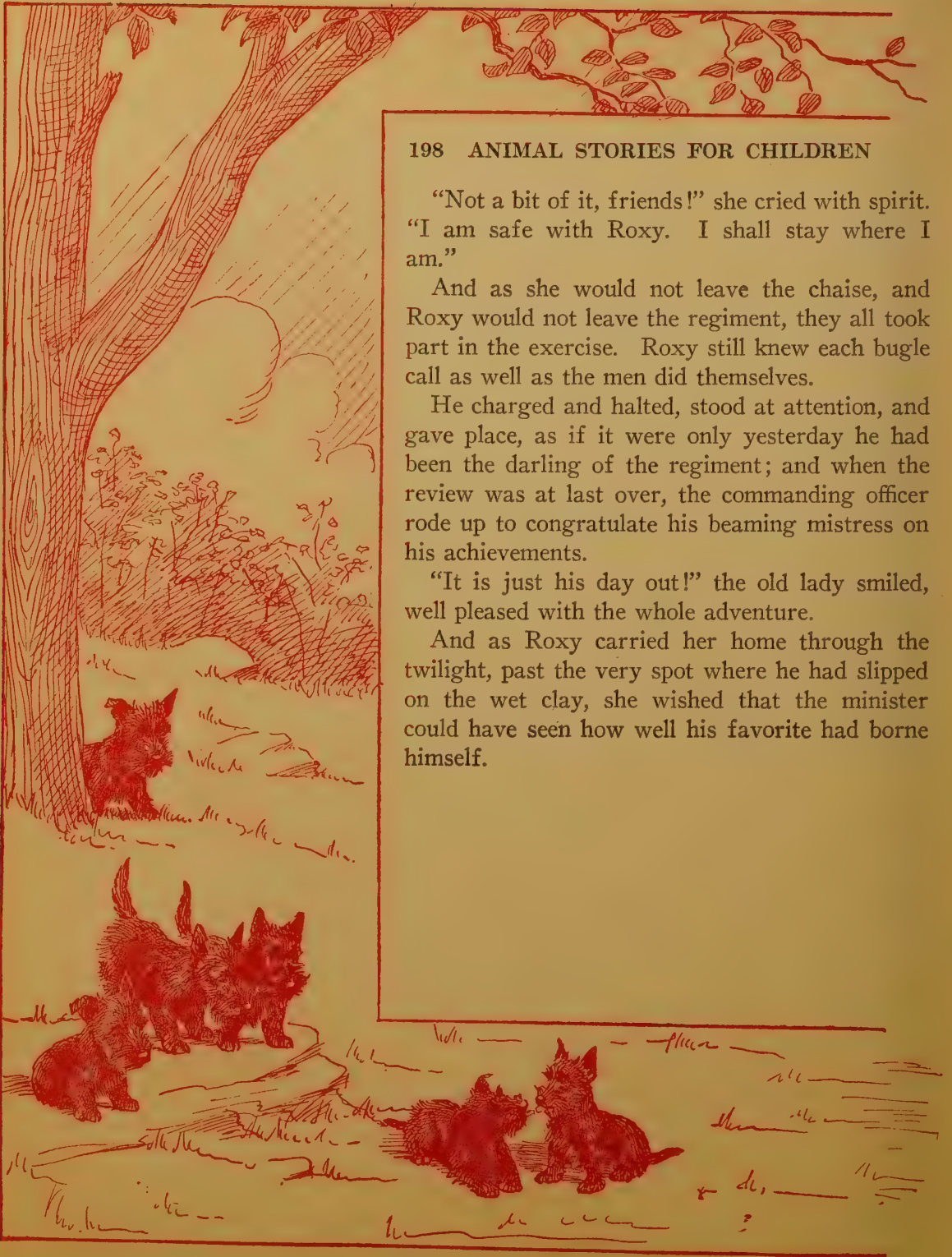
"Not a bit of it, friends!" she cried with spirit. "I am safe with Roxy. I shall stay where I am."

And as she would not leave the chaise, and Roxy would not leave the regiment, they all took part in the exercise. Roxy still knew each bugle call as well as the men did themselves.

He charged and halted, stood at attention, and gave place, as if it were only yesterday he had been the darling of the regiment; and when the review was at last over, the commanding officer rode up to congratulate his beaming mistress on his achievements.

"It is just his day out!" the old lady smiled, well pleased with the whole adventure.

And as Roxy carried her home through the twilight, past the very spot where he had slipped on the wet clay, she wished that the minister could have seen how well his favorite had borne himself.



FORTUNA *

Fidelity of a Dog

I

Sentenced to Death

WAVING their transparent wings, the Cicadas were singing their well-known hymn to the heat with the shrill notes of a tiresome prolongation.

The sun's rays were shooting straight down, scorching the white dust of the highway, and the leaves of the trembling poplars which bordered the road had suspended their eternal movement, lulled to sleep under the weight of an August temperature.

A dog of doubtful breed, with a reddish back, wolf's ears and long snout, was trotting along with lowered tail, dejected look, open mouth and tongue hanging out.

From time to time he stopped in the shade of a poplar tree and raised his head as if he were sniffing that humid air imperceptible to men, but which

* Translated from the Spanish of Escrich. By J. E. Harry, Author of "Dog and Dogs."



200 ANIMAL STORIES FOR CHILDREN

to the delicate sense of smell of the canine race indicates the spring or coveted pool in which he can slake his thirst.

Then, from the burning and wet tongue of the dog fell drop by drop that internal sweat which, not finding means of exit through the closed pores of the skin, exhales through the mouth in parching slaver.

The poor animal seemed very tired, his flanks heaved with hasty respiration, keeping a tiresome rhythm with the tongue and with the snout covered with dust.

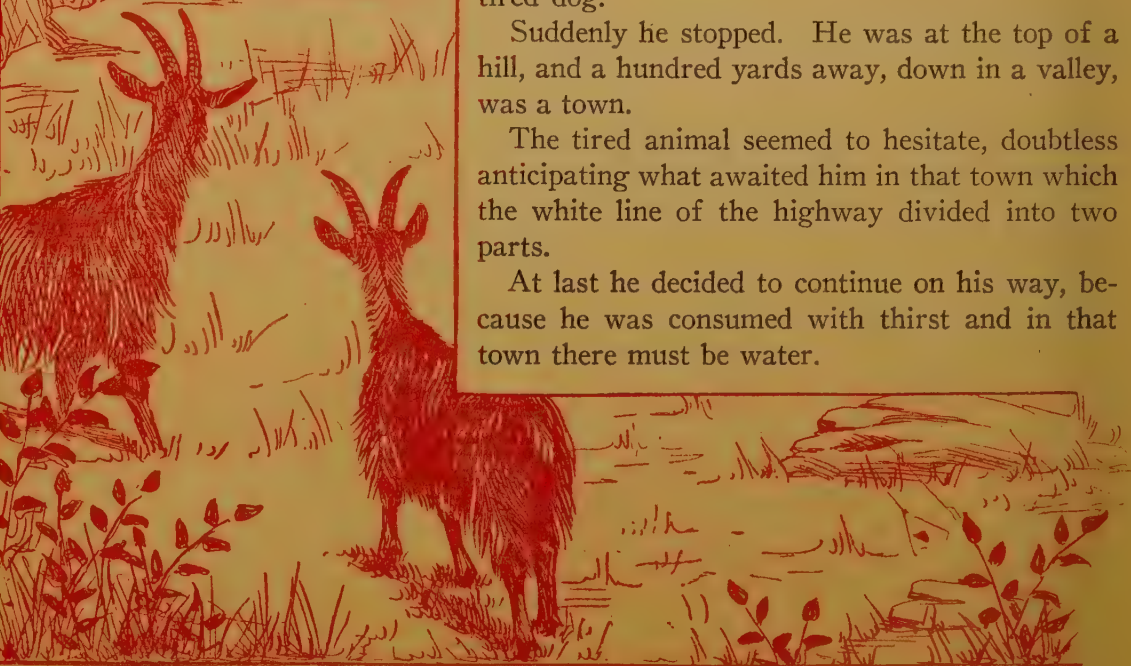
Then he started on again along that road solitary and burning as the sands of the desert of Sahara.

The cicadas continued their chorus of shrill chirping accompanying the *via dolorosa* of the tired dog.

Suddenly he stopped. He was at the top of a hill, and a hundred yards away, down in a valley, was a town.

The tired animal seemed to hesitate, doubtless anticipating what awaited him in that town which the white line of the highway divided into two parts.

At last he decided to continue on his way, because he was consumed with thirst and in that town there must be water.



He arrived at the town, the deserted streets of which received the full force of the rays of the burning sun of a day of July.

The walls of the houses, of the yards, did not project the slightest shadow; the tower clock had just struck twelve.

In the first house, in the shade of a shed was a woman washing; near her and on a sheepskin was a child which was scarcely two years old. The child was playing with his worn-out shoes which he had succeeded in taking off his feet.

The door of the yard was partly open. The dog, which had undoubtedly scented the water, pushed it with his nose.

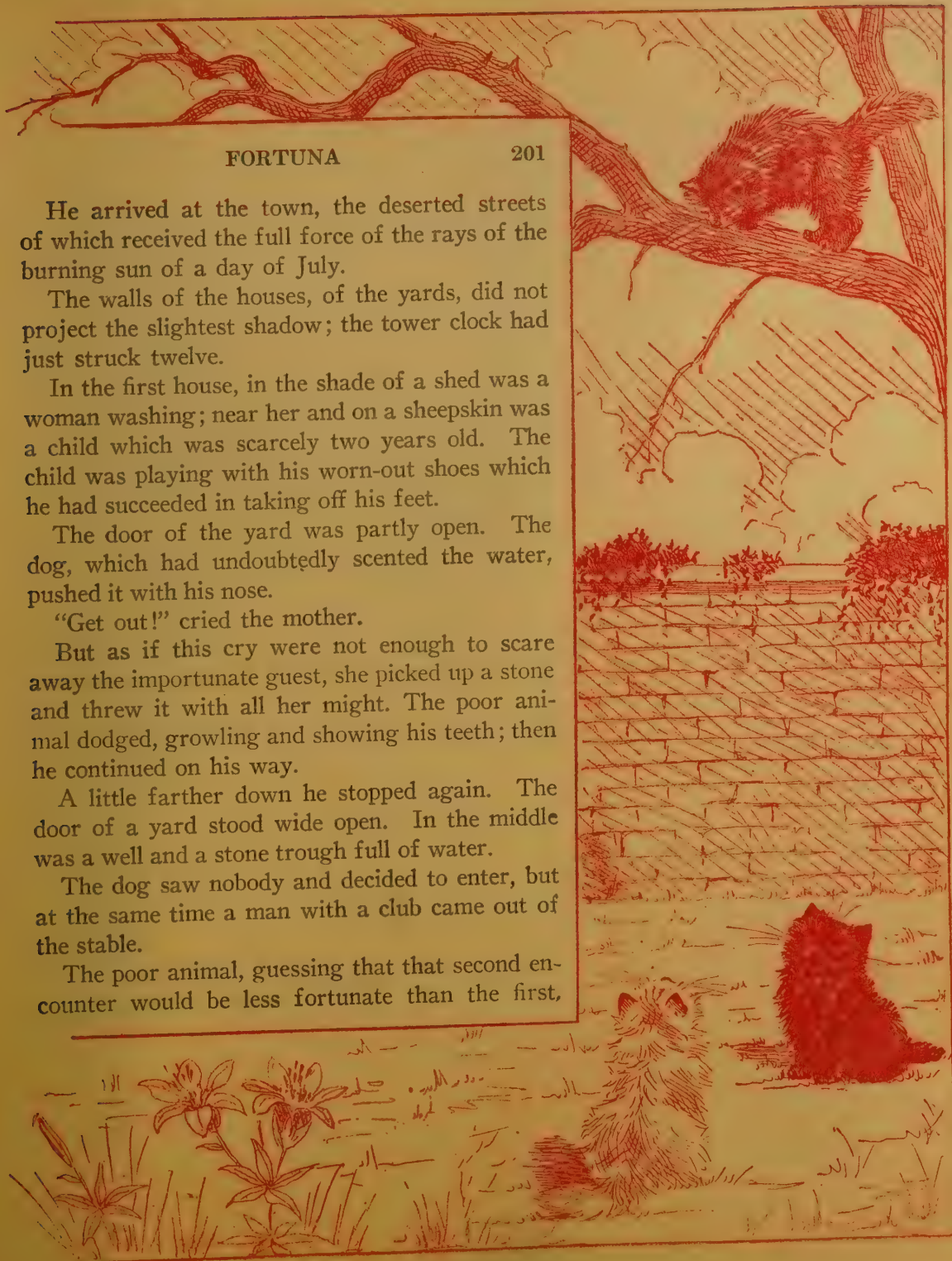
"Get out!" cried the mother.

But as if this cry were not enough to scare away the importunate guest, she picked up a stone and threw it with all her might. The poor animal dodged, growling and showing his teeth; then he continued on his way.

A little farther down he stopped again. The door of a yard stood wide open. In the middle was a well and a stone trough full of water.

The dog saw nobody and decided to enter, but at the same time a man with a club came out of the stable.

The poor animal, guessing that that second encounter would be less fortunate than the first,



stood looking at the man with sad and supplicating eyes and wagging his tail as a sign of friendship.

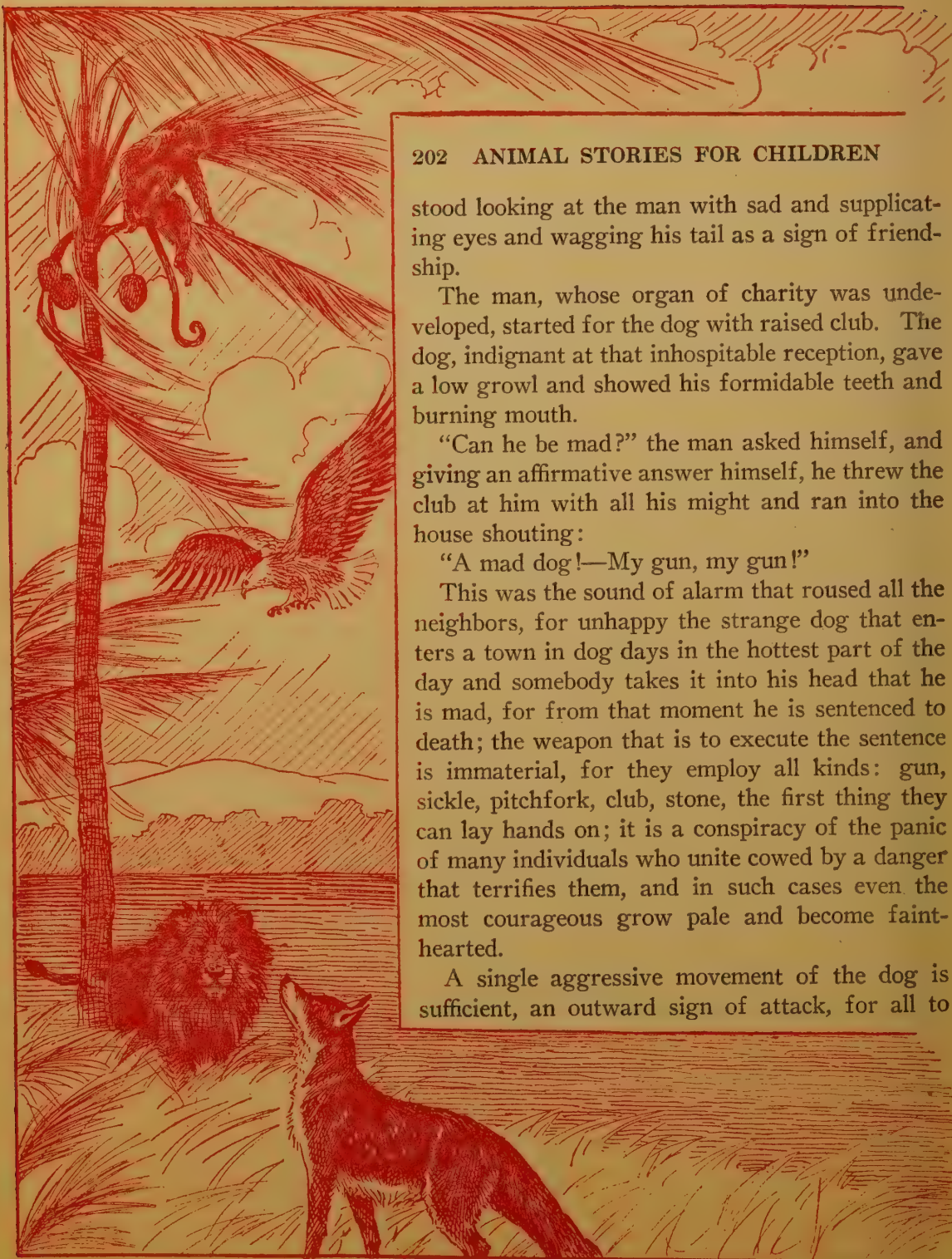
The man, whose organ of charity was undeveloped, started for the dog with raised club. The dog, indignant at that inhospitable reception, gave a low growl and showed his formidable teeth and burning mouth.

"Can he be mad?" the man asked himself, and giving an affirmative answer himself, he threw the club at him with all his might and ran into the house shouting:

"A mad dog!—My gun, my gun!"

This was the sound of alarm that roused all the neighbors, for unhappy the strange dog that enters a town in dog days in the hottest part of the day and somebody takes it into his head that he is mad, for from that moment he is sentenced to death; the weapon that is to execute the sentence is immaterial, for they employ all kinds: gun, sickle, pitchfork, club, stone, the first thing they can lay hands on; it is a conspiracy of the panic of many individuals who unite cowed by a danger that terrifies them, and in such cases even the most courageous grow pale and become faint-hearted.

A single aggressive movement of the dog is sufficient, an outward sign of attack, for all to



flee, saying to themselves that cry of the routed army: "Every man for himself!"

When the man who had raised the first cry of alarm came out into the street with his gun, the dog was four or five houses down the street, but the man raised his gun and fired.

Fortunately for the poor dog, the small shot missed him and were imbedded in a wooden bench instead; but a few glanced off and struck the back and sides of the animal, who set up a dolorous howl.

The neighbors ran out of their houses and discovering instantly what was going on, began to shout and to throw missiles at the dog, who had done them no harm.

The dog, trembling and terrified, fled precipitously, trusting his salvation to the fleetness of his feet and anxious to get far away from that inhospitable town in which even the stones turned against him.

He had almost attained his purpose when he saw his way blocked by a man mounted on a nag of poor and miserable appearance. It was the chief of the rural police who, unsheathing an immense cavalry saber, prepared to block his way while the people following the dog with clubs, sickles and pitchforks, shouted:

"Kill him, Cachucha, kill him; he is mad!"



The poor animal looked to the right and to the left, searching for an exit of salvation in that painful situation. The people, with their cries of war and extermination, were closing in on him from both ends of the street.

The situation of the strange dog was really distressing, the stones rained upon him, hitting him many times squarely on the head, back and sides, and the enormous saber of Chief Cachucha glittered in the rays of the sun, threatening death.

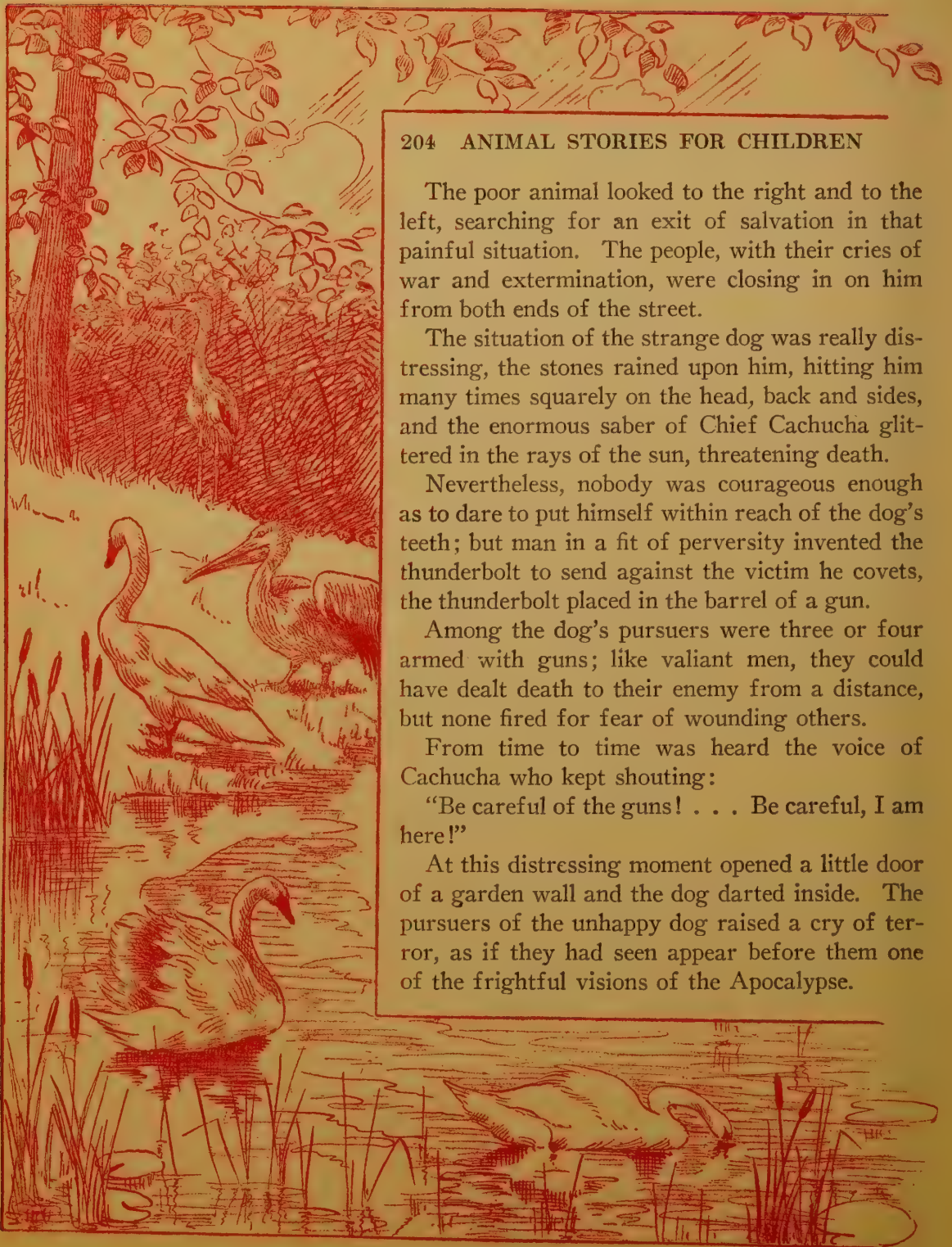
Nevertheless, nobody was courageous enough as to dare to put himself within reach of the dog's teeth; but man in a fit of perversity invented the thunderbolt to send against the victim he covets, the thunderbolt placed in the barrel of a gun.

Among the dog's pursuers were three or four armed with guns; like valiant men, they could have dealt death to their enemy from a distance, but none fired for fear of wounding others.

From time to time was heard the voice of Cachucha who kept shouting:

"Be careful of the guns! . . . Be careful, I am here!"

At this distressing moment opened a little door of a garden wall and the dog darted inside. The pursuers of the unhappy dog raised a cry of terror, as if they had seen appear before them one of the frightful visions of the Apocalypse.



Cachucha dismounted quickly from his nag, and ran toward the house into which the dog had disappeared, waving his saber in the air with nervous hand, and exclaiming with all the force of his lungs:

"Comrades, let us save our priest, let us save our guardian angel!"

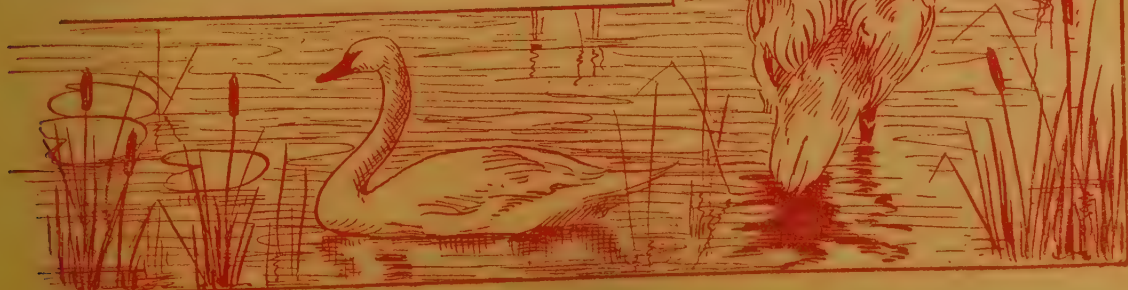
Neither Napoleon at Arcole nor Espartero at Luchana was followed by soldiers with more enthusiasm than the pursuers of the dog followed the heroic Chief Cachucha.

II

Pardon

Don Salvador Bueno was the most respectable, wisest, most charitable and richest resident of the town. His sixty years, his head white as the snow, his kind face, his affable smile and his calm and serene look made everybody exclaim: "There goes an honest man, a just man."

Don Salvador had traveled much, and read much and with profit. His knowledge was so general that his conversation was always delightful and instructive. He saw the ancient periods of history with the same clearness of vision as the present, and in speaking of the great men of



Greece and Rome it seemed that he was talking of intimate friends who had died only a few days before.

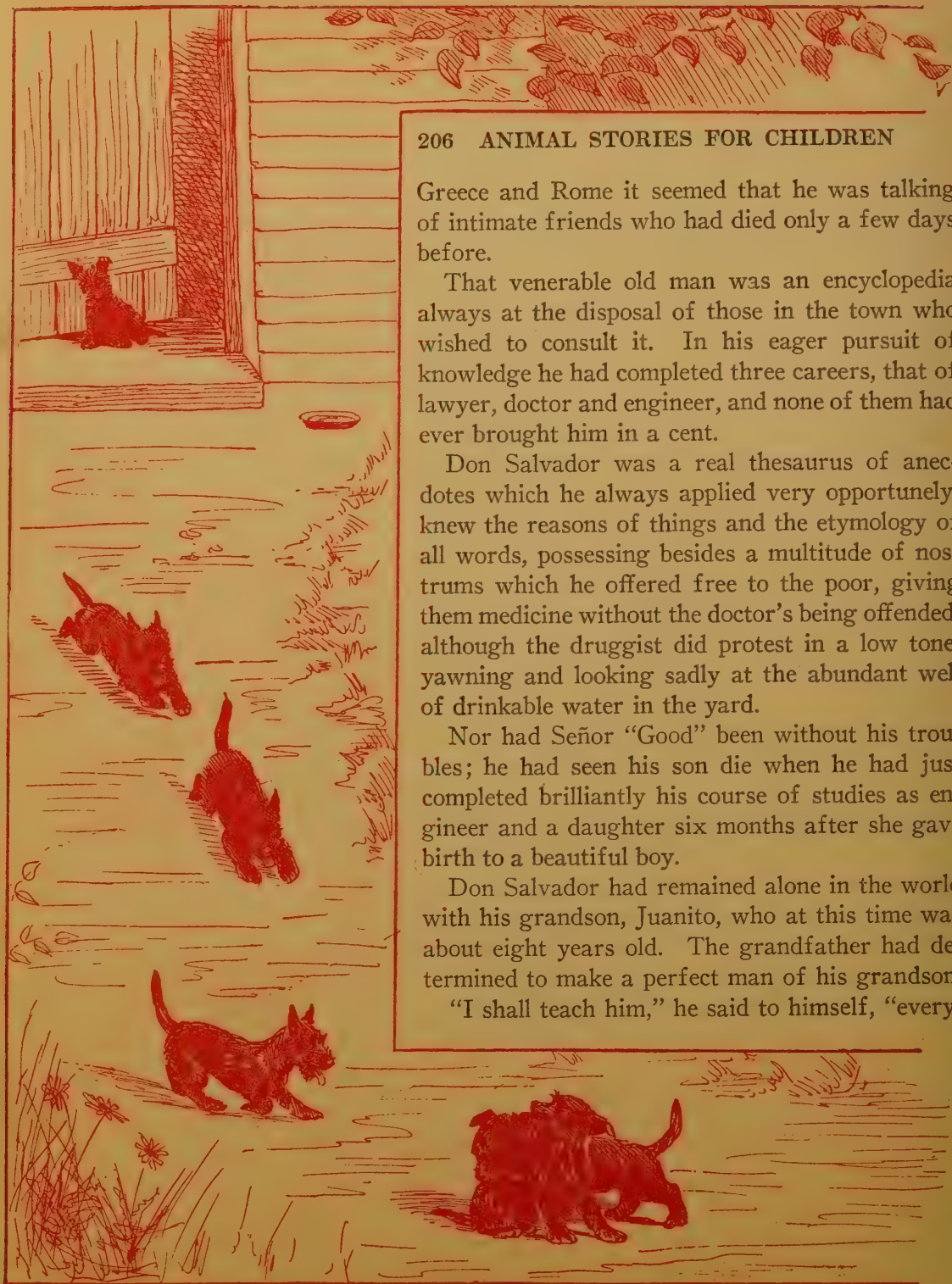
That venerable old man was an encyclopedia always at the disposal of those in the town who wished to consult it. In his eager pursuit of knowledge he had completed three careers, that of lawyer, doctor and engineer, and none of them had ever brought him in a cent.

Don Salvador was a real thesaurus of anecdotes which he always applied very opportunely, knew the reasons of things and the etymology of all words, possessing besides a multitude of nostrums which he offered free to the poor, giving them medicine without the doctor's being offended, although the druggist did protest in a low tone, yawning and looking sadly at the abundant well of drinkable water in the yard.

Nor had Señor "Good" been without his troubles; he had seen his son die when he had just completed brilliantly his course of studies as engineer and a daughter six months after she gave birth to a beautiful boy.

Don Salvador had remained alone in the world with his grandson, Juanito, who at this time was about eight years old. The grandfather had determined to make a perfect man of his grandson.

"I shall teach him," he said to himself, "every-



thing that can be taught in a school, in the good sense of the word, because in schools they also learn something bad. I shall try, at the same time that I train his mind, in the sound principles of morality, of charity and love for one's neighbor, to develop his physical powers, train his body. I want Juanito to possess all the possible perfections of a human being and to say then, if I am satisfied: this is my work; in it I have sown all the good that I have gathered during my long life."

To conclude these preliminary remarks we shall say that Juanito was a boy as beautiful in body as in soul, with a very keen intelligence and a kind and charitable heart.

Let us enter now the house of Don Salvador Bueno.

The church clock had just struck noon.

Don Salvador's house, situated at the end of the town, had a spacious garden of fifteen acres. In the center of a dense group of trees was a pavilion where the grandfather and grandson spent much of their time during the hot hours of dog days, engaged sometimes in gymnastic exercises, sometimes in reading.

At the moment we are going to permit our readers to enter the pavilion, Don Salvador and Juanito were pulling the chest weights, an exer-



cise that develops the muscles of the arms, broadens the chest, and whets the appetite.

The old man and the boy were both clothed in white duck trousers held up by a canvas belt, a tight fitting striped jersey and slippers.

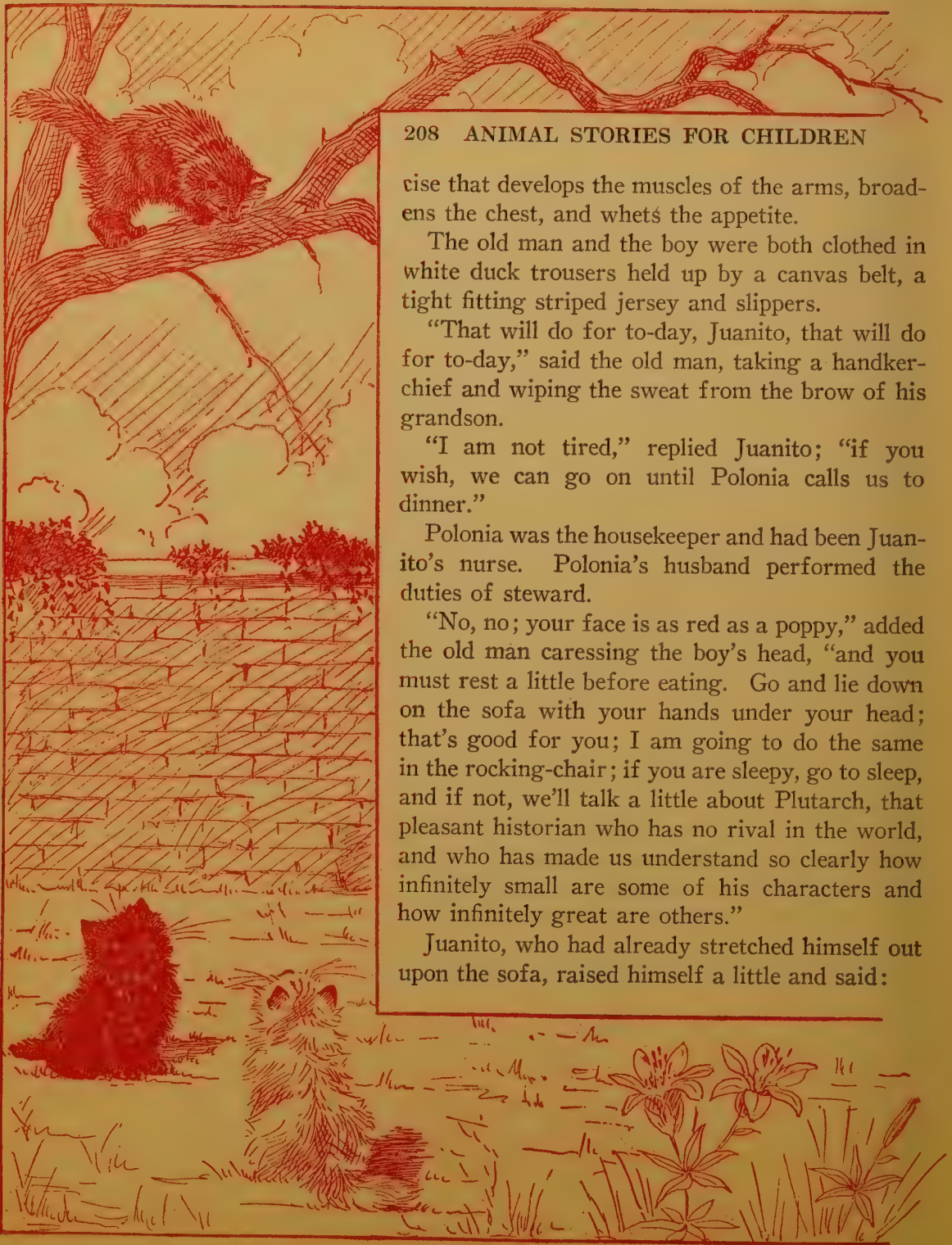
"That will do for to-day, Juanito, that will do for to-day," said the old man, taking a handkerchief and wiping the sweat from the brow of his grandson.

"I am not tired," replied Juanito; "if you wish, we can go on until Polonia calls us to dinner."

Polonia was the housekeeper and had been Juanito's nurse. Polonia's husband performed the duties of steward.

"No, no; your face is as red as a poppy," added the old man caressing the boy's head, "and you must rest a little before eating. Go and lie down on the sofa with your hands under your head; that's good for you; I am going to do the same in the rocking-chair; if you are sleepy, go to sleep, and if not, we'll talk a little about Plutarch, that pleasant historian who has no rival in the world, and who has made us understand so clearly how infinitely small are some of his characters and how infinitely great are others."

Juanito, who had already stretched himself out upon the sofa, raised himself a little and said:



"Did you hear? I thought I heard a shot in the distance, in the street."

"It must be some hunter who has returned from the mountain and shot off his gun as he came into the town in order to clean it out."

The child, who was not satisfied with that explanation, added:

"No, no, grandpapa; I hear shouts and cries; something has happened."

Don Salvador listened a moment and answered:

"There is indeed a great turmoil in the street."

The cries, uproar, not only increased, but seemed to be drawing nearer to that peaceful retreat like the rumbling swell of a torrent that overflows its banks.

Don Salvador opened the blinds of one of the windows, and looking out, called aloud:

"Atanasio!"

"What is it, Señor?" answered a man who was spading a garden bed near the pavilion.

"Go out the back gate and see what's going on in the street."

Atanasio ran to the spot indicated, but as he opened the small gate which opened on the street, he fell back with his back against the wall.

At the same time a dog shot into the garden like a flash and with the rapidity of fear fled for refuge into the pavilion and went and hid himself



under the sofa on which Juanito was sitting.

Before Don Salvador and his grandson could realize what was happening, Cachucha and twenty or thirty persons invaded the garden, uttering cries of terror and shouts of fright.

Cachucha led the others with his enormous saber unsheathed and brandishing it furiously over his head.

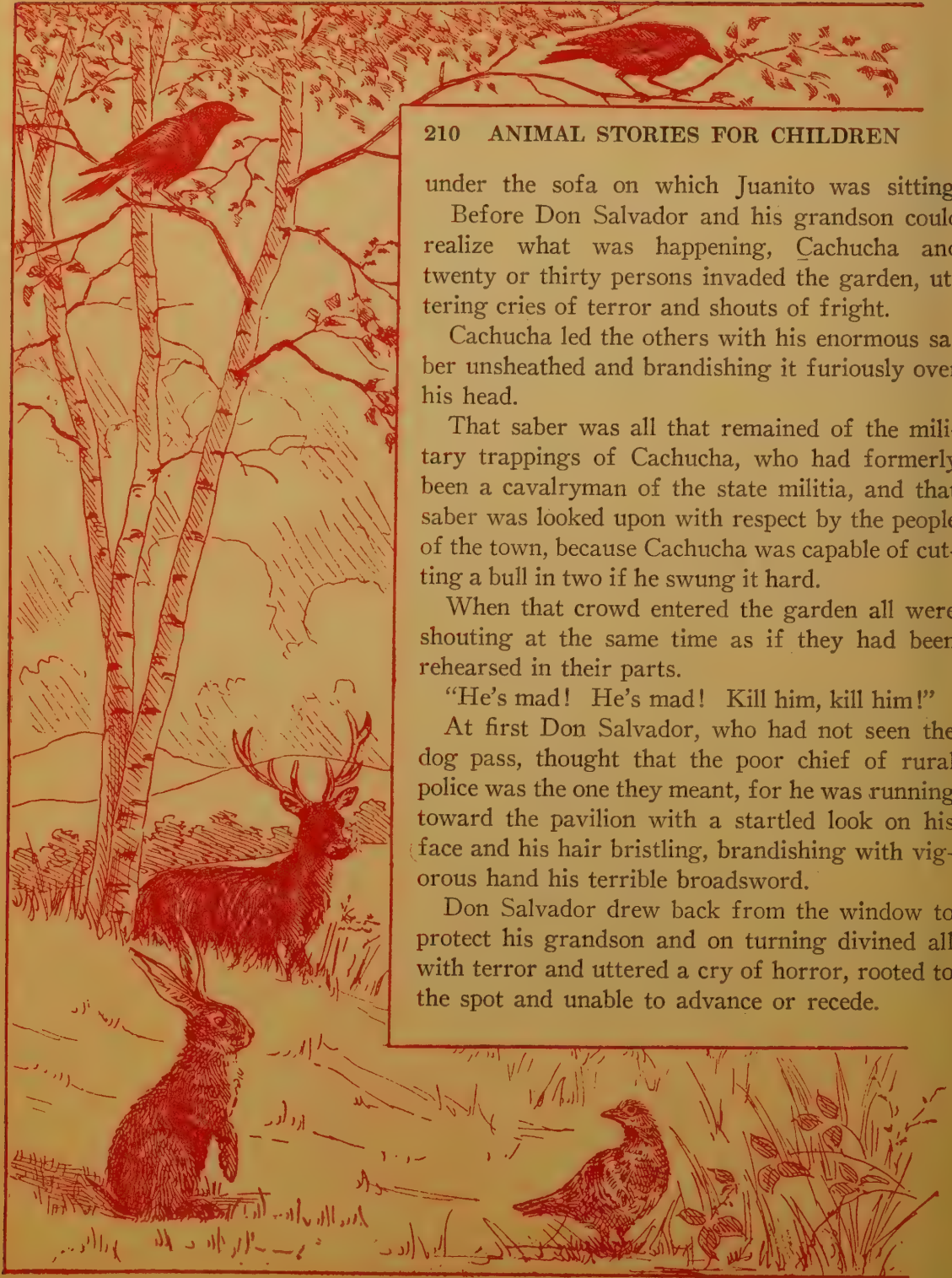
That saber was all that remained of the military trappings of Cachucha, who had formerly been a cavalryman of the state militia, and that saber was looked upon with respect by the people of the town, because Cachucha was capable of cutting a bull in two if he swung it hard.

When that crowd entered the garden all were shouting at the same time as if they had been rehearsed in their parts.

"He's mad! He's mad! Kill him, kill him!"

At first Don Salvador, who had not seen the dog pass, thought that the poor chief of rural police was the one they meant, for he was running toward the pavilion with a startled look on his face and his hair bristling, brandishing with vigorous hand his terrible broadsword.

Don Salvador drew back from the window to protect his grandson and on turning divined all with terror and uttered a cry of horror, rooted to the spot and unable to advance or recede.



There, near the sofa, was Juanito caressing the dirty and dusty head of an unknown dog.

That animal of repulsive aspect, covered with blood, mud and dust, was looking at Juanito with eyes gleaming like coals of fire, with open mouth and his tongue out.

From time to time the dog stopped his agitated respiration and gently licked Juanito's hands, moving his tail slowly, as if he wished to say to him:

"Don't be afraid, beautiful boy, I am a harmless creature, I belong to the race that has gratitude innate in the heart: in my family neither traitors nor ingrates have ever been known; unshaken loyalty is our motto, for that I live and for that I will die if it is necessary."

The horrified grandfather was contemplating that scene almost without breathing, feeling over his whole body that cold perspiration which deep emotions cause.

Cachucha entered the pavilion like a whirlwind followed by an army of men, women and children. All were uttering terrible cries.

The dog, with that delicate instinct peculiar to his kind, drew a little nearer to the child, remaining near his feet, convinced that he had found a good defender to rescue him from that horde of vandals that sought his life.



"Señorita, don't touch that dog, for he is mad," exclaimed Cachucha. "Get away from him, for I am going to cut him in two."

"Mad," exclaimed Juanito laughing and putting one of his arms around the dog's neck—"mad, and he licks my hands and throws himself trembling at my feet so that I may protect him? Bah, it's you that are mad, my good Cachucha; if you would look at yourself in the looking-glass, you would certainly scare yourself, and that too though you are the bravest man in town."

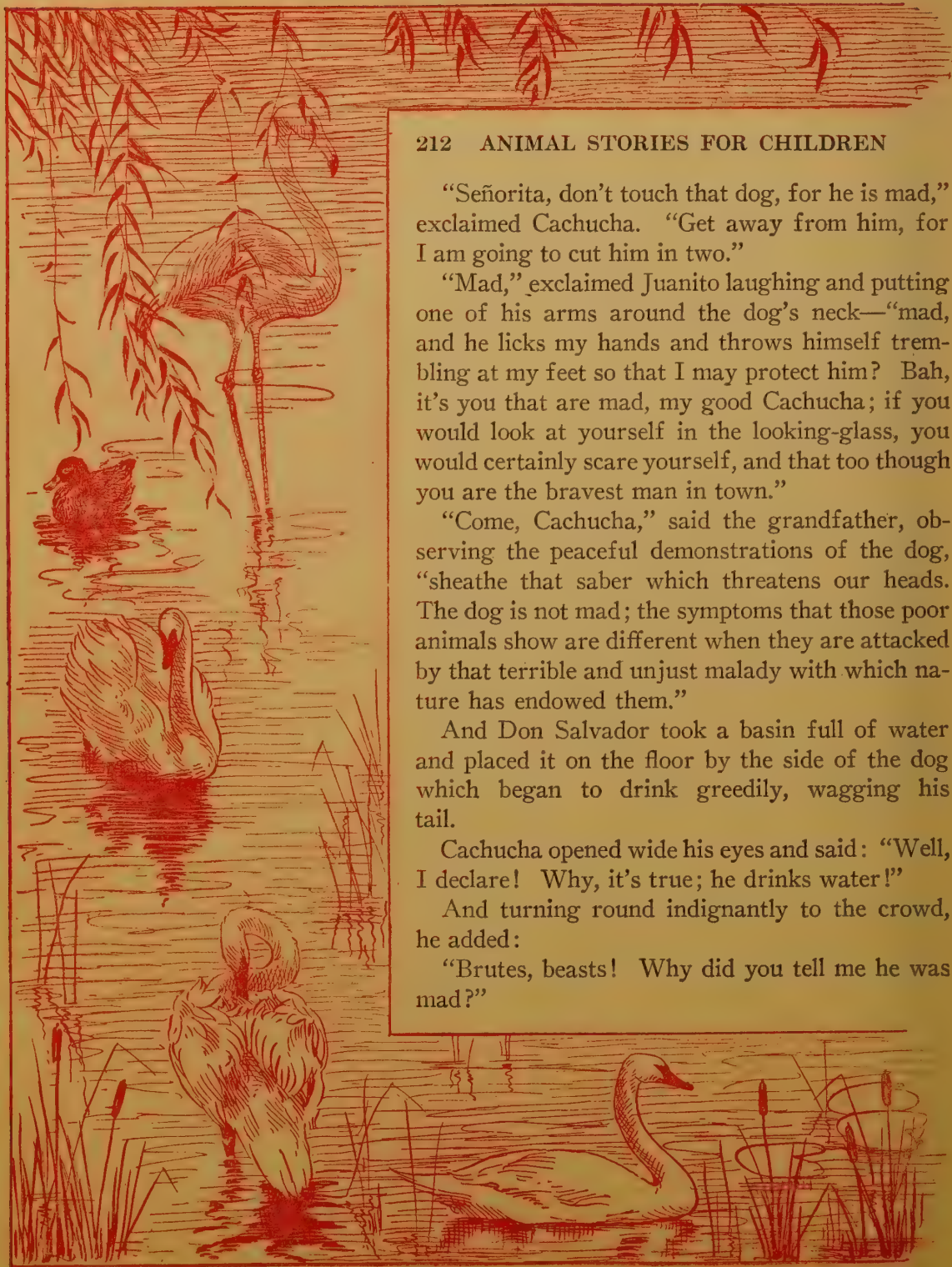
"Come, Cachucha," said the grandfather, observing the peaceful demonstrations of the dog, "sheathe that saber which threatens our heads. The dog is not mad; the symptoms that those poor animals show are different when they are attacked by that terrible and unjust malady with which nature has endowed them."

And Don Salvador took a basin full of water and placed it on the floor by the side of the dog which began to drink greedily, wagging his tail.

Cachucha opened wide his eyes and said: "Well, I declare! Why, it's true; he drinks water!"

And turning round indignantly to the crowd, he added:

"Brutes, beasts! Why did you tell me he was mad?"



Nobody answered, and the chief, sheathing his sword, said:

"Señor Don Salvador, I beg you to forgive us for the shock which we gave you, but understand that our intentions were good."

"I know it, I know it, and I thank you with all my heart. Come, tell Polonia to give you all a few jugs of cool wine from the cellar, because that always cools the blood."

All went out of the pavilion respectfully, amazed at the courage of Juanito and his grandfather and especially at the good luck which the strange dog had had to flee for refuge to that house which was sacred to everybody in the town.

"Poor little fellow, how thirsty he was, and maybe he's hungry, too," said the child.

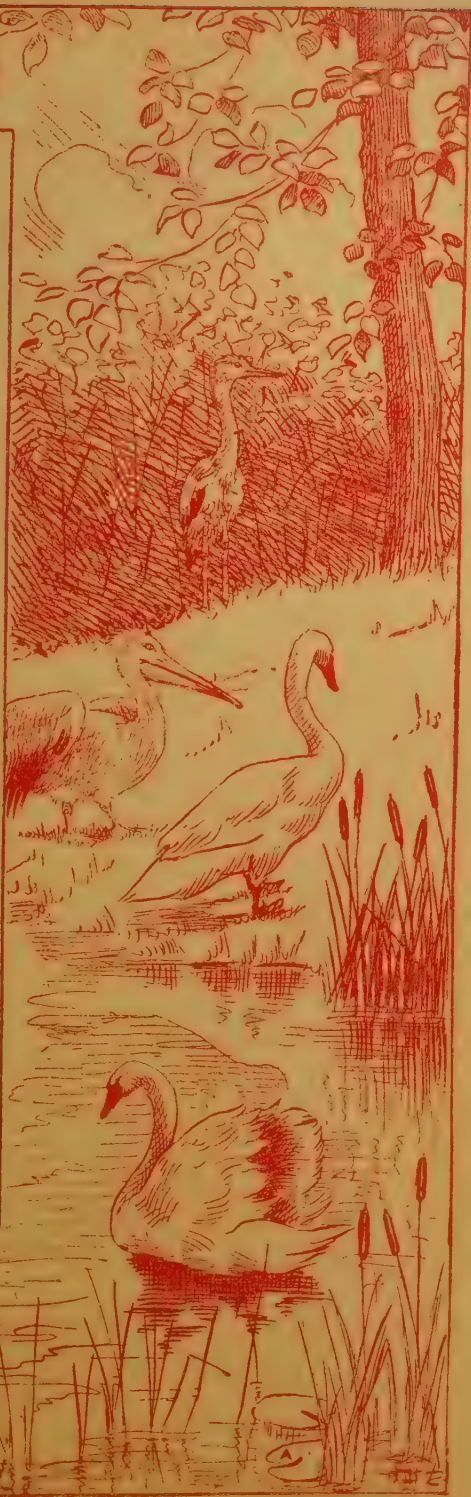
"It is very likely, because his coat of hair and the state of dejection in which he is at present do not indicate that he has had an abundance of food."

"He must be wounded; there is blood on his back; we must cure him. And I wonder what his name is, grandpapa?"

"Who?"

"The dog."

"I don't know, my son," answered Don Salvador, smiling, "and as I am absolutely convinced that if I ask him he will not tell me, I do not wish



to take the trouble. But as everything ought to have a name, although it is not very much in keeping with etymology, we shall give him one and from to-day this dog shall be known as Fortuna, because good fortune—and not a small one—has been his to take refuge in this house and to meet somebody to rescue him from the terrible saber of Cachucha.”

III

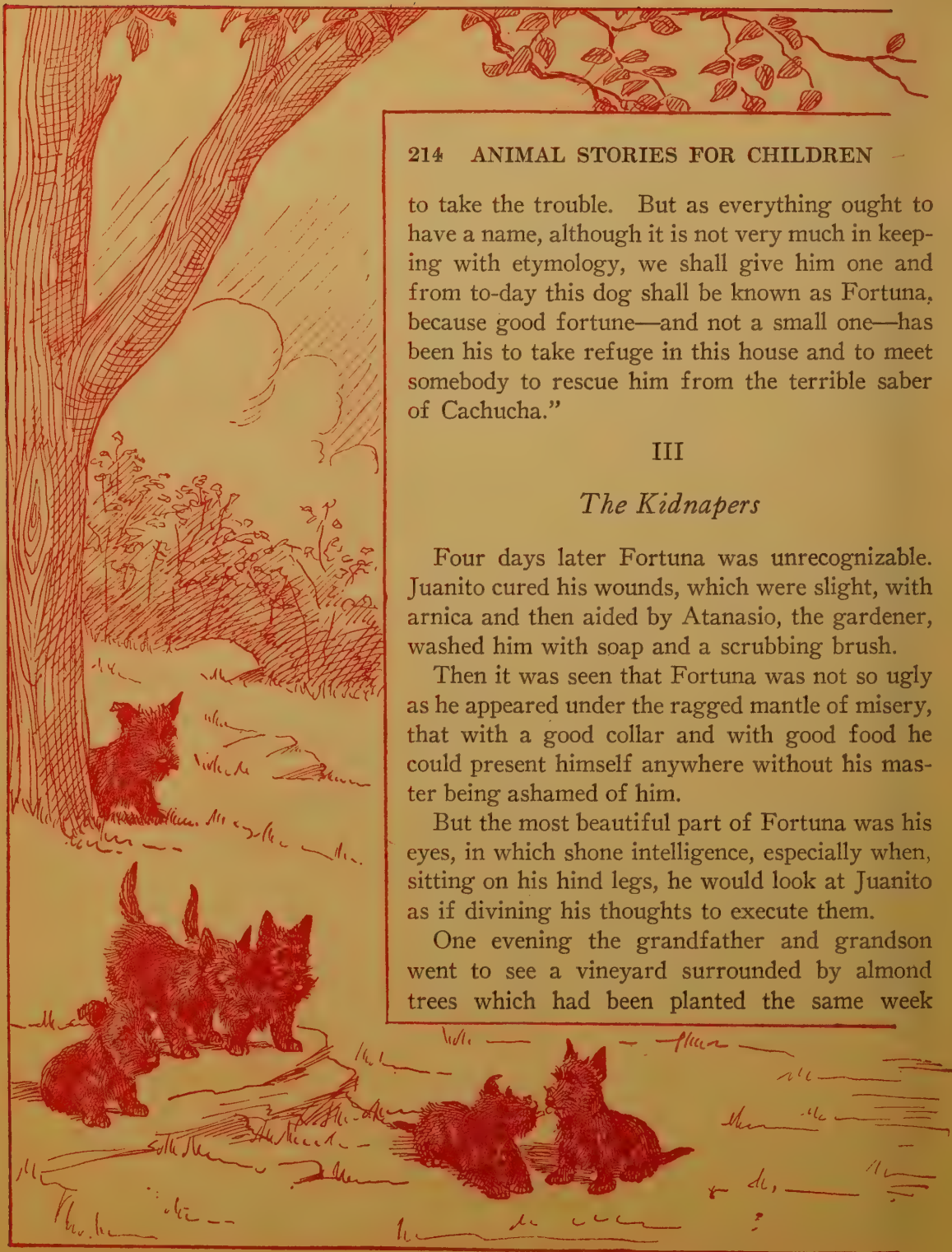
The Kidnapers

Four days later Fortuna was unrecognizable. Juanito cured his wounds, which were slight, with arnica and then aided by Atanasio, the gardener, washed him with soap and a scrubbing brush.

Then it was seen that Fortuna was not so ugly as he appeared under the ragged mantle of misery, that with a good collar and with good food he could present himself anywhere without his master being ashamed of him.

But the most beautiful part of Fortuna was his eyes, in which shone intelligence, especially when, sitting on his hind legs, he would look at Juanito as if divining his thoughts to execute them.

One evening the grandfather and grandson went to see a vineyard surrounded by almond trees which had been planted the same week



Juanito was born and which was known in the town by the name of Juanito.

Don Salvador, in all his walks in the country, always carried a book.

They sat down to rest in the shade of an almond tree and at nightfall they returned to town.

When he was nearly home, Don Salvador missed his book.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "I left under the tree my beautiful copy of the Book of Job, paraphrased in verse by Fray Luis de Leon. I must go back for it; I should be sorry to lose it."

Fortuna, who was behind, in two leaps bounded ahead and, raising his head, kept looking at his masters.

The dog was carrying the book in his mouth with such delicacy that it was not even moistened.

"Thank you so much, Fortuna," said Don Salvador to him, caressing the intelligent head of the dog. "This copy I value very highly and I would have been very sorry to lose it, because it is a souvenir of my mother. To-night when we dine I shall try to repay you to show you my gratitude."

The dog began to leap and bark with great joy, not for the offered titbit but because he was beginning to be useful to his masters.

At eight o'clock Juanito and Fortuna were the

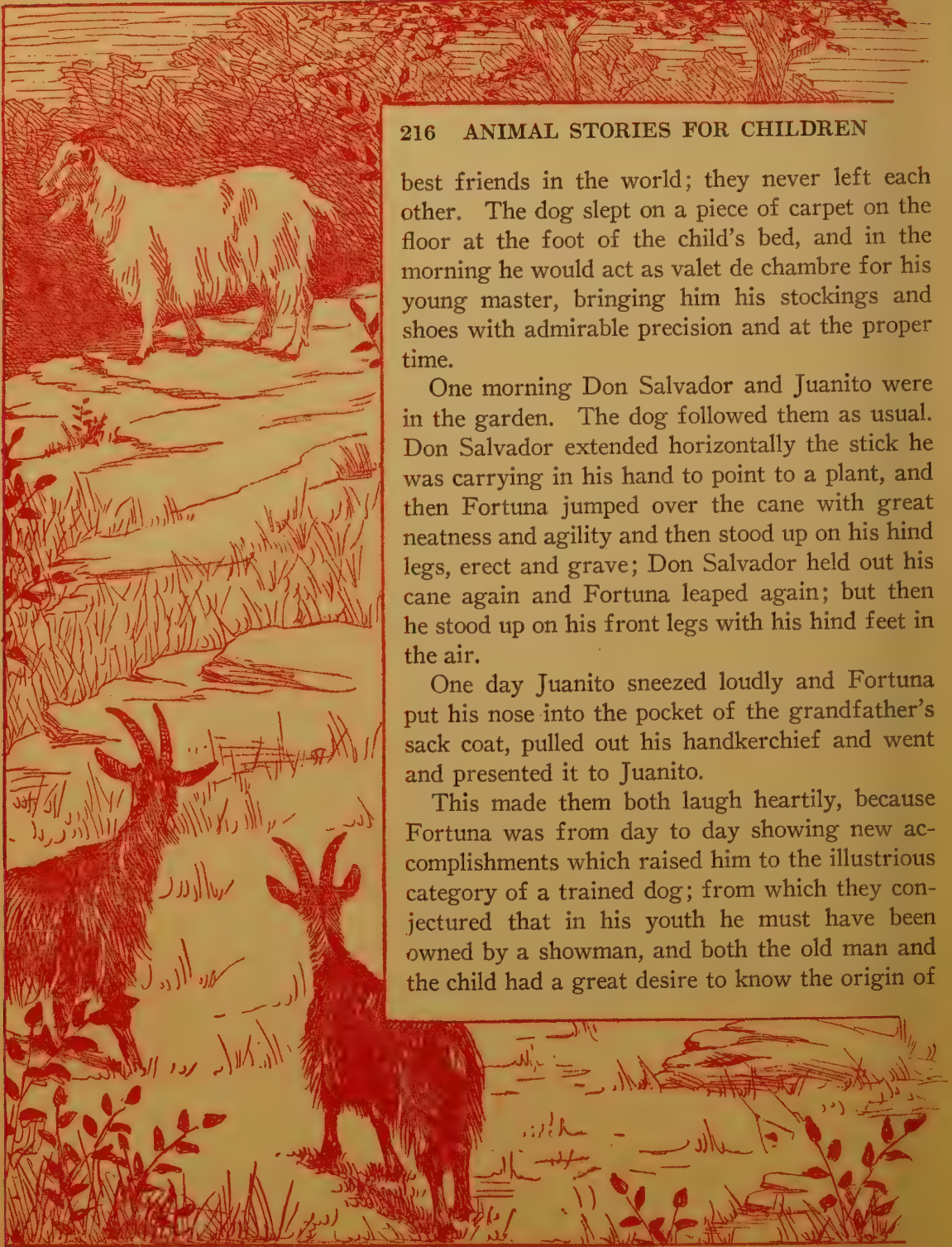


best friends in the world; they never left each other. The dog slept on a piece of carpet on the floor at the foot of the child's bed, and in the morning he would act as valet de chambre for his young master, bringing him his stockings and shoes with admirable precision and at the proper time.

One morning Don Salvador and Juanito were in the garden. The dog followed them as usual. Don Salvador extended horizontally the stick he was carrying in his hand to point to a plant, and then Fortuna jumped over the cane with great neatness and agility and then stood up on his hind legs, erect and grave; Don Salvador held out his cane again and Fortuna leaped again; but then he stood up on his front legs with his hind feet in the air.

One day Juanito sneezed loudly and Fortuna put his nose into the pocket of the grandfather's sack coat, pulled out his handkerchief and went and presented it to Juanito.

This made them both laugh heartily, because Fortuna was from day to day showing new accomplishments which raised him to the illustrious category of a trained dog; from which they conjectured that in his youth he must have been owned by a showman, and both the old man and the child had a great desire to know the origin of



that friend which their good fortune had furnished them.

Juanito certainly would not have sold his dog for anything in the world.

So matters were when one evening in the month of August Juanito, Polonia, his nurse, and Fortuna took a walk down the road.

Don Salvador had remained at home with the president and secretary of the town council, who had come to consult him on a matter of great importance.

The sun was near the horizon in the west, and in the sky not a cloud was to be seen.

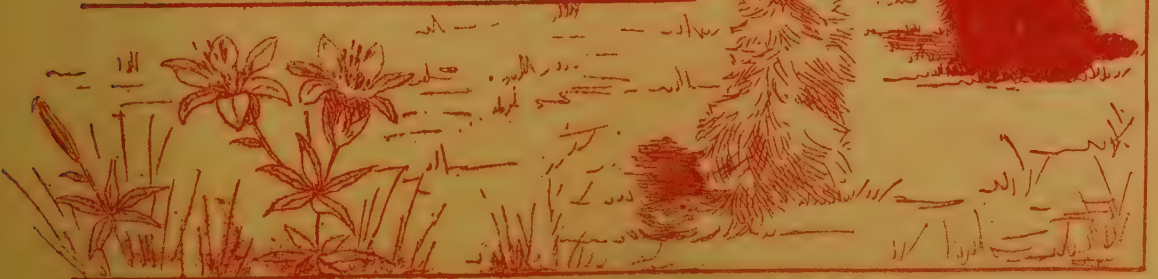
That calm, interrupted only by the cooing of the turtle dove in the olive groves or the ardent song of the quail in the trenches of the stubble fields, gave a feeling of well-being to the three strollers.

Suddenly the religious silence of the fields was interrupted by a sad lament, plaintive, prolonged, which apparently came from the weak throat of a child.

Juanito and Polonia looked at each other: Fortuna gave a low growl and drew near to his master ready to defend him.

"Did you hear, Polonia?" asked Juanito.

"Yes, it seemed to be a boy or a girl moaning," answered the nurse.



"And it must be very near."

"Over toward the culverts, in the ravine."

A girl of ten or twelve years of age, lank, lean, covered with filthy rags, with tangled hair and copper-colored complexion, rose from the ditch by the side of the road uttering pitiful laments.

That poor creature, whose ragged dress scarcely reached to her knees, was barefoot; her legs were dark and lean.

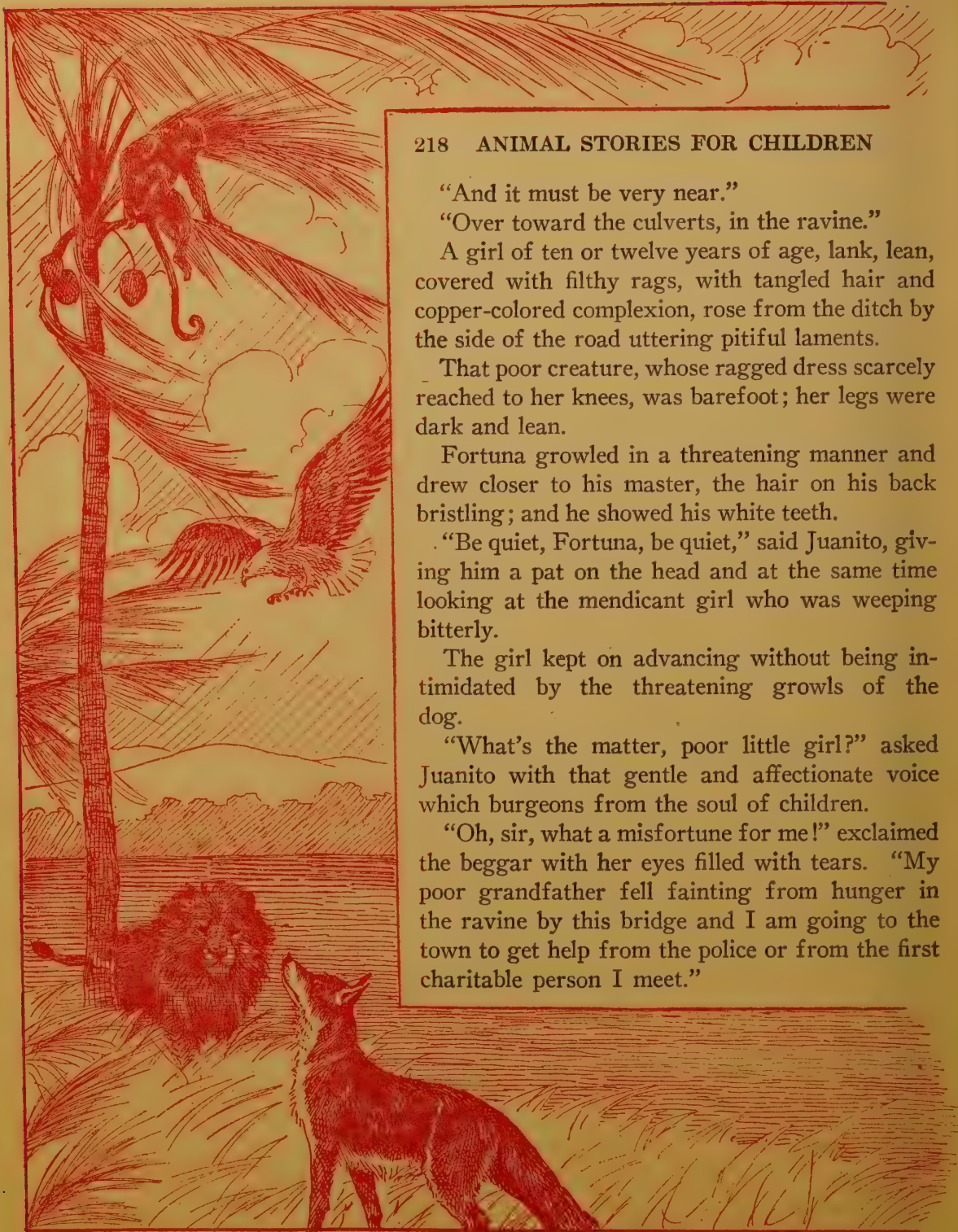
Fortuna growled in a threatening manner and drew closer to his master, the hair on his back bristling; and he showed his white teeth.

"Be quiet, Fortuna, be quiet," said Juanito, giving him a pat on the head and at the same time looking at the mendicant girl who was weeping bitterly.

The girl kept on advancing without being intimidated by the threatening growls of the dog.

"What's the matter, poor little girl?" asked Juanito with that gentle and affectionate voice which burgeons from the soul of children.

"Oh, sir, what a misfortune for me!" exclaimed the beggar with her eyes filled with tears. "My poor grandfather fell fainting from hunger in the ravine by this bridge and I am going to the town to get help from the police or from the first charitable person I meet."



"But can't we help him?" said Juanito, carried away by the impulses of his kind heart.

"Look, the first house yonder is mine and I assure you that your grandfather will get everything he needs."

"But he hasn't strength enough to stand up!—if you could give him first a little bread and wine," added the beggar. "The poor man hasn't had a bite to eat for more than twenty-four hours."

"Well, all right, we'll go and see him," replied Juanito, "and if we can't take him, I will run to town and bring him what he wants. Oh, I have a good pair of legs."

And as the dog did not stop growling in a hostile manner at the beggar, Juanito said to him:

"This evening you are in an unbearable humor, Fortuna; I told you to be quiet."

The little girl, without stopping her sad laments, started toward the bridge.

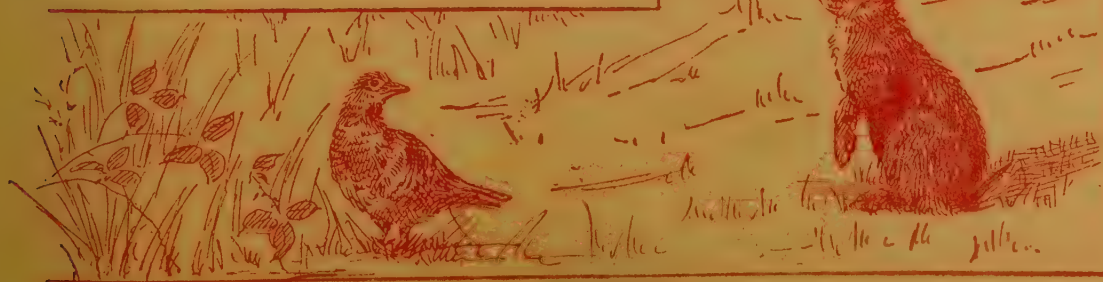
Juanito, Polonia and Fortuna followed.

On the right side of the road was a slope which led to the bed of the ravine.

All went down.

The bridge had three arches. Under the first, stretched out, face downwards, on the wet sand, was a poorly dressed man. At his side was a game bag of dirty and patched canvas, and a club.

About fifteen yards away, on the sides of the



ravine, was a large and dense clump of reeds, the leaves of which, parched by the burning summer sun, had a yellowish red color.

"Grandfather, come, make an effort to get up," said the girl, "for here are a young gentleman and a woman to help me to take you to the town."

The man, groaning, moved heavily, as if he had not the strength to get up; then he raised himself on one knee, then the other and at last on his hands, remaining on all fours with his head down as if he wished to hide his face.

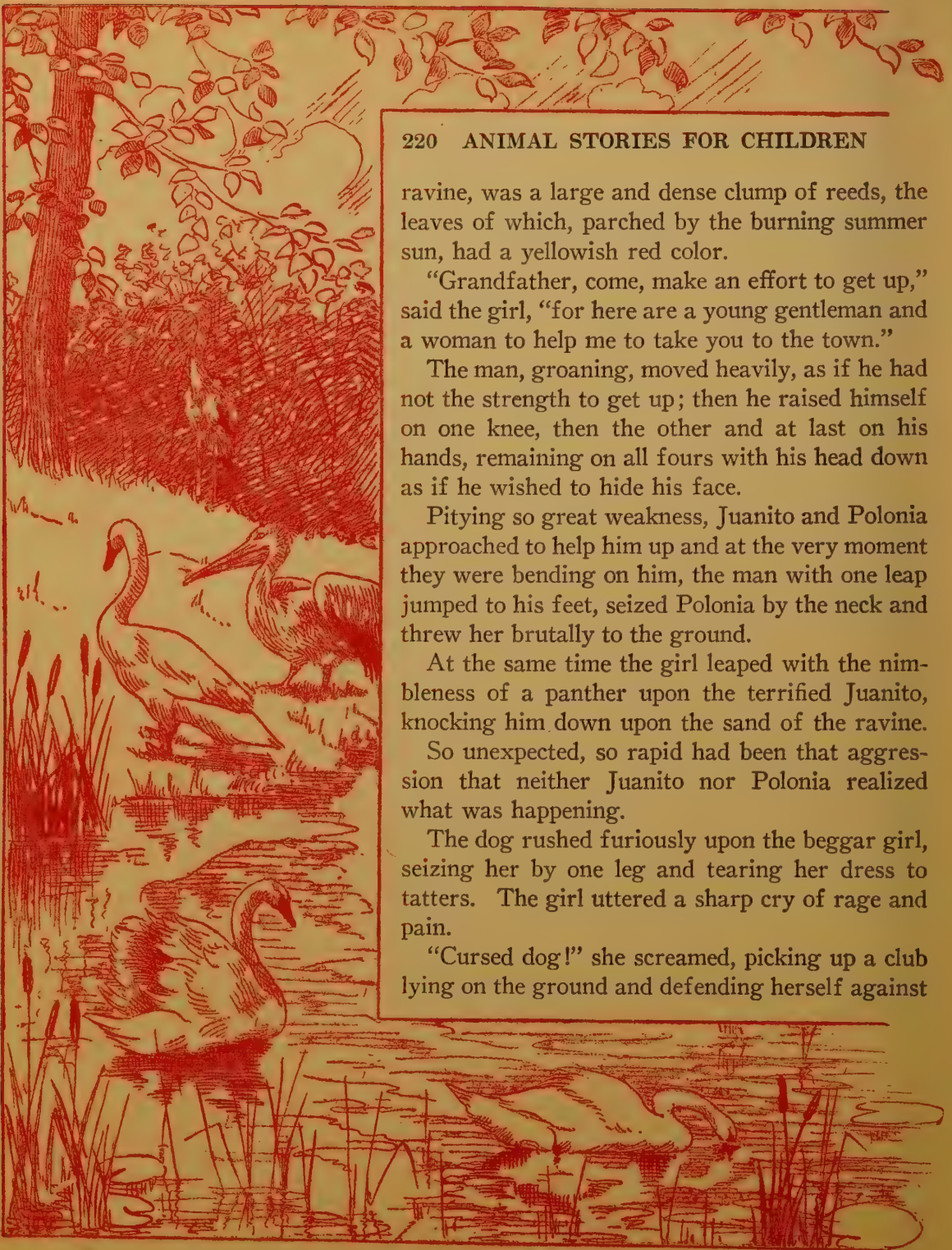
Pitying so great weakness, Juanito and Polonia approached to help him up and at the very moment they were bending on him, the man with one leap jumped to his feet, seized Polonia by the neck and threw her brutally to the ground.

At the same time the girl leaped with the nimbleness of a panther upon the terrified Juanito, knocking him down upon the sand of the ravine.

So unexpected, so rapid had been that aggression that neither Juanito nor Polonia realized what was happening.

The dog rushed furiously upon the beggar girl, seizing her by one leg and tearing her dress to tatters. The girl uttered a sharp cry of rage and pain.

"Cursed dog!" she screamed, picking up a club lying on the ground and defending herself against



Fortuna with a courage incredible in one so young—"You have torn my leg to pieces—Oh! I'll eat your liver!"

Then two men of evil mien and more evil faces came hurriedly out of the reeds. They carried revolvers and hunting knives and double-barreled guns in their hands.

"We'll see whether you'll shut up, Golondrina (Swallow), there's no use crying for a scratch," said one of the men bursting into a brutal laugh.

"Let's hurry before somebody comes along the road," added the other man.

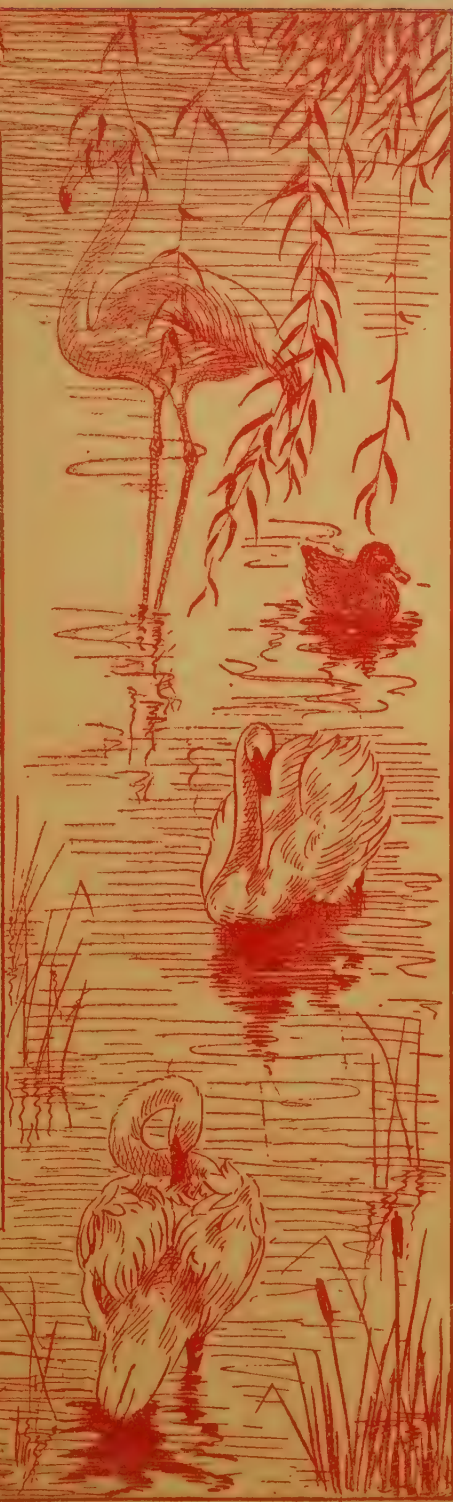
"What shall we do with this woman?" asked the man who was holding down Polonia.

"Tie her hands behind her back, put a gag in her mouth and let her go and tell her master what I am going to tell her."

Instantly the man obeyed the one who seemed to be the chief of those malefactors.

"But where can that confounded dog be?" asked Golondrina. "Hardly had he seen you come out of the reeds when he disappeared; it seems that he is afraid of guns; but I swear that I will get even with him, you bet I'll get even with him; I'll go back to town and I'll give him bread with needles or matches in it so that he will die."

And all the time Golondrina was saying this



she was putting sand in the wounds made by Fortuna.

"Listen," said the chief of the kidnapers to Polonia, "Tell Don Salvador that we are taking his grandson and that, if he wants to get him back, to carry out to the letter what I tell him in this paper."

And the captain thrust it brutally into Polonia's breast, whose reddened eyes seemed to be weeping blood.

"Oh! no, no; I don't want to go with you; my grandfather will give you all you want, but I don't want to go," cried Juanito, getting down on his knees and clasping his hands in earnest entreaty before those wretches.

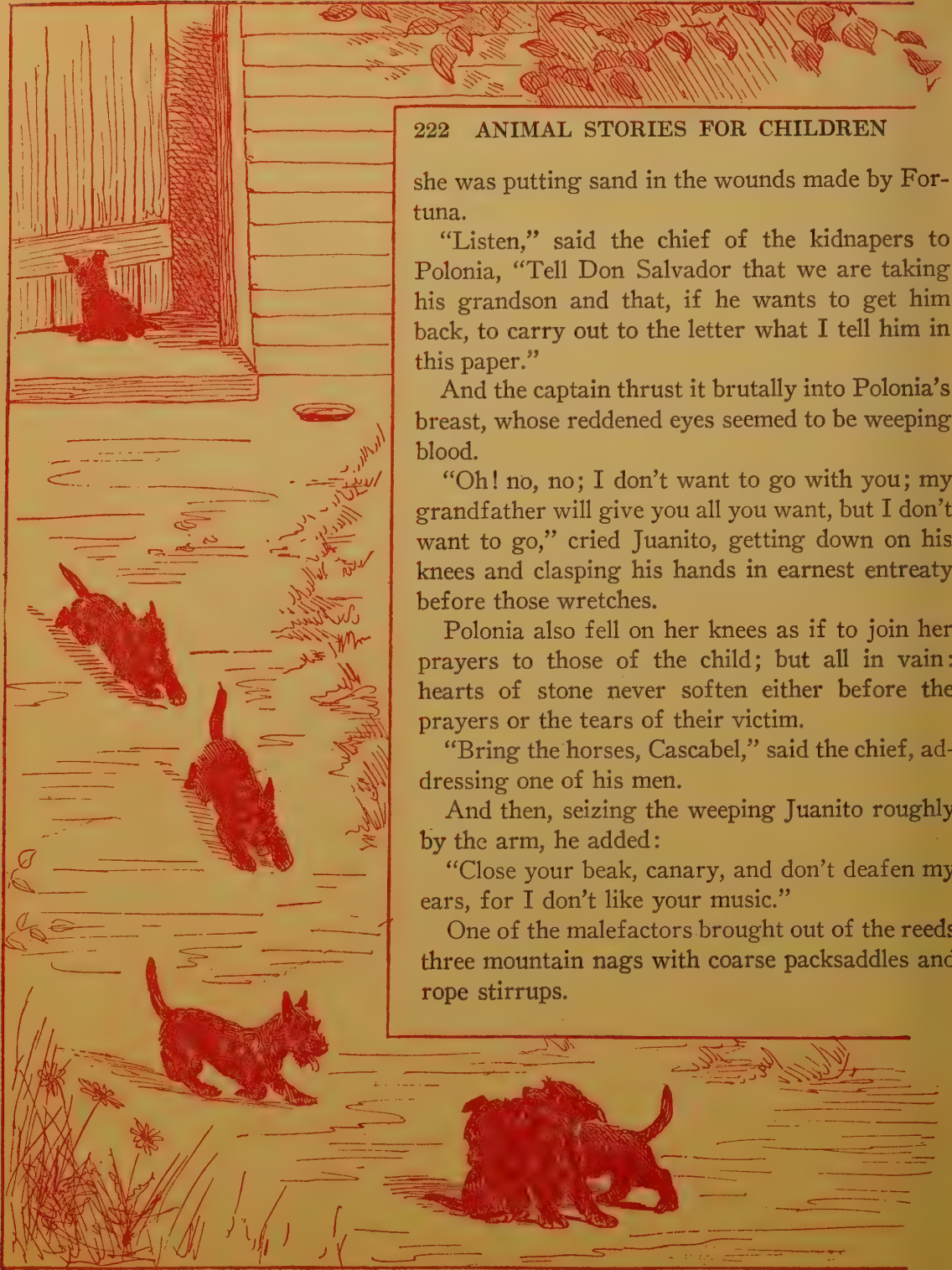
Polonia also fell on her knees as if to join her prayers to those of the child; but all in vain: hearts of stone never soften either before the prayers or the tears of their victim.

"Bring the horses, Cascabel," said the chief, addressing one of his men.

And then, seizing the weeping Juanito roughly by the arm, he added:

"Close your beak, canary, and don't deafen my ears, for I don't like your music."

One of the malefactors brought out of the reeds three mountain nags with coarse packsaddles and rope stirrups.



The chief mounted one of them, putting Juanito on in front of him and then placing his arm around his waist.

Then the other two got on their horses and Golondrina with one leap jumped on the crupper of one of the nags.

"Polonia, Polonia, help!" screamed Juanito.

"Shut up, rascal! This devilish cricket will spoil our game."

And the captain placed his rough and callous hand over Juanito's mouth, saying:

"March, and quickly."

Polonia, on seeing them galloping down the ravine, uttered a groan and fell backwards in a swoon.

Then the dry reeds on the left were agitated and Fortuna's head appeared.

He had taken refuge there on seeing the men with the guns.

This instinct had counseled him that retreat, because his enemies were numerous and too well armed to overcome them.

Fortuna remained a moment undecided and moving his head about cautiously as if he feared some ambush worthy of the perversity of men.

At last he came out, crawling along the ground, and went up to the fainting Polonia and licked her hands and face.



Then he raised his head and again moved the black membrane of his snout, with that nervous rapidity of the dog that scents a warm trail.

Suddenly he gave a low and hoarse howl, and putting his nose down to the ground, he darted to the road, through the ravine, following the tracks of the abductors.

IV

The Storm

When Polonia recovered consciousness, it was night: she wanted to scream, but the gag smothered her voice in her throat, and her heart was beating violently.

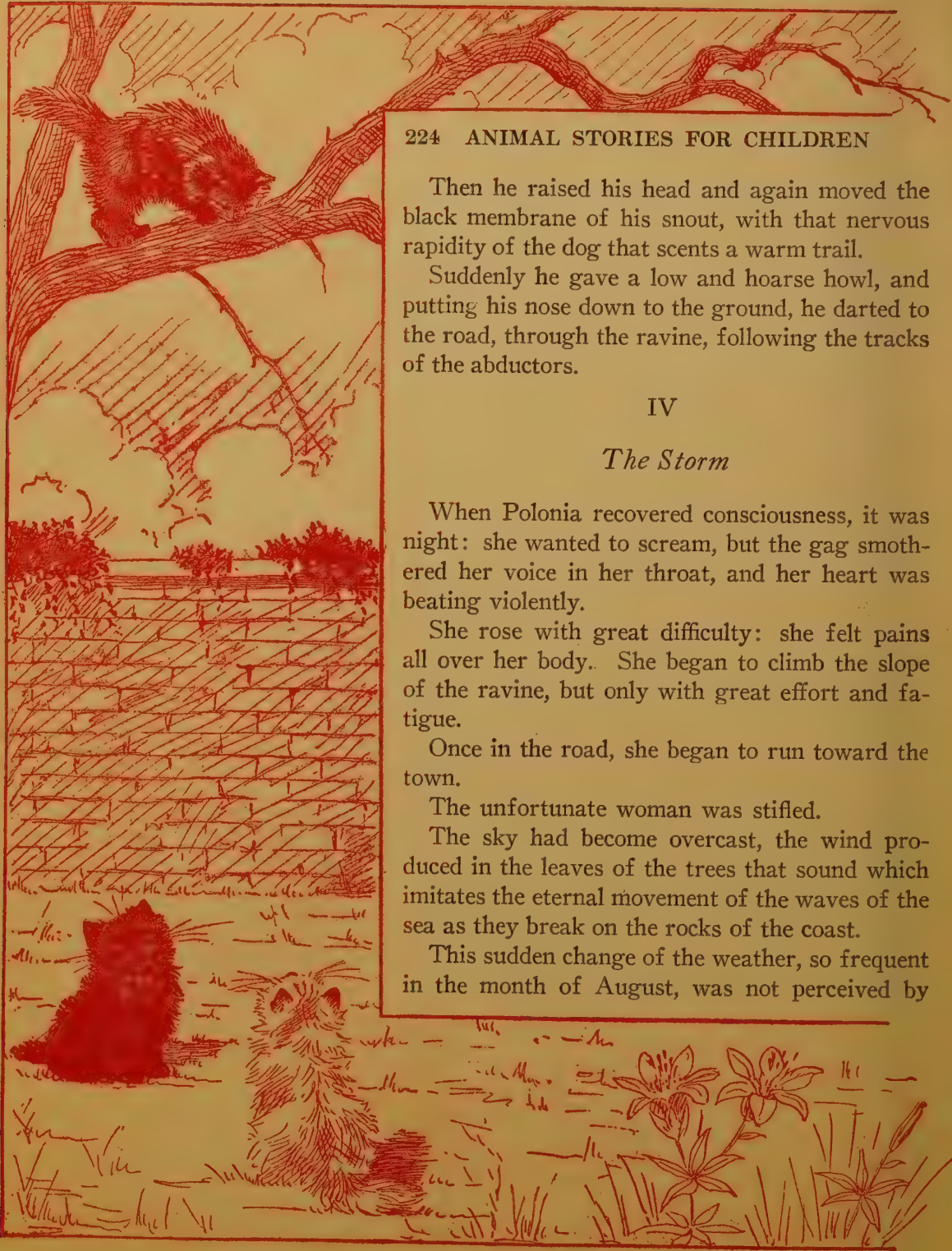
She rose with great difficulty: she felt pains all over her body. She began to climb the slope of the ravine, but only with great effort and fatigue.

Once in the road, she began to run toward the town.

The unfortunate woman was stifled.

The sky had become overcast, the wind produced in the leaves of the trees that sound which imitates the eternal movement of the waves of the sea as they break on the rocks of the coast.

This sudden change of the weather, so frequent in the month of August, was not perceived by



Polonia, who was running and running, breathing with difficulty.

When she was now near the town, and with the anxiety of one who fears that her life and strength will not hold out until she arrives at the point desired, she saw some people coming toward her.

It was Don Salvador, the mayor and the secretary, who, surprised at Juanito's late return, were going to look for him.

On seeing Polonia gagged and with her hands tied behind her back, Don Salvador gave a cry of terror, as if he had divined all.

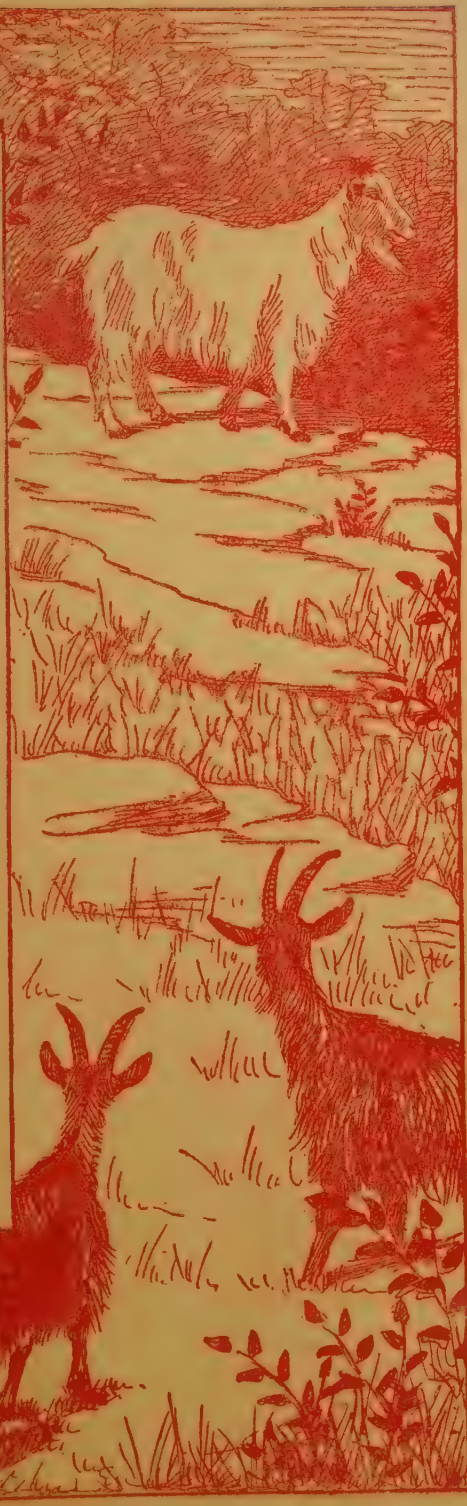
The mayor and the secretary took the gag out of Polonia's mouth and untied her hands. The wretched woman fell on her knees at the feet of her good master, and the only words she could utter were:

"They have stolen Juanito, they have stolen him!"

And she fainted again.

Don Salvador was terror-stricken; he felt the marble-like coldness that precedes death penetrate his whole body; his legs grew weak; and he grasped the mayor with his hands so as not to fall.

Fortunately the two policemen who were leaving the town for their night service on the road,



arrived in time and were able to take Don Salvador and Polonia to his house.

Reanimated a little by the aid which they rendered her, the nurse narrated in detail all that had occurred to them from the time they had heard the sad laments of the infamous beggar up to the moment she lost consciousness.

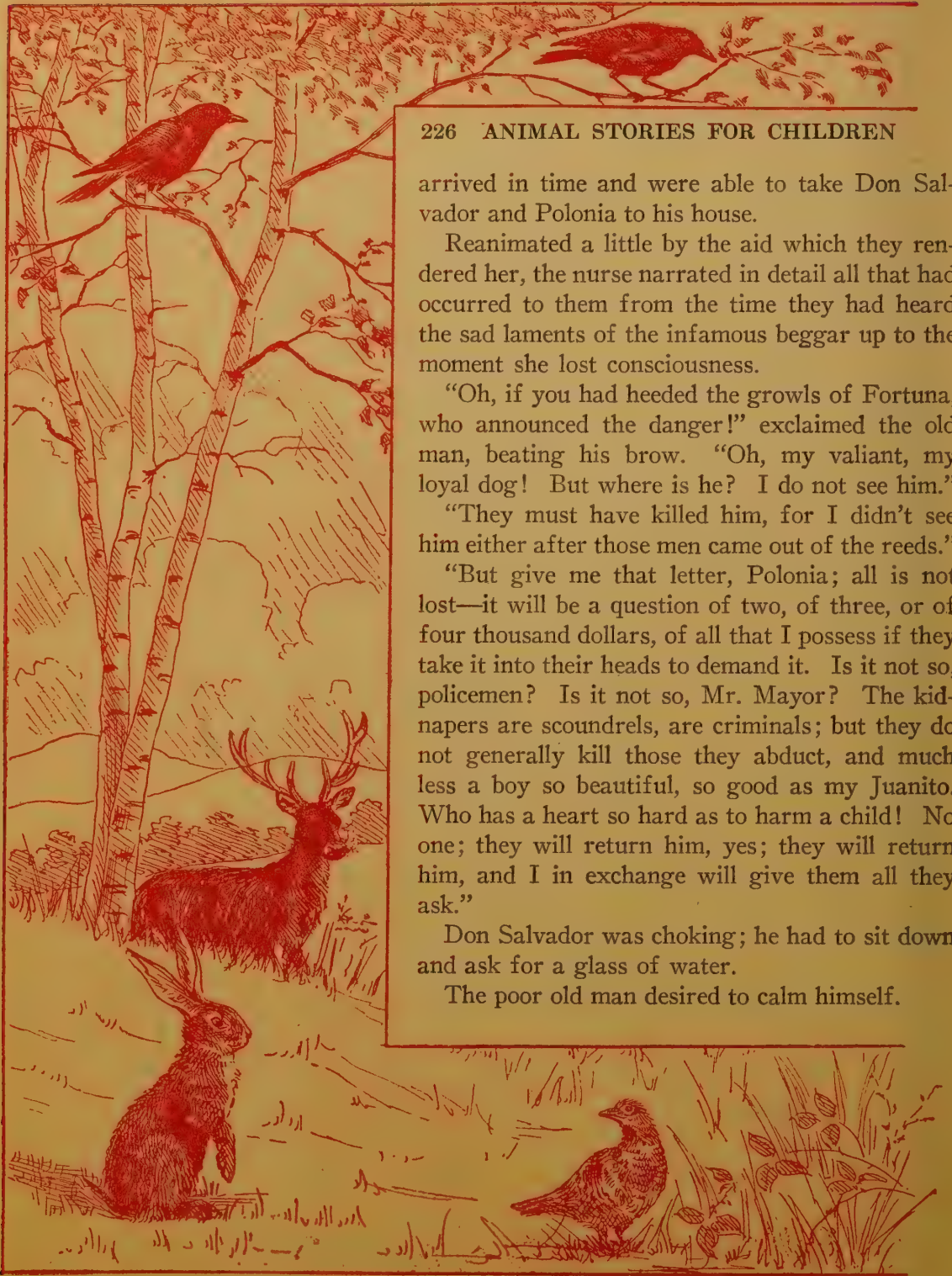
"Oh, if you had heeded the growls of Fortuna, who announced the danger!" exclaimed the old man, beating his brow. "Oh, my valiant, my loyal dog! But where is he? I do not see him."

"They must have killed him, for I didn't see him either after those men came out of the reeds."

"But give me that letter, Polonia; all is not lost—it will be a question of two, of three, or of four thousand dollars, of all that I possess if they take it into their heads to demand it. Is it not so, policemen? Is it not so, Mr. Mayor? The kidnapers are scoundrels, are criminals; but they do not generally kill those they abduct, and much less a boy so beautiful, so good as my Juanito. Who has a heart so hard as to harm a child! No one; they will return him, yes; they will return him, and I in exchange will give them all they ask."

Don Salvador was choking; he had to sit down and ask for a glass of water.

The poor old man desired to calm himself.



"My dear, dear son, the son of my heart, how those wretches must have frightened you . . . oh, if only nothing happens to him."

And Don Salvador took off his necktie and unbuttoned his vest: he could not breathe.

Meanwhile Polonia was searching in vain for the letter which the kidnaper had thrust so brutally into her bosom.

"But you do not give me that letter!" exclaimed the old man.

"But I can't find it, señor."

"You can't find it!" cried the grandfather, pale as a corpse and standing up from his chair as if impelled by a force stronger than his will.

"No, no, I can't find it," exclaimed Polonia in despair. "One of them put it in my bosom while the other was tying my hands and putting the gag in my mouth; but as I then fell in a faint in the ravine—"

"Then it must have fallen into the ravine and we must go and look for it."

And Don Salvador started toward the door.

The mayor restrained him, saying:

"We can look for the letter; Polonia will go with us. The weather has changed and a storm is threatening. Atanasio, take the lantern, and you, Cachucha, the stable lantern: let's hurry."

Don Salvador wanted to accompany them, but



the doctor and the priest, who had also arrived, on hearing of Juanito's misfortune, opposed it firmly.

"Oh, my God, my God!" exclaimed the old man in despair, "if they do not find that letter, my poor Juanito is lost, because they will kill him when they see that we do not give them the money they ask."

They went out to hunt for the letter—Polonia, the two policemen, the mayor, the secretary, Cachucha and the gardener.

The doctor and some residents of the town stayed with Don Salvador.

When the members of the searching party came out into the street, a vivid flash of lightning followed by a terrible clap of thunder dazzled them.

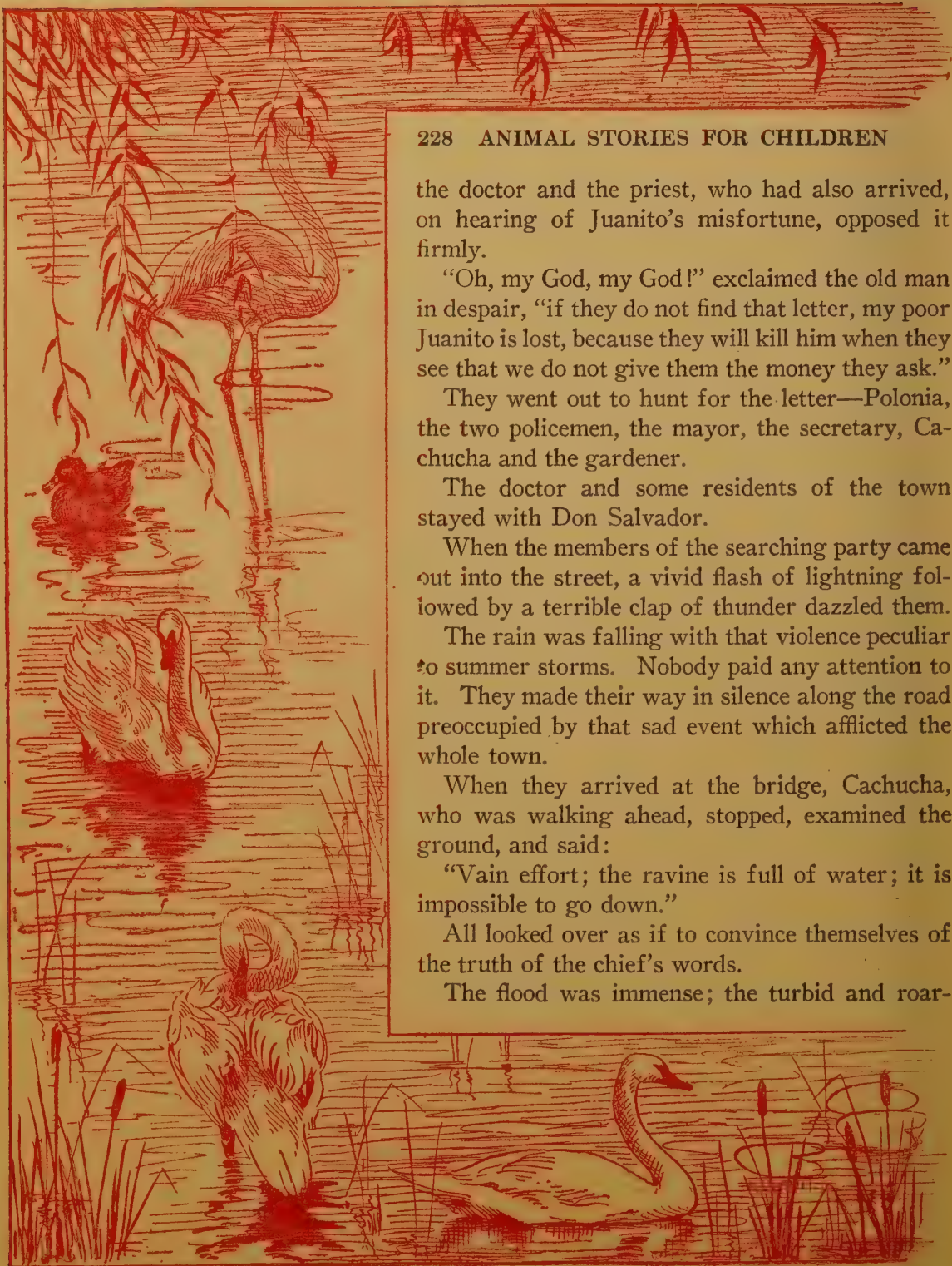
The rain was falling with that violence peculiar to summer storms. Nobody paid any attention to it. They made their way in silence along the road preoccupied by that sad event which afflicted the whole town.

When they arrived at the bridge, Cachucha, who was walking ahead, stopped, examined the ground, and said:

"Vain effort; the ravine is full of water; it is impossible to go down."

All looked over as if to convince themselves of the truth of the chief's words.

The flood was immense; the turbid and roar-



ing waters were rushing violently over the stony bed of the ravine, roaring dull and threatening.

"What a pity!" added a policeman, "we have not only lost the letter but also the tracks of the kidnapers which might have guided us."

"And what shall we do now?" asked Cachucha.

"We can do nothing except to go back to town," replied the mayor.

And without saying any more they returned sad, silent, covered with mud, and drenched to the bones.

Hope is so beautiful, it perfumes the human heart with such intoxicating perfumes that the law should punish as a criminal anyone who kills a hope.

Poor Don Salvador was stunned on hearing about the flood in the ravine, because that letter was a hope that reanimated his perturbed spirit and which the muddy waters of a storm had snatched away from him.

He fell on his knees, joined his hands and raised his eyes filled with tears to heaven, murmuring in a trembling voice:

"Lord, my God—Merciful Father, without whose will not a leaf of the trees moves, not an atom of dust on the ground—watch over my son, watch over Juanito and do not forsake this miserable old man."



A profound silence pervaded the room, all were praying in a low voice, all were imploring God for the abducted boy, who was the guardian angel of the town, and for the poor old grandfather who was the father of the poor.

V

What Thou Sowest, That Shalt Thou Also Reap

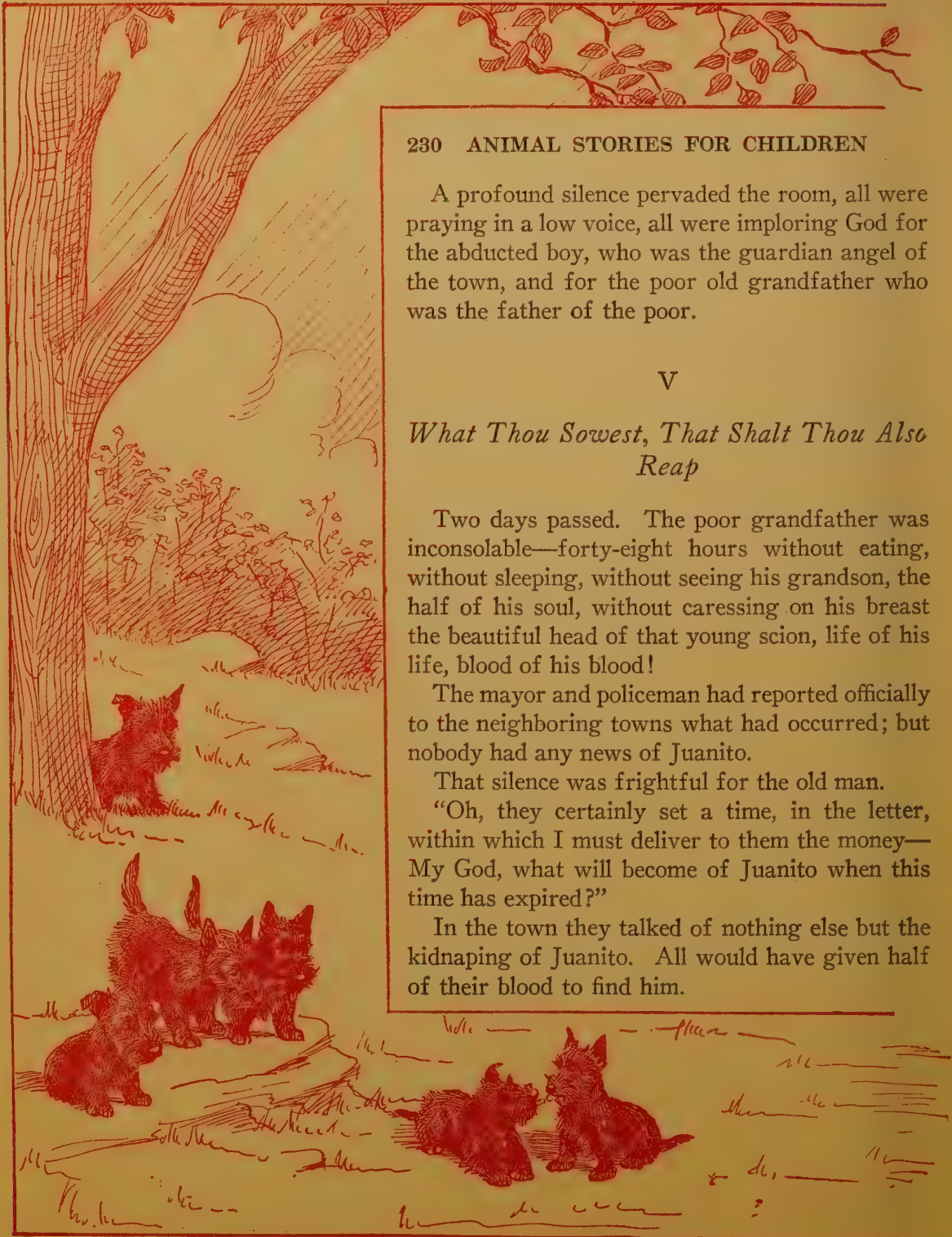
Two days passed. The poor grandfather was inconsolable—forty-eight hours without eating, without sleeping, without seeing his grandson, the half of his soul, without caressing on his breast the beautiful head of that young scion, life of his life, blood of his blood!

The mayor and policeman had reported officially to the neighboring towns what had occurred; but nobody had any news of Juanito.

That silence was frightful for the old man.

"Oh, they certainly set a time, in the letter, within which I must deliver to them the money—My God, what will become of Juanito when this time has expired?"

In the town they talked of nothing else but the kidnaping of Juanito. All would have given half of their blood to find him.



By dint of entreaties the priest and the doctor succeeded in persuading Don Salvador to take some nourishment.

The third day came; the anxieties of death increased; that comfortless silence froze one's blood.

The poor grandfather, pale as death, with his eyes closed, was lying on the sofa, and if it had not been for the nervous twitchings which shook his body, one would have taken him for a corpse.

It was commencing to get dark; the dim light of twilight came in through a window illuminating the room with a vague clearness.

The door opened slowly. The head of a dog appeared. It was Fortuna, covered with mud, his flanks drawn in so that the ribs were clearly marked on his hide.

He approached the sofa, and stood looking fixedly at the old man. That contemplation lasted some seconds, then he began to lick Don Salvador's hands.

The warm contact of that grateful tongue awakened the sleeper. On seeing Fortuna he uttered a cry it would be impossible to define, because the presence of that loyal dog whom he believed dead caused at the same time an immense joy and a profound grief.

"Oh, it is you, Fortuna!" he exclaimed, sitting



up on the sofa. "Where is Juanito? Where is the son of my soul?"

The dog barked three times as he moved toward the door, where he stopped to look at his master.

"Yes, yes, I understand you perfectly; you have come to say to me: follow me and I will take you where Juanito is."

The dog barked louder.

"Oh! what difference does it make that nature has not granted you the gift of speech; I understand you perfectly; blessed be the moment that you took refuge in my house!"

And he himself, who seemed gradually to be recovering his lost strength, began to shout:

"Polonia, Atanasio, Macario, everybody come here! Have them saddle my dappled nag, call the police, the mayor, the chief, everybody who wishes to follow me to rescue Juanito."

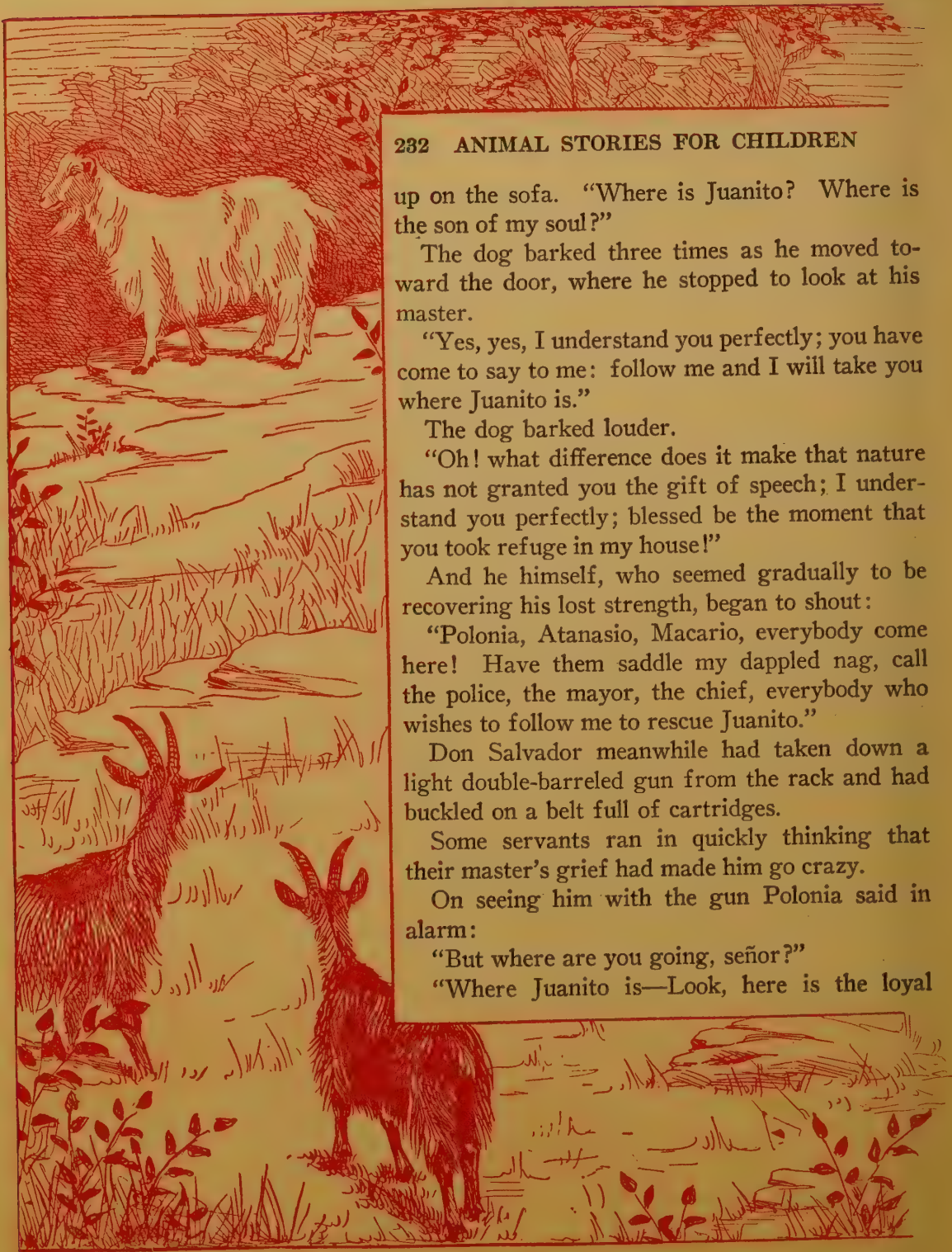
Don Salvador meanwhile had taken down a light double-barreled gun from the rack and had buckled on a belt full of cartridges.

Some servants ran in quickly thinking that their master's grief had made him go crazy.

On seeing him with the gun Polonia said in alarm:

"But where are you going, señor?"

"Where Juanito is—Look, here is the loyal



friend that is going to guide me to his side."

"Fortuna!" exclaimed Polonia, who up to that time had not seen the dog.

"He knows, he knows where my grandson is; let us follow him, but we must act systematically. You, Atanasio, call the police, the mayor and the chief; you, Polonia, put four bottles of sherry and some eatables in the saddlebags; you, Macario, saddle my nag, but quickly, very quickly, since I am dying of impatience."

Half an hour later everything was ready and the searching party assembled at Don Salvador's house.

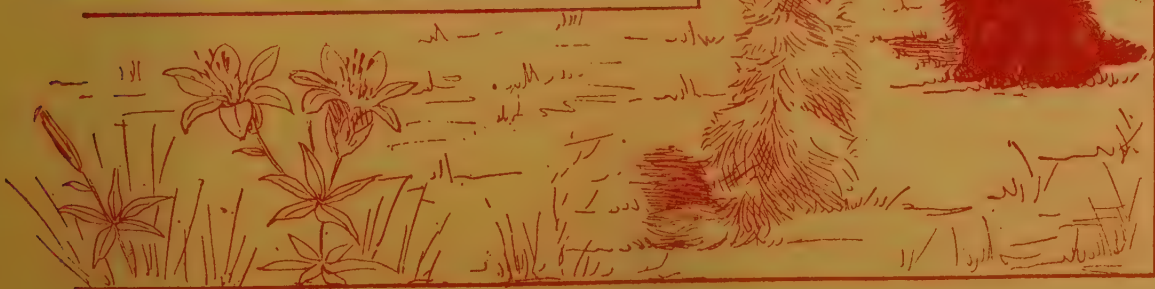
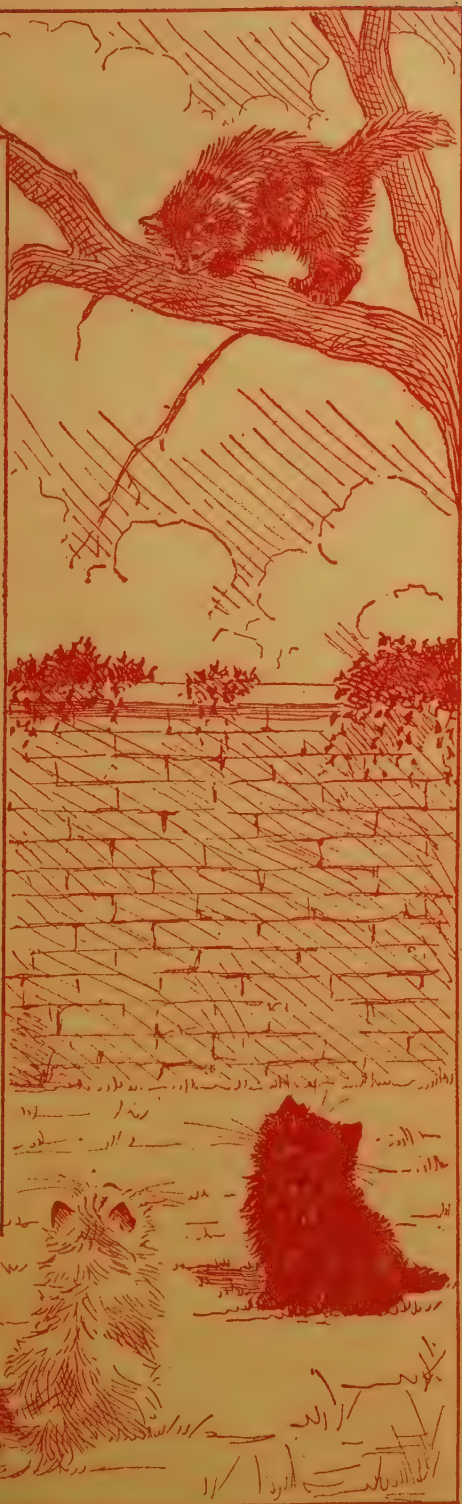
The dog had not stopped barking, making repeated trips to the door and showing his impatience.

"Forward, Fortuna, forward," cried the old man in a firm voice. "Guide me to the place where Juanito is, and may God aid me!"

The dog began to leap for joy, ran out into the street and started to the right.

All followed him. Fortuna was ahead, then two policemen on foot, Don Salvador, the mayor, the physician with his medicine chest and the chief on horseback, and last four servants of the house.

All went armed with guns and resolved to save Juanito. They had a blind faith in the demonstra-



tions of the dog. Nobody doubted that that noble and intelligent animal would conduct them to the place where the child was sequestered.

The night was clear, calm. The moon, in the last period of its waxing quarter, illuminated the earth with a soft light.

The dog, who always kept ahead, turning round from time to time to see if they were following, arrived at a bridge, and instead of going down into the ravine, turned to the left, walking along the edge for about five hundred yards. There he descended by a path, crossed the ravine and took a path that led to the mountain.

All followed in the greatest silence.

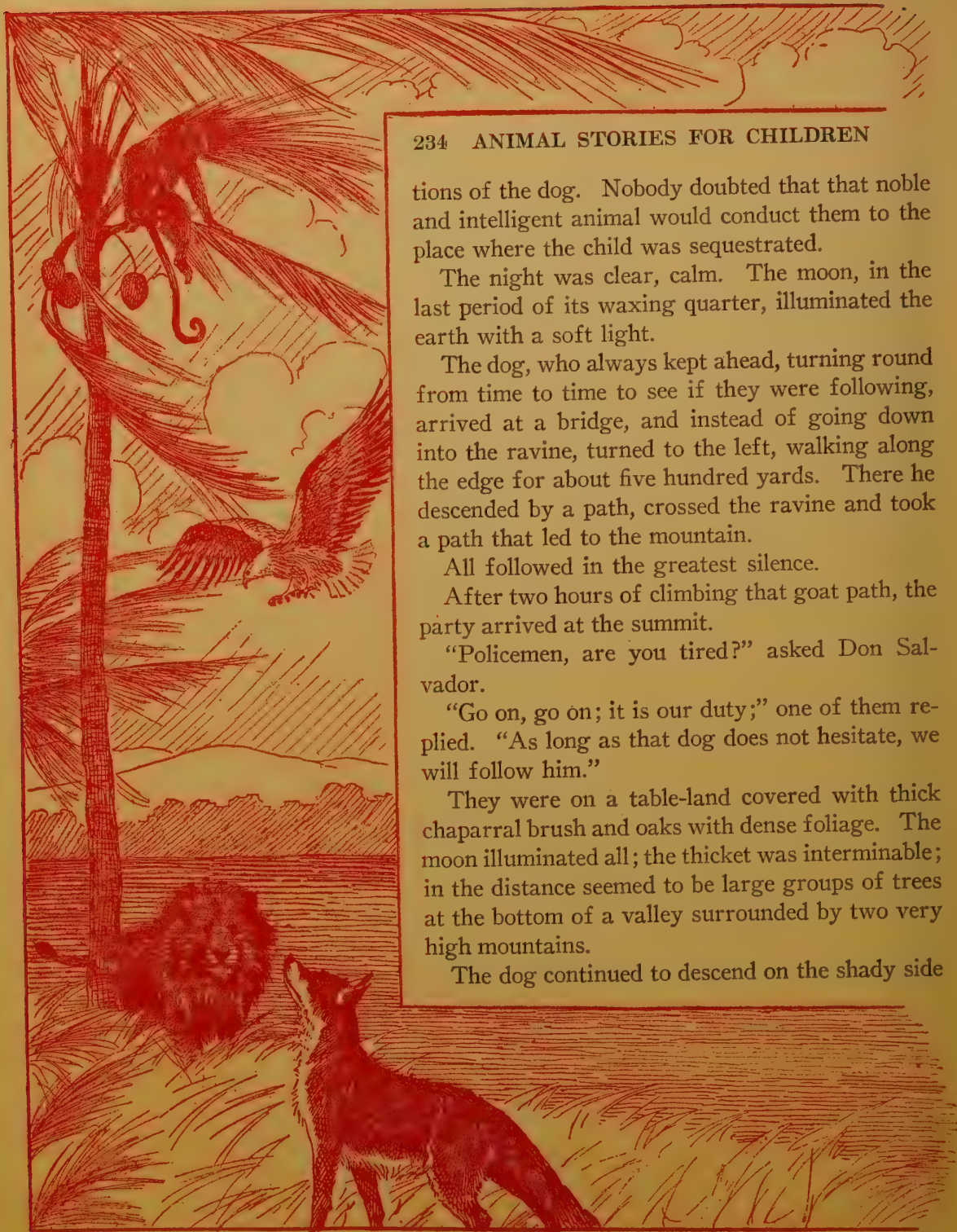
After two hours of climbing that goat path, the party arrived at the summit.

"Policemen, are you tired?" asked Don Salvador.

"Go on, go on; it is our duty," one of them replied. "As long as that dog does not hesitate, we will follow him."

They were on a table-land covered with thick chaparral brush and oaks with dense foliage. The moon illuminated all; the thicket was interminable; in the distance seemed to be large groups of trees at the bottom of a valley surrounded by two very high mountains.

The dog continued to descend on the shady side



for half an hour, then turned to the right, always walking half sideways.

The party began to grow impatient: they had been journeying four hours uninterruptedly over a hard and fatiguing road.

At last they arrived at the valley: the brambles, the clumps of rock-roses and the dwarf evergreen oaks extended to the bank of a river. Large groups of ash trees, black poplar and cottonwood formed here and there dense woods. The rays of the moon broke among the leaves like a shower of silver.

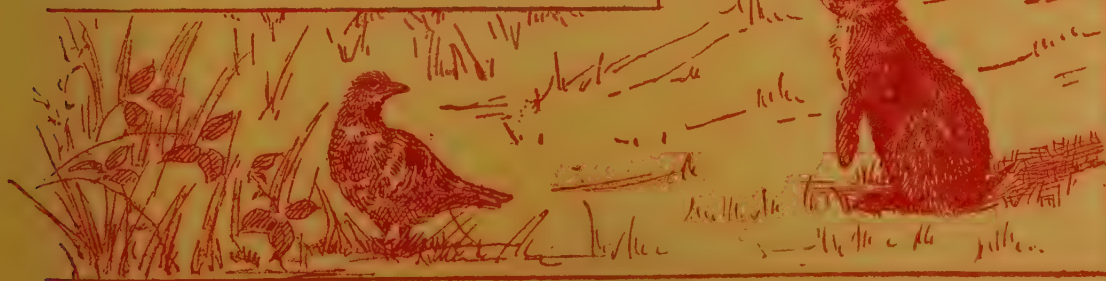
The dog entered resolutely one of these thickets in which were large and dense clusters of black-berry bushes.

Suddenly Fortuna stopped. The members of the searching party saw, a few yards distant, a house of poor appearance, the dark brown walls, peeled of their bark, indicated the abandonment of its owners.

The house consisted of only one story.

The dog, with great caution, and dragging himself along the ground, reached the door, smelled it and then, turning to those who were following him, gave forth one of those moans so peculiar to animals of his breed to indicate the proximity of his master.

All heard this moan and the snorts that Fortuna



gave as he tried to put his nose between the threshold and the door.

To no one remained the slightest doubt that Juanito was in that house or at least had been.

One of the policemen said in a very low tone:

"This house is that of the warden of the *umbria* we have just passed through. He is a man with a bad record; he has been in prison, and the police have marked him on their book. Everybody dismount and stand ready; my companion and I will go in first. You, Cachucha, stand sentinel on the side next to the river, and if you see anybody trying to escape by jumping over the yard wall, fire at him. You, Atanasio, have your lantern ready in case we need it."

The orders of the policeman were obeyed.

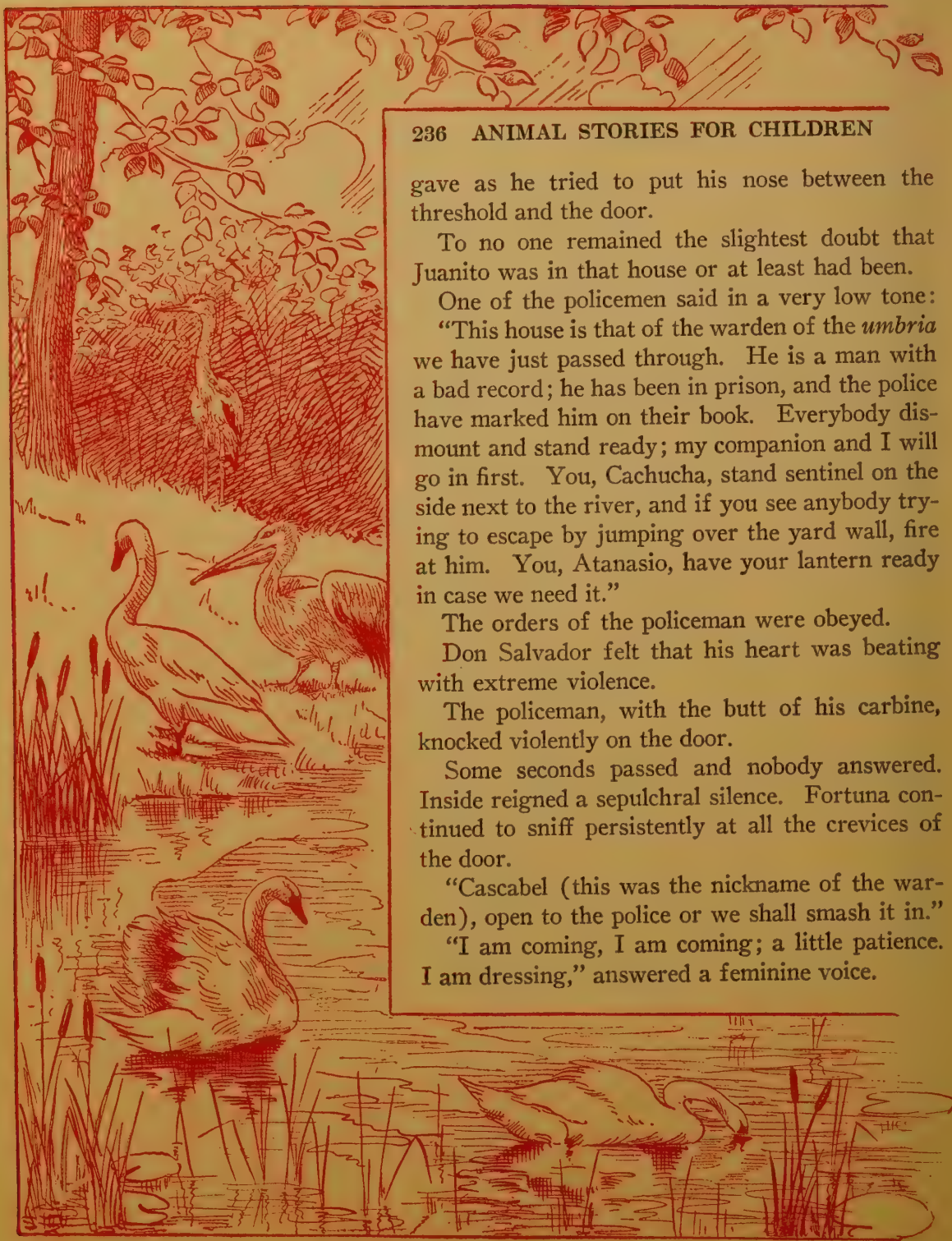
Don Salvador felt that his heart was beating with extreme violence.

The policeman, with the butt of his carbine, knocked violently on the door.

Some seconds passed and nobody answered. Inside reigned a sepulchral silence. Fortuna continued to sniff persistently at all the crevices of the door.

"Cascabel (this was the nickname of the warden), open to the police or we shall smash it in."

"I am coming, I am coming; a little patience. I am dressing," answered a feminine voice.



Two minutes elapsed. Inside was heard a noise as if some one was dragging a heavy piece of furniture from one place to another. Then the door opened and a woman appeared with a candle in her hand.

She was about forty years of age, tall, thin, lemon-colored, with red and disheveled hair. Everything in that woman indicated the lack of tidiness; at first sight she was really repulsive.

On seeing so many people, she retreated two steps frowning and said:

"What does this mean?"

"It means that we have come to pay you and your husband a visit," replied the policeman. "Where's Cascabel?"

"Going up and down the banks of the river, for there are many evildoers. But what did you want?"

"You know what we want," added the policeman.

"I!—Why, even if I had the gift of divination," exclaimed the warden's wife, making a face.

"Come, fewer words, and tell us where you have the boy."

"I've never had children."

"Since you will not talk voluntarily, all the worse for you; you'll be compelled to talk."

The policeman made a sign to his companion



and each taking hold of one of the woman's arms and joining the thumbs behind her back, they put on her the screw and the little iron chain.

She uttered a cry of pain and showing her teeth, said:

"Heroic deed! How courageous!"

All were listening to the dialogue with great interest when suddenly Fortuna began to bark loudly.

At the end of the room was an enormous old and rickety chest. The dog was scratching furiously near the chest.

"My son is there!" cried Don Salvador.

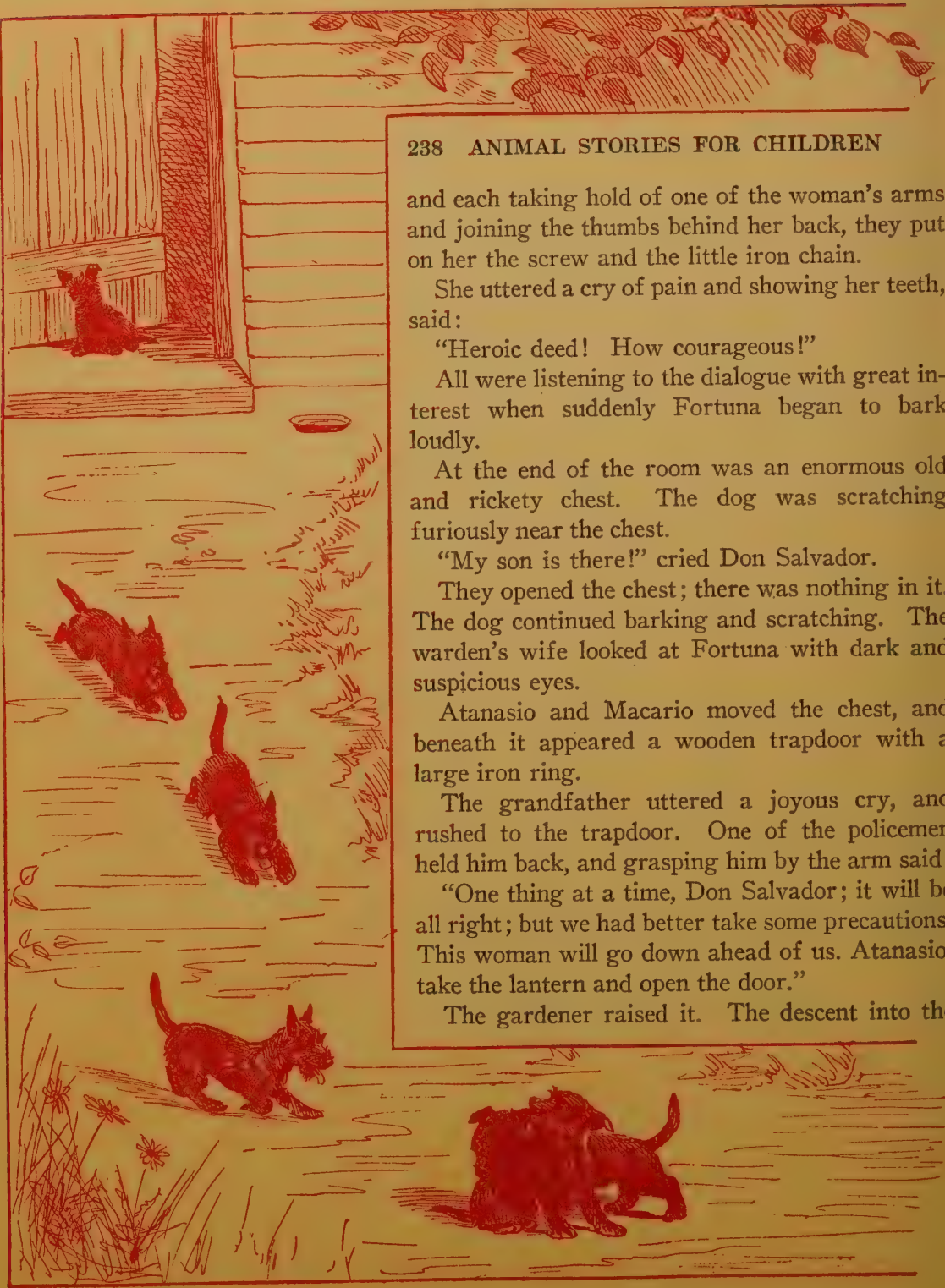
They opened the chest; there was nothing in it. The dog continued barking and scratching. The warden's wife looked at Fortuna with dark and suspicious eyes.

Atanasio and Macario moved the chest, and beneath it appeared a wooden trapdoor with a large iron ring.

The grandfather uttered a joyous cry, and rushed to the trapdoor. One of the policemen held him back, and grasping him by the arm said:

"One thing at a time, Don Salvador; it will be all right; but we had better take some precautions. This woman will go down ahead of us. Atanasio, take the lantern and open the door."

The gardener raised it. The descent into the



cellar was very steep and slippery. Fortuna rushed into that dark opening barking furiously.

The policemen pushed the warden's wife ahead of them.

Don Salvador smothered the groans in his breast and pressed his heart with his hands.

Atanasio lighted them with his lantern, the other man with the candle. The dog had gone on into the cave and was heard barking in the distance.

All followed those barks, walking over a wet and slippery ground, the narrow walls of which were dripping with water.

Soon a weak voice was heard:

"Oh, Fortuna. Is it you, Fortuna? How glad I am that you have come to see me!"

"It is my Juan's voice," cried Don Salvador.

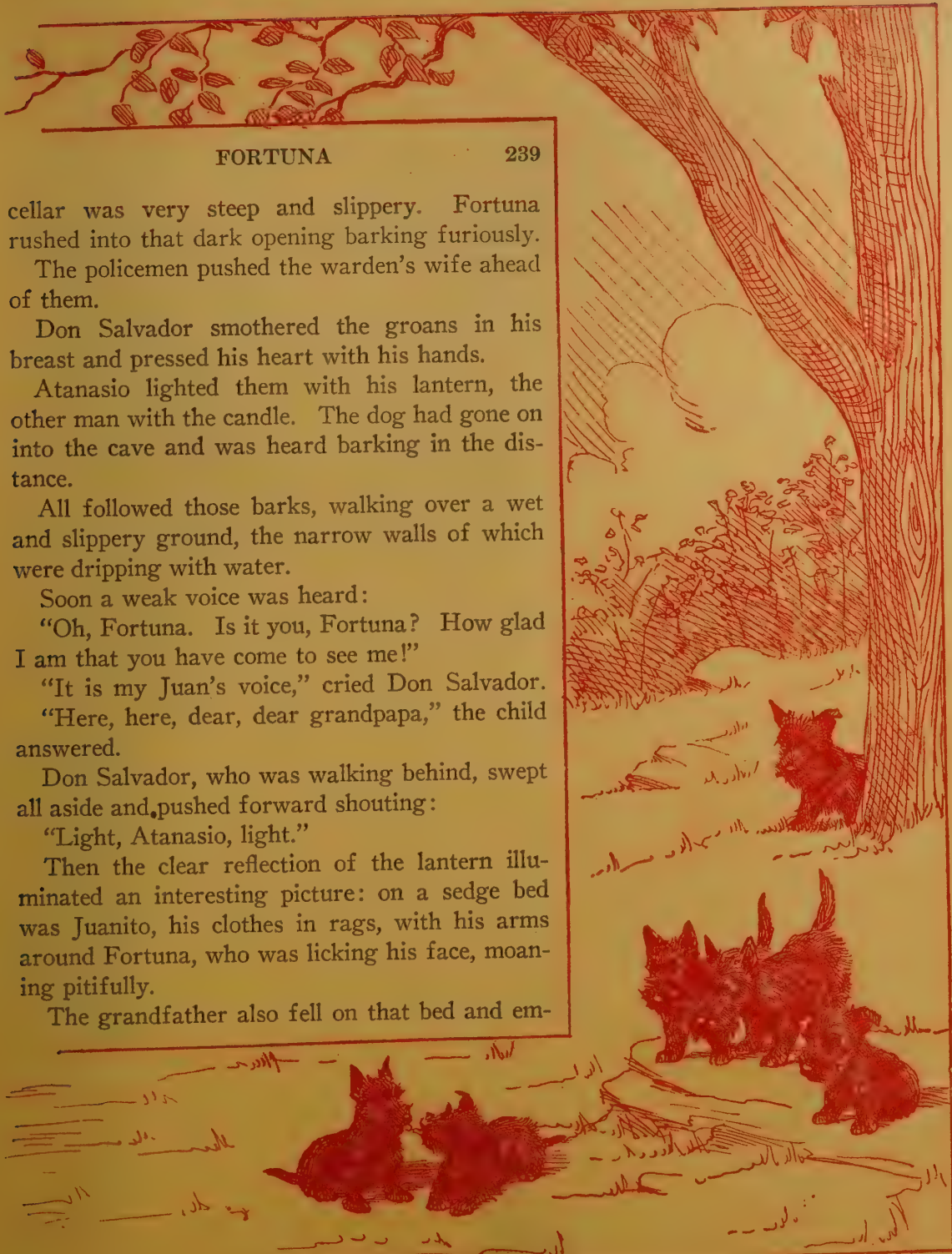
"Here, here, dear, dear grandpapa," the child answered.

Don Salvador, who was walking behind, swept all aside and pushed forward shouting:

"Light, Atanasio, light."

Then the clear reflection of the lantern illuminated an interesting picture: on a sedge bed was Juanito, his clothes in rags, with his arms around Fortuna, who was licking his face, moaning pitifully.

The grandfather also fell on that bed and em-



braced his grandson, weeping, and then divided equally his caresses between the old man and the boy.

All were crying, all, except the warden's wife, that wild beast who gazed with dry eyes and fierce expression at the pathetic group before her which was going to open to her, to her husband and to his accomplices the doors of a prison.

The joy was immense in the town, because all adored Don Salvador and his grandson, as beings privileged by nature.

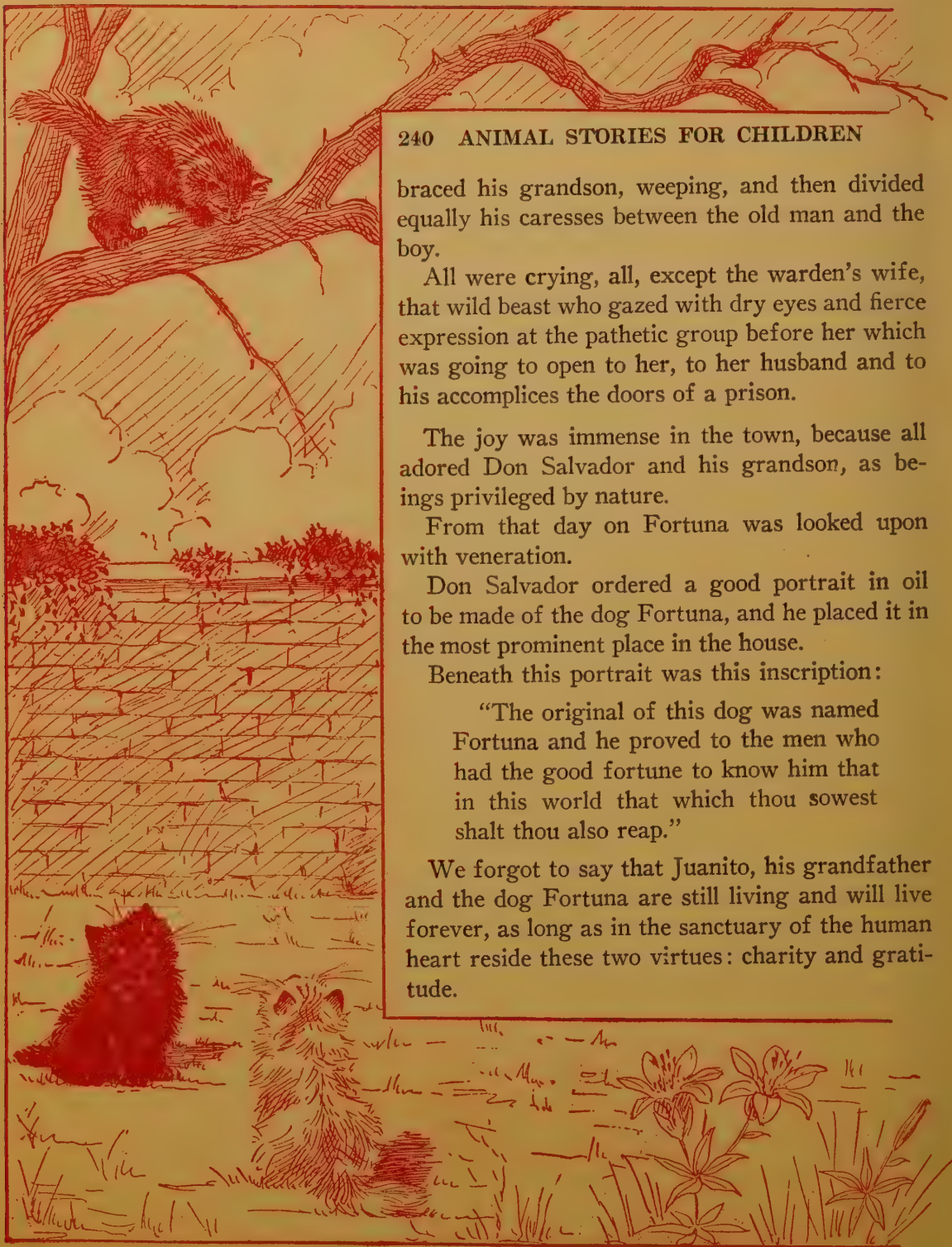
From that day on Fortuna was looked upon with veneration.

Don Salvador ordered a good portrait in oil to be made of the dog Fortuna, and he placed it in the most prominent place in the house.

Beneath this portrait was this inscription:

"The original of this dog was named Fortuna and he proved to the men who had the good fortune to know him that in this world that which thou sowest shalt thou also reap."

We forgot to say that Juanito, his grandfather and the dog Fortuna are still living and will live forever, as long as in the sanctuary of the human heart reside these two virtues: charity and gratitude.



Fortuna deserves a place beside Lady Nevill's dogs, whose epitaph was written by Lord Sherbrooke.

Unstained by meanness, avarice, and pride,
They never flattered, and they never lied;
No gluttonous excess their slumber broke,
No burning alcohol, no stifling smoke,
They ne'er intrigued a rival to displace,
They ran, but never betted on a race;
Content with harmless sports and moderate food,
Boundless in love, and faith, and gratitude.
Happy the man, if there be any such,
Of whom his epitaph can say as much.



SEARS ILLUSTRATED JUVENILES

This series contains 20 volumes, uniform in style with this book. Each volume is beautifully illustrated with border pictures in color on every page that are different in each book. Each volume also has an individual pictorial jacket and frontispiece in gay colors, drawn by well known modern artists. Printed in large, easily read type. Bound in cloth, stamped in gilt with colored inlay on front cover. Colored tops.

ROBIN HOOD

Illustrated by Margaret M. Geiszel

ANIMAL STORIES FOR CHILDREN

Collected by Tailer Andrews

Illustrated by Marguerite Kirmse

BIBLE STORIES FOR CHILDREN

By Tailer Andrews

Illustrated by Charles W. Kelsey

A CHILD'S BOOK OF POETRY

Selected by Arthur Malcolm

Illustrated by Eva Noe

FAIRY TALES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

Told by Christine Catrevas

Illustrated by Charlotte Becker

HANS BRINKER

By Mary Mapes Dodge

Illustrated by Eva Noe

TREASURE ISLAND

By Robert Louis Stevenson

Illustrated by Charles W. Kelsey

BLACK BEAUTY

By Anna Sewell

Illustrated by Jessica S. McMann

ALICE IN WONDERLAND AND THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

By Lewis Carroll

Illustrated by Gertrude Welling

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES

By Robert Louis Stevenson

Illustrated by Eva Noe

WONDER BOOK

By Nathaniel Hawthorne

Illustrated by Anne Chuse

KIPLING'S STORIES FOR CHILDREN

By Rudyard Kipling

Illustrated by Lloyd Osborne

HEIDI

By Johanna Spyri

*Illustrated by Gertrude Welling and
Charlotte Becker*

KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE

Illustrated by Margaret M. Geiszel

ARABIAN NIGHTS' FAIRY TALES

Illustrated by Charlotte Becker

THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE

AND THE

ADVENTURES OF A BROWNIE

By Miss Mulock

Illustrated by Eva Noe

PINOCCHIO

By Carlo Collodi

Illustrated by Christopher Rule

STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

Collected by Christine Catrevas

Illustrated by Charlotte Becker

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

By Brothers Grimm

Illustrated by Lorraine Combs

ROBINSON CRUSOE

By Daniel Defoe

Illustrated by Christopher Rule

J. H. SEARS & CO., Inc., 114 East 32nd Street, New York





CHRIS-
TOPHER
RULE

